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By several Eminent HANDS



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IN SIX VOLUMES.



Which have been presented to the
British Museum by the
British Museum Association

THE FOLIO EDITION

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LONDON

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A SELECT.
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VOLUME *the* FIRST.

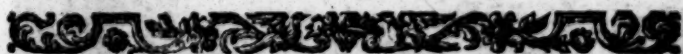
CONTAINING,

*Monsieur HUET's LETTER to Monsieur
DE SEGRAIS, upon the ORIGINAL
of ROMANCES.*

Z A Y D E.

The MARRIAGE of BELFEGOR.

The JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office
in *Wild-Court* near *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

MDCCXX.

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS.



VOLUME FIRST.

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Madame Hester's Letter to Mr. Hester
DE DEAR SIR, I AM YOUR ORIGINAL
OF ROMANCES.

N. Y. D. E.

THE MARRIAGE OF HESTER
THE MARRIAGE OF HESTER

THE MARRIAGE OF HESTER

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, REE, AND CO. ST. MARTIN'S LANE.



To Her HIGHNESS the
PRINCESS

A N N E.

MADAM,

ENTERTAINMENTS of
this Nature being made
up of the most mo-
ving Circumstances of
Life, and generally supposed to

DEDICATION.

be acted by Persons of an Eminent and Conspicuous Condition, should be adjusted with all the Propriety, and embellish'd with all the Ornament, that Wit, Language, and Good Breeding can exert.

AND, for the same Reason, it has been usual to introduce them into the World, under the Protection of some Bright Indulgent Name; celebrated for the fine Accomplishments they describe, and shining with all those real Virtues and Graces, for which they themselves are oftentimes oblig'd to Invention alone.

BUT

DEDICATION.

BUT it is much easier to imagine such Perfections, than to find them Personated in Life. And I am fully persuaded that I add as Noble an Ornament to the following Pages, by placing Your HIGHNESS's Name before them, as the most Ingenious Author could have contributed by a fictitious Drawing of all that is Amiable and Engaging.

IF new Discoveries of Virtue, opening Scenes of Wit, and fresh Instances of the best Temper, flowing from a Young Lady of consummate Beauty, can surprise and delight in Romance; what must they do in a true History;

DEDICATION

such as Your HIGHNESS will furnish out to After-Ages; and such as the bare Mention of Your Name suggests to the present!

AND, as much as We admire You, You are yet but in the Morning Dawn of Your Glory: You have brought in the Day upon us, and awaken'd our Admiration. Your Spring is kindly, and gives us blooming Hopes: But the plentiful Harvest, and the full Autumnal Vintage are yet to come. Your Meridian Beams, in whatever Climate they shine, must make a Paradise; and that Time, however

ever

DEDICATION.

ever short, may properly be styled a Golden Age.

THAT such a Blessing may be lasting, and that Your HIGHNESS may have Time enough to dispense the Good Things with which Your Noble Mind is stor'd, is the daily Prayer of

Your HIGHNESS's

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant,

S. C.

D E DICATION

For those may properly be ly-
ing in a Golden Age.
That have a Blessing may
belating, and that You could en-
vies may have Time enough
to dispense the Good Things
with which Your Noble Mind is
stored is the daily Prayer of

Your Honors's

Wm. Pitt

Wm. Pitt



THE
P R E F A C E.



*THE Origine of Romances
and Novels is so amply,
so pertinently, so perspi-
cuously display'd, in a Trea-
tise written expressly on this Subject,
which is prefixt to the following Col-
lection, that it might well supersede
the Necessity of any other Preface;
did*

P R E F A C E.

did not the great Abuse of Novels (as no good thing in the World escapes being preverted) require a few Words to be premis'd, for the removing of such Prejudices as that Abuse has occasion'd against all Performances of this Kind.

Had not the original Design of these Imitations of History been to instil the Noblest Sentiments after the most Agreeable Manner, which is always the surest; and were not the grand Moral of them, the Rewarding of Honour and Virtue, and the Punishing of Dishonour and Vice: A Person of no less unspotted a Reputation, than universal Learning, as Monsieur Huet the Bishop of Avranches in France, wou'd never have been at the Pains to write the History of such Works, much less
wou'd

PREFACE

wou'd be recommend the perusing of them, under any Restriction whatever. Referring the Reader therefore to his justly admir'd Treatise, we shall only say, that the main Conditions he requires, namely Instruction and Entertainment, are the reigning Perfections of this Collection; wherein the utmost Care has been taken, that no Novel shou'd have a Place, which cou'd possibly offend the Gravity of the Aged, or the Modesty of the Young; and that did not inspire Disinterestedness, Generosity, Fidelity, Constancy, with the like Virtues; which, if steddily pursu'd, wou'd procure to both Sexes that Happiness, for which they all so ardently Wish, but of which they generally miss by sordid Avarice, or giddy Ambition.

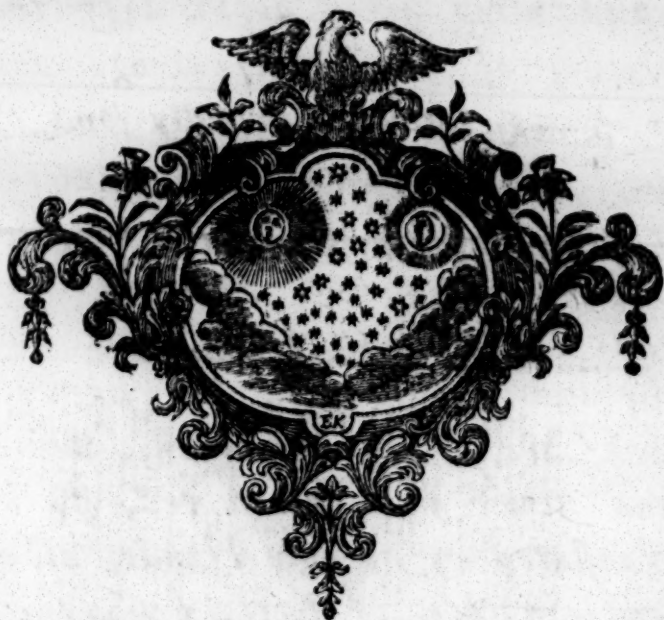
When

P R E F A C E.

When it was laid down as a Maxim, that agreeable Entertainment shou'd be one principal End of Romances, this is not merely understood of the surprising Events, or the artful Texture of the Story, but likewise of the Language and Expressions: Wherefore the Publisher being fully apprised of the Nature of his Undertaking, and observing how wretchedly some of these Novels have been formerly translated into English, did not only get them done over again by complete Masters both of the Subject and the two Languages; but likewise took Care to have the others, which had never been attempted, to be translated by as able Hands, all of 'em being Men of Letters: So that, in every Respect we have mention'd,

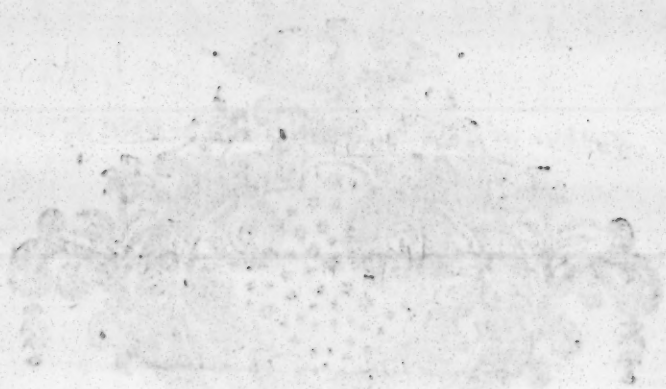
P R E F A C E.

tion'd, it may be said, without the least Appearance of Presumption, that so Choice a Collection as this has not hitherto appear'd in this Kingdom.



PREFACE

It is a pleasure to me to write this
preface to the report of the
Committee on the subject of the
National Academy of Sciences.



Monsieur HUET's
L E T T E R
T O

Monsieur de SEGRAIS,

Author of the following ROMANCE,

Upon the ORIGINAL OF ROMANCES.



Printed in the YEAR 1720.

Monfray HUBB

LETTER

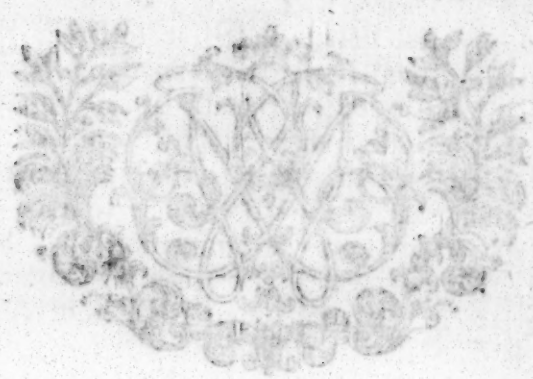
TO

Monfray de SEGRAIS

Author of *THE ROMANCE*



Upon the *ORIGINAL OF ROMANCES.*



Printed in the Year 1750.



Monsieur HUET'S
LETTER
To Monsieur de SEGRAIS,
Upon the ORIGINAL OF ROMANCES.

THO' I think your Curiosity very just, and that it is natural for a Person, who so perfectly understands the Art of writing ROMANCES, to be inquisitive into their ORIGINAL; yet I know not whether I may with equal Justice undertake to satisfy that Curiosity. I am without Books; I have my Head at present full of other Matters; and I am not ignorant of the many Difficulties wherewith such an Inquiry must necessarily be attended. It is neither in *Provence*, or *Spain*, as some have imagin'd, we are to trace out the Beginnings of his agreeable Amusement of a harmless Idleness: We must search after them in Countries farther off, and in the more remote Recesses of Antiquity.

I will, notwithstanding, endeavour to comply with your Desires; for that strict Friendship which has been establish'd so long between Us, gives You a Right to demand every Thing of Me, and takes from Me the Choice of refusing any Thing to You.

HERETOFORE by the word ROMANCE was understood not only such Works as were written in Prose, but more frequently those that were form'd in Verse. *Giraldi*, and *Pigna* his Scholar, in their Treatises of Romances, do scarce allow that Name to any else, and propose *Boiardo* and *Ariosto* for Models. But at present the contrary Acceptation prevails; and Romances, properly so call'd, are Fictions of Love Adventures artfully form'd and deliver'd in Prose, for the Delight and Instruction of the Readers. I call Romance a Fiction to distinguish it from History, and a Fiction of Love Adventures, because Love ought to be the principal Subject of a Romance. It must be written in Prose, to conform itself to the Custom of the Age; it must be contriv'd with Art, under some certain Rules, otherwise it will be a confus'd Mass without Order or Beauty. The chief Design of a Romance, and which the Writer ought in the first place to have in View, is the Instruction of his Reader, before whom he is to represent the Reward of Virtue, and Chastisement of Vice; but forasmuch as the Mind of Man is naturally an Enemy to Instruction, against which Self-love is ever ready to revolt, he must be sooth'd and deluded by the Baits of Pleasure, and the Author must temper the Severity of Precept by the Agreeableness of Example, 'till he has brought the Reader insensibly to correct those Faults in himself, which he cannot but condemn in others. So that Delight, which the ingenious Romancer seems to make his chief Design, is in effect no other than a Medium subordinate to the principal End, the Instruction of the Mind, and Reformation of the Manners; and

Romances

Romances are more or less regular as they come up more or less to this Definition. It is only upon such that I intend my present Discourse, and I am of Opinion that your Curiosity is with regard to such only.

I shall not therefore say any thing of Romances written in Verse, much less of Epick Poems, which besides their being written in Verse, have several essential Differences, that distinguish them from Romances: Tho' in some other respects there is a great Resemblance between them, and since, according to *Aristotle's* Maxim, a Poet is more to be distinguish'd as such by his Invention than his Verses; the Authors of Romances may be rank'd among the Poets. *Petronius* saith, That Poems ought to distinguish themselves by their surprising Turns, and their free and hardy Expressions; inso-much that they are to be consider'd rather as Oracles proceeding from a divine Impulse, and Spirit full of Fury, than as an exact regular Narration. Romances, on the other hand, are more simple, less elevated and Metaphorical, both in the Invention and Expression. Poems have more of the Surprising, but always Probable; Romances have more of the Probable, and sometimes something of the Surprising. Poems are more regular, and exact in the Contrivance, but have less of Matter, fewer Events, and Episodes. On the other hand, Romances have more of These; because having less of the Sublime, and Metaphorical, they do not put the Mind so much upon the stretch, but leave it in a Condition to fill itself with more Variety of different Ideas. In short, Poems have for their Subject some Action Military, or Politick, and touch only upon Love occasionally; on the other hand, Love is the principal Subject of Romances, where War and Politicks are no other than Incidents; I mean This of Regular Romances, for the greatest Part of our old *French, Italian, and Spanish* Romances have less of Love, and more of Fighting; which

which inclin'd *Giraldi* to believe that the word ROMANCE is taken from a word ſignifying in *Greek* Force and Courage, becauſe thoſe Books were made on purpoſe to magnify the Strength and Courage of their *Paladins*. But *Giraldi* was miſtaken, as I ſhall make appear to you in the Sequel of this Diſcourſe. Neither do I comprehend under my Definition of Romances, thoſe Hiſtories which are notorious for their many Falſities, ſuch as that for Inſtance of *Herodotus*, which however has not ſo many as it is generally charg'd withal; *Hanno's* Voyages; the Life of *Apollonius* written by *Philoſtratus*; and the like. Theſe Writings are true in the main, and falſe only in ſome particular Points; whereas Romances are true in particular Facts only, and falſe in the main. The one conſiſt of Truths mingled with ſome Falſhoods, and the other of Falſhoods mingled with ſome Truths. I mean, that Truth has the Aſcendant in theſe Hiſtories; and Falſhood is ſo prevailing a Quality in Romances, that it will be contrary to no Rule if there ſhould not be one word of Truth in the whole, or in Part. *Ariſtotele* ſaith, That that Tragedy is the moſt perfect, whoſe Plot is founded upon ſome known Fact in Hiſtory, becauſe it carries a greater Probability with it than that which is entirely of a new Invention; and yet he does not condemn the latter; his Reaſon for which is, That tho' the Argument be taken from Hiſtory, it may nevertheless be unknown to the greateſt Part of the Audience, and conſequently new to them; notwithſtanding which, it may prove a general Entertainment. The ſame is to be ſaid of Romances, but with this Diſtinction, That an entire Fiction of the Fable will paſs eaſier in ſuch Pieces where the Actors are of mean Circumſtances, as in our Comical Romances, than in thoſe more lofty ones, where great Princes and Conquerors are the Actors, and whoſe Adventures are illuſtrious, and remarkable;
because

the Original of ROMANCES. V

because it is not likely that such great Events shou'd have lain so long conceal'd and neglected by the Historians; and Probability, which is never allow'd in History, is essential in a Romance.

I exclude also from the Number of Romances, those pretended Histories which are entirely false, both in the Whole, and in Part, invented purely to supply the want of Truth. Such are the imaginary Originals of most Nations, and even of the most barbarous. Such moreover are those gross Fictions of *Ammius* the Monk of *Viterbo*, worthy the Indignation or Contempt of the Learned. I make the same Difference between Romances, and those Writings, as there is between such who with an innocent Artifice masque and disguise themselves, to divert themselves whilst they are diverting others, and those abandon'd Wretches who assume to themselves the Name, and Dress of some Persons deceased or absent, on purpose from the Resemblance there is between them to lay claim to, and get Possession of, their Estates. In a Word, I must likewise deny to Fables a Place in my Definition, for a ROMANCE is the Fiction of Things that might have happen'd, but never did happen; whereas Fables are of Things that never were, and never can be.

HAVING thus settled what Writings they are that deserve the Name of ROMANCES, I must affirm that the Invention of them is owing to the Orientals, I mean to the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Persians*, and *Syrians*. I do not question but you will yield me up this Point, when I have prov'd to you, that most of the famous Romancers of Antiquity were of those Countries. *Clearchus*, who compos'd Books of Love, was of *Cilicia*, a Province bordering upon *Syria*. *Jamblicus*, who wrote the Adventures of *Rhodanes*, and *Sinonis*, was a *Syrian* by Birth, and had his Education at *Babylon*. *Heliodorus*, the Author of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, was of *Emesus* a

City in *Phoenicia*. *Lucian*, who wrote the *Metamorphosis* of *Lucius* into an *Ass*, was of *Samofate*, the Capital of *Comagene* a Province of *Syria*. *Achilles Tatius*, who has left us the *Amours* of *Clitophon* and *Lencippe*, was of *Alexandria* in *Egypt*. The fabulous History of *Barlaam* and *Jehosaphat*, was compos'd by *St. John* of *Damascus*, the Metropolis of *Syria*. *Damascius* the Author of four Books of Fictions, not only incredible, as he himself has term'd them, but absurd, and void of the least Probability, as *Photius* assures us, was likewise of *Damascus*. One of the three *Xenophons* mention'd as Roman-cers by *Suidas*, was of *Antioch* in *Syria*, and another of *Cyprus*, an Island adjoining to the same Country. Inso-much that this better deserves to be term'd the Country of Fables than *Greece*, whither they were only transplanted, but where indeed they found so kindly a Soil, that they have thriven there to a Wonder.

It is indeed almost incredible to think how the whole Body of that People are possess'd with a Genius inclining them to Poetry, Invention, and the Love of Fictions; all their Discourses are figurative; they never express themselves but by Allegories; their Theology and Divinity, but more especially their Politicks and Morals, are all cloath'd in Fables and Parables.

THE *Egyptian* Hieroglyphicks serve to instance to what an Excess that Nation was mysterious; every thing among them was express'd by Representatives, every thing wore a Disguise; all their Religion was under a Veil, nor were the Vulgar suffer'd to receive any other Knowledge of it than what was convey'd to them under the Mask of Fables; neither was the Mask to be taken off but to those they deem'd Worthy to be initiated into their Mysteries. *Herodotus* saith, the *Greeks* borrow'd from them their Mythologick Divinity, and recounts some Stories he had been taught by the Priests in *Egypt*; which, as credulous and as much given to Fables as he

was,

the Original of ROMANCES. vii

was, he relates as old Wive's Tales; which however had something agreeable in them, and tickled the Curiosity of the *Greeks*, a People desirous to learn, and great Admirers of Novelties. It was doubtless from these Priests, that *Pythagoras* and *Plato*, in their Voyages to *Egypt*, learn'd to disguise their Philosophy, and hide it under the shadow of Mysteries.

As for the *Arabians*, if you read their Works, you will find nothing in them but Metaphors, drawn in by Head and Shoulders, Similitudes and Fictions; of this Sort is their Alcoran. *Mahomet* saith, he compos'd it in that manner, to the end it might be more easily learnt, and not easily forgotten. They have translated *Æsop's* Fables into their Language, and some of them have compos'd Fables like them. Their *Locman*, so famous throughout the *East*, is no other than *Æsop*. His Fables, collected by the *Arabians* into one large Volume, acquir'd him so great Reputation among them, that the Alcoran celebrates him for his profound Knowledge in a Chapter which for that Reason has for its Title the Name of *Locman*. The Lives of their Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles are all Fabulous. Poetry is their chief Delight, and the ordinary Study of their brightest Genius's. This Inclination is not of a late standing; they were possess'd with it even before *Mahomet*, and had their Poems in those Days. *Erpenius* assures us, that all the rest of the World together have not produc'd so many Poets, as *Arabia* only. They reckon sixty of them, who are, as it were, the Princes of Poetry, and have each of them a large Troop of inferior Poets under him. The most able among them have treated of Love in Eclogues; and some of their Writings upon that Subject have been brought into the West. Many of their Caliphs have thought it not beneath them to apply themselves to Poetry. One of them, *Abdalla* by Name, excell'd in it, and publish'd a Book of Similitudes, as we have it from

viii *Monsieur HUE T's Letter upon*

Elmachim. It is my Opinion that we had the Art of Rhyming from the *Arabs*; and I think there is ground to believe, that the *Leonine Verses* are copied from them. For it does not appear that Rhymes had met with any Reputation in *Europe*, before *Tarick* and *Musa* had penetrated into *Spain*; but we meet with great Plenty of them in the Ages following; tho' it may be easy for me to convince you, that Rhyme was not utterly unknown to the ancient *Romans*.

THE *Persians* have not come behind the *Arabians* in the Art of Lying agreeably. For tho' in the common Usages of Life, it was reckon'd most abominable among them to lye, and there was no Fault they punish'd in their Children with so much Severity; yet nothing pleas'd them more in their Books and Writings, if indeed Fictions can deserve the Name of Lies. To prove this we need only read the fabulous Adventures of their great Law-giver *Zoroaster*. *Strabo* saith, that the *Persian School-Masters* gave their Pupils Precepts of Morality cloath'd in Fictions. He tells us in another Place, that no great Credit is to be given to the ancient Histories of the *Persians*, *Medes*, and *Syrians*, because of the Inclination in their Writers to Fables. For observing that they among them who made it their Profession to write Fables were in great Esteem; they thought the People wou'd be highly delighted in reading Relations false and counterfeit, provided they were written with an historical Air. *Æsop's* Fables were in such high Esteem among them, that they claim'd the Author for their Countryman. It is the before-mentioned *Locman* of the *Alcoran*, so celebrated by the Orientals, that they have rob'd *Phrygia* of the Honour of his Birth, and challeng'd it to themselves. For the *Arabians* say he was of a *Hebrew* Original, and the *Persians* that he was a black *Arab*, and liv'd at *Casbin* the *Arsacia* of the Ancients. Others on the contrary observing that his Life, as it is
written

written by *Mirkond*, nearly resembles that of *Æsop* compil'd by *Maximus Planudes*, and particularly that as the Angels impart Wisdom to *Mirkond's Locman*, so *Mercury* presents the Fable to *Æsop* in *Philostratus*, they from thence will have it that the *Greeks* have stol'n *Locman* from the Orientals, and out of him made their *Æsop*. It is not my Business here to discuss this Point; so I shall only observe by the by, that we are not to forget what *Strabo* tells us, that the Histories of the Eastern Nations are full of Falsities; that they are neither exact, nor faithful; and that it is very likely that they are as fabulous in their Account of the Author and Origin of Fables, as in their other Writings; that the *Greeks* are more diligent, and better to be depended upon in Chronology and History; and that the Conformity found between *Mirkond's Locman*, and the *Æsop* of *Planudes* and *Philostratus*, is no better a Proof that *Æsop* was *Locman*, than that *Locman* was *Æsop*. The *Persians* have given *Locman* the Sir-name of Sage, because in Reality *Æsop* was number'd among the Sages. They say he was profoundly skill'd in Physick, that he found out many excellent Secrets, and among others, that of restoring the Dead to Life. They have so paraphras'd and augmented his Fables, that, like the *Arabians*, they have made them swell into a very large Volume, which is to be seen in the *Vatican Library*. His Reputation has penetrated into *Egypt*, and as far as *Nubia*, where his Name and Knowledge are held in the greatest Veneration. The modern *Turks* have him in equal Esteem, and hold with *Mirkond* that he was cotemporary with *David*; wherein, supposing him to be the true *Æsop*, and that the *Greek Chronology* ought to be depended upon, they are mistaken about 450 Years. This Story wou'd better agree with *Hesiod*, who was *Solomon's* Cotemporary, and to whom, according to *Quintilian*, we owe the Honour of the first Invention of the

X *Monsieur HUET's Letter upon*

Fables that have been since ascrib'd to *Æsop*. There are no Poets that come up to the *Persians* in the Liberty they take of lying in the Lives of their Saints, the Origine of their Religion, and in their Histories. They have so disguis'd their Histories, the true Knowledge of which hath been deriv'd to us from the *Greeks*, and *Romans*, that they are not to be known, and degenerating from that laudable Aversion they had heretofore, to such as had Recourse to Lies to serve their Interests, they now value themselves upon it. They are in love with Poetry to excess; it is the Delight of the Noble and Plebeian. All Entertainments are imperfect where Poetry is wanting; so that Poets abound among them, and are known by their splendid Garments. Their Works of Gallantry and amorous Stories have been highly celebrated, and discover a national Genius to Romances.

EVEN their Neighbours the *Indians*, have a Propensity to fabulous Inventions. *Sandabor* the *Indian* compos'd Parables, which have been translated by the *Hebrews*, and are to be seen in the Libraries of the Curious. Father *Pussin* the Jesuit has join'd to his *Pachymere*, which he printed some time since at *Rome*, a Dialogue between *Abfolom* King of the *Indies*, and a *Gymnosophist*, upon several Questions in Morality; wherein the Philosopher expresseth himself in Parables and Fables, after the manner of *Æsop*. The Preface tells us the Book had been compos'd by the most wise and learned of that Nation, and preserv'd in the Treasury of the Charters of the Kingdom; that *Peroez*, Physician to *Chosroez* King of *Persia*, translated it out of *Indian* into the *Persian* Language; that another translated it out of *Persian* into *Arabick*, and that *Siméon Sethi* render'd it into *Greek*. This Piece differs so little from the Apologues attributed to the *Indian Pilpay*, and which was some Years since publish'd in *French*, that it is not to be doubted

doubted but it is either the Original of or a Copy from it. For we are told that this *Pilpay* was a *Bramin* that had a great Share in the Administration of Affairs in *India*, during the Reign of *Dabchelin*; that he compris'd in this Book all his Politique, and Moral; that the Book was preserv'd by the *Indian* Kings as a Treasure of Wisdom and Erudition; that *Nonchirevon* King of *Persia* having heard of it, immediately obtain'd a Copy of it by the means of his Physician, by whom it was translated into the *Persian* Tongue; that the Calif *Abujafat Almanfor* caus'd it to be translated out of the *Persian* into the *Arabick*, and that another made a new Version of it out of *Arabick* into the *Persian*; that finally, after so many *Persian* Translations, a new one at length was made different from the former, from which it was translated into *French*. Certainly whoever shall read the History of the pretended Patriarchs of the *Indians*, *Brammon*, and *Bremaw*, their Descendants and People issuing from them, will want no other Proof to convince him how strongly that People are addicted to Fable. For my part I can easily believe, that when *Horace* gave the Epithet of Fabulous to *Hydaspes*, which riseth in *Persia*, and dischargeth itself into the *Indian* Sea; he intended thereby, that that River begun and ended its Course among a People much addicted to Invention and Fable.

THOSE Fictions and Parables which remain'd unconsecrated in the Nations before mentioned, became sanctified in *Syria*. The Sacred Pen-men accommodating themselves to the Humour of the *Jews*, cloath'd the Inspirations they had receiv'd from Heaven in Parable and Allusion. The Holy Scripture is all Mystical, Allegorical, Enigmatical. The *Talmudists* believe the Book of *Job* is nothing but a Parable invented by the *Hebrews*. This Book, that of *David*, the *Proverbs*, *Ecclesiastes*, the *Song of Songs*, and all the other sacred Canticles.

cles, are so many Pieces of Poetry full of Figures, that wou'd appear bold and extravagant in our Writings; but are familiar in those of that Nation. The Book of *Proverbs* is otherwise call'd *the Parables*; because Proverbs of that kind, according to *Quintilian's* Definition, are no other than Fictions or strings of Parables. The *Song of Songs* is a Dramatick Piece, where the passionate Sentiments of the Bridegroom and the Bride are exprest in a manner so touching and tender, that we shou'd be charm'd with them, if those Expressions and Figures were in any Degree conform to our Genius; or if we cou'd divest ourselves of that unreasonable Prejudice, that gives us a Distast of every thing that differs never so little from our own Customs. Wherein we insensibly condemn ourselves, since our Inconstancy will not permit us to continue long in the Observance of the same Customs. Our Blessed Saviour himself rarely gives any Precept to the *Jews*, but under the Veil of a Parable. The *Talmud* is stuff'd with a Million of Fables, every one more impertinent than another. Several of the Rabbins have from time to time given Explanations of them, or labour'd to reconcile them to each other, or digested them in particular Pieces; and moreover compos'd many Poems, Proverbs, and Apologues. The *Cypriots*, and *Cilicians* adjoining to *Syria*, have been the Authors of certain Fables, that have been distinguish'd by the Names of those People respectively; and the Aptness the *Cilicians* in particular had for Lying, has been expos'd in one of the most ancient Proverbs among the *Greeks*. In short, Fables were in such great Vogue in all those Parts, that according to the Testimony of *Lucian*, there were among the *Arabians* and *Assyrians* certain Persons whose sole Business was to explain those Fables, and who from their temperate and regular manner of Living, enjoy'd a much longer Life than any others.

BUT

the Original of ROMANCES. xiii

BUT it is not enough to have traced out and discover'd the original Source of Romances; it is now time to consider by what means they found a Passage into *Greece* and *Italy*; and if they are descended to us from thence, or through what other Channel we have receiv'd them. The *Ionians*, a People inhabiting Part of *Asia Minor*, after having rais'd themselves to a great height of Power, and acquir'd immense Riches, soon plung'd themselves into an excess of Luxury and Voluptuousness, the inseparable Companions of Abundance; but when *Cyrus* had subdu'd them, in consequence of his Conquest over *Cræsus*, and the Captivity of that Prince, and all *Asia Minor* fell under the Dominion of the *Persians*; at the same time that they receiv'd their Laws, they likewise fell into their Manners, and soon became the most voluptuous Nation in the Universe; they refin'd upon the Entertainments of the Table, to which they added the use of Flowers and Perfumes; they found out new sorts of Ornaments for their Buildings, and of Furniture for their Houses; the finest Linnen, and most costly Tapestries being wrought by them. They were the Inventors of a wanton Dance, which was call'd from them *Ionick*; and their Effeminacy in all Points was so remarkable, that it became a Proverb; but of all of them, the *Milesians* were those who excell'd the rest in the Science of Pleasure, and in the Art of Delicacy. They were the People who first taught the *Persians* how to make Romances, and approv'd themselves such thorough Masters in that Science, that the *Milesian* Fables, that is, in other Words, their Romances full of amorous Stories and wanton Tales, were in great Reputation. It is highly probable that till then the ROMANCE was an innocent sort of Writing, compos'd only of some signal and memorable Events; that they were the first who debauch'd it, stuffing it with lascivious Narrations, and amorous Intreigues. All their Works have been con-

sum'd by Time, which has with much ado handed down to us the Name of *Aristides*, the most famous of their Writers, and the Author of several Books of Fables call'd *Milesian*. I know that one *Dionysius* a *Milesian*, who lived under the Reign of the elder *Darius*, did write several fabulous Histories; but as it is to be doubted whether they were not a Compiement of certain ancient Fables, and there being no ground to believe they were of a certain such Fables as properly bore the Name of *Milesian*, I shall forbear ranking him among the Authors of Romances.

THE *Ionians*, who were originally of *Attica* and *Peloponnesus*, cou'd not forget from whence they sprung; they maintain'd an uninterrupted Commerce with the *Grecians*; they each of them sent their Children from the one to the other to be educated after the Custom and Manners of the Country, whither they were sent respectively. During this free and open Communication, *Greece*, which of it self was naturally inclin'd to Fables, easily learnt from the *Ionians* how to write Romances, and soon became great Proficients in the Science. But for the clearer Understanding of this Matter, I will endeavour to recount, in due order of Time, such of the *Greek Writers* as excell'd in this Art.

I can meet with none of them before *Alexander the Great*, which makes me believe that this Art had made but a small Progress among them, till by the Conquest of *Persia* they were in a Condition to learn it, as it were, at the Fountain-Head. *Clearchus* of *Solium* a City in *Cilicia*, who liv'd in the Days of *Alexander*, and was in like manner one of *Aristotle's* Disciples, is the first I can find to have written Books of Love. Nor do I know whether what he wrote was not a Collection of several amorous Events drawn out of the vulgar Fable, like That compil'd afterwards by *Parthenius*, under the Reign of *Augustus*, and which is preserv'd down to our
Times.

Times. That which inclines me to suspect it is a Story *Athenens* reports out of him, where mention is made of the several Instances of the great Esteem and Passion *Gyges* King of *Lydia* had for a certain Courtesan with whom he was in Love.

ANTONIUS DIOGENES, who, as *Photius* conjectures, liv'd some time after the Reign of *Alexander*, in Imitation of *Homer's* *Odysses*, and *Ulysses* his hazardous Voyages, wrote a downright ROMANCE of the Travels and Amours of *Dinias* and *Dercyllis*. This ROMANCE, tho' defective in many Points, stuff'd with Trash and Stories of so little Probability that they wou'd hardly be allowable even in a Poet, may however be call'd regular. *Photius* has given us an Extract of it in his Library, and saith he takes it to be the Source of whatever *Lucian*, *Lucius*, *Jamblicus*, *Achilles*, *Tacius*, *Heliodorus*, and *Damascius*, have written of this Kind. However he adds in the same Place, that *Diogenes* makes mention of one *Antiphanes*, elder than himself, who had written several improbable Histories of the same Stamp with his own; that this *Antiphanes* may as well be thought to have furnish'd both the Idea, and Matter to those Romances he has mention'd, as *Antonius Diogenes*. I am of Opinion he takes him for *Antiphanes* the comick Poet, who, as *Stephens* the Geographer and others tell us, compos'd a Book of incredible and wanton Relations. He was of *Berge* a Town of *Thrace*; but it is not known of what Country was *Antonius Diogenes*.

I cannot name the precise Time wherein *Aristides* of *Milerus*, mention'd before, liv'd. What is most certain is, that he liv'd before the Wars between *Marius* and *Sylla*: For *Sisemnia* a Roman Historian, who liv'd at that Time, translated his *Milesian* Fables. This Piece was full of Obscenities, notwithstanding which it grew into great Request among the Romans, insomuch that *Surenas* Lieutenant-General of the *Parthians*, having upon the

Defeat

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Defeat of the Army commanded by *Craſſus*, found it among *Rofcius* his Equipage; took Occaſion from thence to inſult before the Senate in *Seleucia* the Effeminacy of the *Romans*, who even in the Field cou'd not deny themſelves ſuch unmanly Entertainments.

LUCIUS of *Patras*, *Lucian* of *Samofata*, and *Famblicus*, were in a manner Cotemporaries, living under the Reign of *Antoninus*, and *Marcus Aurelius*. The firſt is not to be reckon'd among the Romancers, having only made a Collection of the ſeveral *Metamorphoſes*, or magical Transformations of Men into Brutes, and of Brutes into Men; being in earneſt, and believing what he related. But *Lucian* refining upon him, has according to his Cuſtom, borrow'd of him on purpoſe to expoſe him in his Book call'd *Lucius his Aſs*, to give the World to underſtand that it is a Fiction taken from him. In ſhort, it is an Abridgement of the two firſt Books of *Lucius* his *Metamorphoſis*. And this Sketch is a plain Proof that *Photius* had good Reaſon to complain of the many Obſcenities that abounded in that Work. This *Aſs*, ſo ingeniouſly and well ſet off by theſe Authors who have written his Hiſtory, reſembles another of equal Worth mention'd elſewhere by the ſame *Photius* from *Damaſcius*. He ſaith it belong'd to one *Ammonius* a Grammarian, and was ſo civiliz'd and ſenſible of fine Things, that it wou'd forget to eat and drink for the ſake of hearing Verſes, and that it had a thorough Taſte in the Beauties of Poetry. The *Brancaleone* is undoubtedly a Copy of *Lucius* his *Aſs*, or that of *Apuleius*. It is an Italian Fiction very ingenious and diverting. *Lucian* has, beſides his *Lucius*, written two Books of Groteſque ridiculous Hiſtories, which he delivers as ſuch, proteſting they never did and never can happen. Several People obſerving theſe Books to be join'd with That wherein he preſcribes Rules for the well writing of Hiſtory, have from thence imagin'd his
Deſign

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Design was to form Examples to his Precepts. But he declares himself at the very beginning that he had nothing else in view than to expose those many Poets and Historians, nay, and Philosophers too, who with Impunity impos'd upon their Reader Fables for Truths, and wrote false Relations of distant Countries, as had *Ctesias* and *Jambulus*. If therefore it be true, as *Photius* affirms, that *Antonius Diogenes* his Romance was the Fountain from whence *Lucian* deriv'd his two Books before mention'd; we must allow that this ROMANCE, as well as the fabulous Histories of *Ctesias* and *Jambulus* gave him a handle to write his Histories wherein he exposes the Vanity and Impertinence of Theirs.

It was at the same time that *Jamblicus* publish'd his *Babylonicks*, for so he calls his Romance, in which he far exceeds all that went before him; for if we may form a Judgment of it from the Abridgment *Photius* has left us of that Work, his Design consists of a single Action, cloath'd with proper Ornaments, and accompanied with Episodes rais'd out of the Subject itself. The Probable is there observ'd with Exactness enough, and the Adventures interwoven with much Variety, and without any Confusion. However the whole Cast of his Design is inartificial. He has grossly follow'd the Order of Time, without placing the Reader at first, as he might well have done in the middle of his Subject, after the Example *Homer* has left him in his *Odysses*. Time has shewn some Respect to this Piece, which has been seen in the *Escurial* Library.

HELIODORUS surpass'd him, as in every thing else, so particularly in the Disposition of his Subject. 'Till then, nothing appear'd so regularly form'd, and so well executed, as the Adventures of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*. Nothing can be more chaste than their Amours; wherein it appears, that besides the Principles of Christianity, which was the Author's Religion; his Personal Virtue furnish'd

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furnish'd him with that Air of Honesty, which shines throughout the whole Work; wherein he very much excells not only *Jamblicus*, but all the other Writers of that kind that are continu'd down to us. It was his Merit therefore which advanc'd him to the Episcopal Dignity. He was Bishop of *Tricca* in *Thessaly*; and *Socrates* reports of him that he introduced in that Province the Custom of deposing such of the Ecclesiasticks who did not abstain from their Wives, to whom they had been Marry'd before their Admission into Holy Orders. This makes me very much suspect what is related by *Nicephorus*, an injudicious Author of an easy Faith, but little Veracity, who tells us, That the Fathers in a Provincial Synod foreseeing how dangerous it was for young People to read that Romance, which receiv'd an Authority from the Dignity of the Writer, and having propos'd to him this Alternative, either to consent that his Work should be burnt, or to renounce his Bishoprick, he made choice of the latter. I cannot upon this Occasion forbear wondering that a learned Man of this Age should doubt whether this was the Work of *Heliodorus* Bishop of *Tricca*, after such manifest Testimonies of *Socrates*, *Photius*, and *Nicephorus*. Some have fancied that he flourish'd towards the end of the 10th Century, therein confounding him with *Heliodorus* the *Arabian*, whose Life is written by *Philostratus*, among those of some other Sophists. But it is well known that he was Contemporary with *Arcadius* and *Honorius*. So in *Photius* his Catalogue of the Romancers, who, according to him, have copied from *Antonius Diogenes*, we find as they stand rank'd in the Order of Time wherein they liv'd, that *Heliodorus* is plac'd after *Jamblicus*, and before *Damascius*, who lived under the Reign of *Justinian*.

ACCORDING to this Account, *Achilles Tatius*, who has written a regular Romance of the Amours of *Clitophon* and *Lencippe*, must have preceded him; for 'tis from

from that only I am able to form a Conjecture as to his Age. Others think him later, from his Style. However it be, he is by no means comparable to *Heliodorus*, either with respect to the Chastity of his Manners, the Variety of Events, or the artful Conduct of his Plots. In my Opinion, his Style is preferable to that of *Heliodorus*; it is more simple and natural; whereas the other is more stiff and forced. It is said that at last he became a Christian, and what is more, that he was made a Bishop. I think it something extraordinary that the Obscenity of his Book has met with so little Censure; and farther so, that the Emperor *Leo* fir-nam'd the Philosopher, shou'd in an Epigram, which is still extant, commend it for its Modesty, and not only permitted, but recommended the reading of it throughout to such as make a Profession of Chastity.

I may perhaps be thought something too adventurous should I mention in this Place that *Athenagoras*, under whose Name has been publish'd a Romance, entitled, *True and perfect Love*. It has never appear'd but in *French*, translated by *Fumée*, who tells us in his Preface, That he had the *Greek* Original from Monsieur *de Lamané*, Protonotary to the Cardinal of *Armagnac*, and that he had never seen it elsewhere; and I may venture to affirm, That no one has ever seen it since; for I think the Name is not to be met with in any Catalogues whatever; and certainly if it should be still in being, it must necessarily lie hidden among the Rubbish of some Library that is by chance fallen into the Hands of an illiterate Person who is possesst of a Treasure of which he knows not the Value, or of some ill-natured One, in whose Power it is to communicate it to the Publick, but not in his Inclination. The Translator adds, That he takes it to be the Work of that famous *Athenagoras*, who wrought an Apology for the Christian Religion in the Form of a Legation, which was address'd to the Emperors

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perors *Marcus Aurelius* and *Commodus*, and another Treatise on the Resurrection. His chief Argument is drawn from the Style of the latter, which he saith is much the same with that of the Romancer, of which he may be suppos'd to be a competent Judge, having the Originals before him. For my Part, tho' I am not able to speak very positively upon the matter, having never seen the *Greek* Copy, yet I must confess my self inclin'd to believe, from the perusal of the Copy, that the ROMANCE may upon good Grounds be thought to be the Writing of the Author of the Apology. These are my Reasons. The Apologist was a Christian; the Author of the Romance speaks of the Divinity in such a manner as becomes a Christian; as for Instance, when he makes the Priests of *Hammon* say, there is but one God, of whose Essence when different Nations would make some Representation to the Vulgar, they invented different Images to convey the Ideas down to them, all which were intended to express one and the same Thing; that their genuine Signification having been lost through time, the common People grew insensibly to believe that there were as many Gods as there were Representations of the Divinity; and that from thence sprung Idolatry; that *Bacchus*, when he built the Temple of *Hammon*, placed no other Image in it but that of God; because as there is but one Heaven which incompasseth but one World, so there is in this World but one God, who spiritually communicates himself to his Creatures. He puts as much or more in the Mouths of certain *Egyptian* Merchants, viz. That the several Gods in the Heathen Mythology set forth the several Operations of the Divinity, which is without beginning, and without End, and which he terms obscure and dark, because invisible and incomprehensible. In a word, the Reasonings of these Priests and Merchants upon the Divine Essence, are much like those of *Athenagoras* in his Legation.

The

the Original of ROMANCES. xxi

The Apologist was a Priest of *Athens*; the Author of the Romance was an *Athenian* Philosopher; both the one and the other appear to have their share of good Sense and Erudition, and to be skill'd in Antiquity. But on the other hand there are many things that give us room to believe that this is so far from being the Work of *Athenagoras*, that it rather seems to be supposititious. *Photius* having given an exact Account of all the Writers of Romances that had liv'd before him, saith nothing of him. There is not a Copy of it to be found in any Library whatever, and that from which the Translation was made has been never seen since. Moreover, the Lodging, Life, and Behaviour of the Priests of *Hammon*, as he has describ'd them, are so like to the Convents, and Discipline of our Monks and Religious, that it ill agrees with what we learn from History as to the time wherein the Monastick Life first began, and when it arriv'd to its Perfection. That therefore which to me appears the most probable under so much Uncertainty is, that the Romance is of an antient Date, but not so antient as the Apology; for one may perceive throughout the whole Work such a thorough Insight both into Nature and Art, such a distinct knowledge of Times past, so many curious Remarks which are not borrow'd from the old Authors now remaining among us, and yet have a Reference to them, and are so many Illustrations upon them, so many Grecisms in the Translation, and especially such a certain Air of Antiquity, that is not to be counterfeited; so that I am so far from imagining it to be *Fumée's* Production, who was a Man of but moderate Learning, that I do not believe the most able Writers in his time were capable of producing any thing like it. If *Photius* has said nothing of this Author, how many others are there of a high and celebrated Reputation that have either escap'd his Knowledge, or been omitted through Negligence? And if in our Days there
has

has been no more than one Copy found, and which perhaps is fince loft, how many other excellent Authors are there, who have met with the fame Deftiny? If this is not fufficient to fatisfy you, and I muft be obliged to carry my Conjectures ftill a little farther, in order to difcover if poffible the precise time wherein he lived, I muft only refer my felf to one Paſſage in the Preface to the ROMANCE, wherein he complains of the mortal Wound *Athens*, the place of his Nativity, had juſt receiv'd in the univerfal Deſolation of *Greece*. From this can only be intended either the Irruption the *Scythians* made into *Greece* during the Reign of *Gallienus*, or that of the *Goths* under *Alaric* in the days of *Arcadius* and *Honorius*. Now I think the words of the Author more applicable to the Irruption of the *Goths* than that of the *Scythians*, becauſe theſe were ſoon driven out of *Athens*, before they had time to commit many Diſorders there; whereas it was handled very ſeverely by the *Goths*, who left behind them many lamentable Marks of their Barbarity. *Syneſius*, who liv'd at that time, ſpeaks of it in the ſame Terms with our Author, and regrets with him the downfall of Letters, occaſion'd by the Barbarians triumphing in the place of their Nativity, and Seat of their Empire. However it be, this work of *Athenagoras* is the Product of a great Genius, conducted with Art, ſententious, and abounding in excellent moral Precepts. The Epiſodes are of a piece with the Subject, the Characters are diſtinguiſh'd, and a due Decorum obſerv'd throughout the whole; wherein there is nothing mean or forced, nothing like the Puerilities of the Sophiſts. The Plot conſiſts of two Walks, which was one of the chief Beauties in the antient Comedy; for with the Adventures of *Theogenes* and *Charida* are interwoven thoſe of *Pherecydes* and *Melangenin*. And this is an Evidence how much *Giraldi* was miſtaken, when he imagined the multiplicity of Actions was an *Italian* Invention. They had been multiplied by

by the *Greeks* and old *French* before. The *Greeks* had form'd them with a Dependance and Subordination to the principal Subject, according to the Rules of an Heroick Poem; as was practis'd by *Athenogoras*, and *Heliodorus* too, but with less Exactness; whereas our old *French* multiplied them without Order, without Connection or Art, and it is Those the *Italians* have imitated, who borrowing their Romances from Them have taken them with all their Faults. And this has drawn *Giraldi* into a greater Error than the former, since in commending this Fault he strives to make a Beauty of a Deformity. If it be true, as he saith himself it is, that a ROMANCE ought to resemble a perfect Body, and be compos'd of many Parts different, but proportion'd under one principal Head; it follows of course that the principal Action, which is as the Head, ought to be single and illustrious in Comparison of the rest; and that the subordinate Actions, which are as the Members, ought to be subservient to the Head, yield to it in Beauty and Dignity, adorn, support, and attend it with a Dependance; otherwise it will be a Monster with many Heads, deform'd and frightful. The Example of *Ovid*, which he alledges in behalf of his Argument, and of the *Cyclic Poets*, which he might as well have alledged, are of no service to him. For the *Metamorphoses*, in the antient Fable, which *Ovid* propos'd to assemble into one Poem, and those of which the *Cyclic Poems* consist, being so many incoherent Actions, of little or no Resemblance, but almost of an equal Beauty, it was as impossible to form a regular Body of them, as to raise a perfect Building with Sand only. The Applause those irregular Romances met with from the *Italians*, upon which he lays so great a stress, is still less to his Purpose. A Judgment is not to be pass'd upon a Book from the Number, but Capacity, of its Admirers. All the World take the Liberty of passing their Censures upon Poetry and Romances. All the
Noon-

Noon-Walkers in the Town, all our Lady Viſitants erect themſelves into Tribunals, where a definitive Sentence is paſſ'd upon the Merit of our beſt Writings. The Prize is arbitrarily given to an Epick Poem for the ſake of a fine Compariſon or Deſcription; and ſometimes a Verſe, tho' never ſo little offensive to the Ear, and perhaps in a Place where the Subject both warranted and required it, ſhall ſink its Reputation. One tender Sentiment ſhall eſtabliſh the Fortune of a ROMANCE; and one Expreſſion a little forced, or an obſolete Word, ſhall marr it. But the Authors of theſe Works do not ſtand by ſuch Decisions; but like the Actreſs in *Horace*, who when ſhe was hiſt off the Stage by the Mob, valu'd herſelf upon the Applauſe ſhe had receiv'd from the Quality; they think it ſufficient if they can pleaſe thoſe fine Taſtes, who judge by other Rules; Rules known to ſo few, that a good Judge, as I have often ſaid, is as hard to be found as a good Writer; and among the very few that have a true Knowledge of Proſe, one ſhall hardly find One able to paſs a right Judgment upon Verſe, or ſo much as know that Poetry and Proſe are Things quite different. Theſe Judges, whoſe Sentiment is the certain Rule by which we are to rate the Merit of Poems, and Romances, will agree with *Giraldi* that the *Italian* Romances have many fine things in them, and are to be applauded on ſeveral other Accounts, but not for the Regularity, Coherence and Juſtneſs of the Deſign. But to return to *Athenagoras* his ROMANCE, wherein the Unravelling of the Plot, tho' brought about without any Machine, is not ſo fine as the other Parts. It is not enough heightened; it preſents itſelf, before the Reader's Paſſion and Impatience is warm'd as it ought, and is done with too little Addreſs. But his greateſt Blemiſh is the unſeaſonable Oſtentation of his Skill in Architecture. What he has written on that Subject might be admirable elſewhere; but it is faulty where he has put it,

it, and out of its right Place. *Ne dee anco il Poeta, faith Giraldi, nel descivere le fabbriche, volessi mostrare in guisa Architetto, che descrivendo troppo minutamente le cose à tali arte appartenente, lasci quello che conviene al Poeta; alla quale cosa egli dee sovra ogni cosa mirare, se cerca loda: oltrè che queste descrittioni di cose mechaniche recano con loro viltà, & sono lontane, & dall'uso, & dal grande dell' Heroico.* " A
 " Poet's Business is not to shew himself an Architect
 " in his Description of an Edifice, for when he is too
 " particular in describing what belongs to that Art, he
 " omits That which is proper to the Poet, wherein he
 " is principally concern'd, if he is ambitious of Fame.
 " Besides that such Mechanick Descriptions debase
 " the Work; they are unseasonable, and below the
 " Dignity of an Heroick Poem." He has borrow'd several Things from *Heliodorus*, or *Heliodorus* from him: For as I take them to have liv'd both in the same Age, I know not to which of them ought to be ascrib'd the Honour of the Invention. The Names and Characters of *Theogenes* and *Charida*, resemble those of *Theogenes* and *Chariclea*. *Theogenes* and *Charida* first saw, and fell in Love with, each other at *Minerva's* Feast, as *Theogenes* and *Chariclea* did at *Apollo's*. *Athenagoras* makes one *Herondates* Governor of the Lower Egypt; *Heliodorus* makes *Oroonlates* Governor of Egypt. *Athenagoras* makes *Theogenes* ready to be sacrificed by the *Scythians*, and in *Heliodorus* *Theogenes* is upon the Point of being sacrificed by the *Æthiopians*; in short, *Athenagoras* has divided his Work into Ten Books, and so has *Heliodorus*.

I will not reckon in the Number of Romances the Books of Paradoxes written by *Damascius* a Heathen Philosopher, who lived in the Reign of *Justinian*; for when *Photius* saith that he has imitated *Antonius Diogenes*, the model of most of the Greek Romances, his Meaning must be, that, like him, he wrote several Histories incredible

dible and fabulous, but not in the ROMANCE manner. They were no other than Apparitions of Ghosts and Goblins, and Events altogether unnatural, either too eaſily believ'd, or too groſſly conceiv'd, and worthy of the Impiety and Atheiſm of their Author.

Two Years after *Damaſcius*, St. *John of Damaſcus* compos'd his Hiſtory of *Barlaam*, and *Jehoſaphat*. Several ancient Manuſcripts aſcribe it to *John the Sinaite*, who liv'd in the Reign of the Emperor *Theodoſius*. But *Billius* proves it a manifeſt Error; for the Diſputes with the *Iconoclaſticks*, which are inſerted in this Work, were not then on Foot, nor for a long time after, till the Reign of *Leo Iſauricus*, wherein St. *John of Damaſcus* flouriſh'd. It is in Truth a ROMANCE, but a ſpiritual One; it treats of Love, but of the Love of God; a great deal of Blood is ſpilt in it, but it is the Blood of the Martyrs. It is written in the manner of a Hiſtory, and not according to the Rules of a ROMANCE; and yet tho' the Probable is pretty cloſely obſerv'd, it has however ſo many Marks of Fiction in it, as will eaſily be obſerv'd by never ſo little Attention in the Reading. There appears in the multitude of Parables, Compariſons, and Similitudes that abound in it, the Fabulous Genius of the Country of its Author.

THE ROMANCE written by *Theodorus Prodrromus*, and that which is attributed to *Euſtathius* Biſhop of *Theſſalonica*, who flouriſh'd towards the middle of the 12th Century, in the Reign of the Emperor *Mannuel Comnenus*, are much of the ſame ſpecies. The firſt contains the Amours of *Diocles* and *Rhodanthe*, and the other Thoſe of *Iſmenias* and *Iſmene*. Monſieur *Gaulmin* has oblig'd the Publick with a Tranſlation both of the one and the other, and his Notes upon both. As he has ſaid nothing of *Euſtathius* in his Preface to that which goes under his Name, I am willing to conſtrue this Silence of his in his Favour, and to believe that he was too wife

wife and knowing to fall into the Error of those, who fancy that the learned Commentator upon *Homer* could be capable of composing such a miserable Piece as that is: Since in several Manuscripts the Author goes under the Name of *Eumathius*, and not *Eustathius*. However it be, it is most certain that nothing can be more dry, insipid and tedious; without Decorum, Probability, or Conduct: looking like the Exercise of some Scholar, or silly Sophist, who deserves to be under the Discipline of the Ferula as long as he lives. *Theodorus Prodrromus* is but little better, tho' something more artful: His Plot is unravel'd by the help of Machines, and his Persons are dress'd up without any Decorum or Uniformity in their Characters. His Piece may be consider'd rather as a Poem than Romance, being wrote in Verse, which indeed may serve as an Excuse for his Metaphorical licentious Style. However as his Verse is *Iambick*, which is but one Degree from Prose, and may properly be call'd Prose in Metre; I thought it proper to allow it a Place in this Catalogue. It is said he was by Birth a *Russ*; a Priest, Poet, Philosopher, and Physician.

I have much the same Opinion of the Pastorals of the Sophist *Longus*, as of the two preceding. For tho' some learned Men in these latter Ages have commended them for their Elegance and Agreeableness; as likewise for their Simplicity so proper to the Subject; yet there is nothing else commendable in them besides that Simplicity, which however sometimes descends even to Puerility and Nonsense. He opens very grossly with the Birth of his Shepherds, and concludes his Work with their Nuptials. He never unravels his Intreigues, but by injudicious Machines. Moreover he is so Obscene, that one must have a great deal of Confidence to read him without blushing. His Style, for which he has been so much commended, is that for which perhaps

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haps he is the least praise-worthy ; 'tis a Style like that of a Sophist, as he was ; of the same Stamp with that of *Eustathius*, and *Theodorus Pródromus*, betwixt the Orator, and Historian, and so proper neither to the one or the other ; full of Metaphors, and Antitheses, and of those glaring Figures, that surprize the Simple, and tickle the Ear without benefiting the Understanding. Instead of engaging his Reader by the Novelty of Events, the Method and Variety of Matter, and a neat close Narration, which has however its proper Turn and Cadence, still advancing in its Subject, he endeavours, as most Sophists do, to delay him by Descriptions foreign to the purpose : He leads him out of the high Road ; and whilst he exposes him to so many Places where he had no Business, he wearies his Attention, and blunts the Impatience he had of arriving at the End he desir'd, and which at first was propos'd to him. I must confess I translated this ROMANCE with some Pleasure in my Youth, and that indeed is the only Age wherein it ought to please. I will not pretend to ascertain the Time wherein he lived ; none of the Antients have made any mention of him ; nor is there any thing in him that may give Ground for a Conjecture, unless it be the Purity of his Elocution, which inclines me to think him more ancient than the two others.

OF the three *Xenophons* mention'd by *Smidas*, I shall say nothing more than what has been already said by him. One of them was of *Antioch*, the other of *Ephesus*, and the third of *Cyprus* ; they all of them wrote amorous Stories. The first gave His the Title of *Babylonicks*, as did *Jamblicus* ; the second called His *Ephesian*, and related in them the Amours of *Habracommas* and *Anthia* ; and the third gave His the Name of *Cyprian*, wherein he describ'd the Amours of *Cinyras*, *Myrrha*, and *Adonis*.

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I must not upon this Occasion omit *Parthenius* of *Nice*, who has left behind him a Collection of Amorous Stories, which he dedicated to *Cornelius Gallus*, a Poet who flourish'd in the Reign of *Augustus*. Most of those Stories are taken out of the antient Fable, and all of them from antient Authors cited by him. Some of them seem to me to be of the Romance kind, and to have been borrow'd from the *Milesian* Tales; That for Instance of *Erippe* and *Xanthus*, in the eighth Chapter; That of *Polycrite* and *Diogenes* in the ninth; That of *Leuconoe* and *Cyanippe* in the tenth; and lastly That of *Neara*, *Hysicreon*, and *Promedon* in the eighteenth. For besides that these Adventures are ascrib'd to *Milesians*, it does not appear that they have been borrow'd from the Fable, or taken out of antient History. Moreover it is not unlikely but that the Passion of *Caunus* and *Biblis*, the Children of the Founder of *Miletus*, which is mention'd in the eleventh Chapter, is a Fiction of the Country render'd famous, and consecrated to Posterity in the old Mythology. Which, however, I do not offer for any other than a mere Conjecture.

In the fore-mention'd Catalogue I have distinguish'd those ROMANCES that are regular from Those that are not so. I call Those Regular, which are fram'd upon the Rules of Heroick Poetry. The *Grecians*, by whom most Arts and Sciences have been brought to so great a Perfection, that they have been esteem'd the first Inventers of them, have likewise cultivated the Art of Romancing; and rough and unshapen as it was among the Orientals, they have work'd it into a better Form, by confining it to the Rules of the *Epoepa*, and uniting in a compleat Body, the several Parts that lay without Order, or Relation to each other, in the Romances that had been compos'd before them. Of all the *Greek* Writers of Romances before-mentioned, *Antonius Diogenes*, *Lucian*, *Athenagoras*, *Jamblicus*, *Heliodorus*, *Achilles*, *Tatius*,
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Eustathius, and *Theodorus Prodrromus*, are the only Authors that have subjected themselves to those Rules. I say nothing in this Place of *Lucius* of *Patras*, nor of *Damascius*, whom I have not number'd in the List of Romance Writers. As for St. *John* of *Damascus*, and *Longus*, they might easily have form'd their Works according to those Rules, but they either did not know them, or despis'd them. I know not what the three *Xenophons* did in that respect, since we have nothing left of theirs to make any Judgment upon, nor of *Aristides*, or the rest, who with him were Authors of the *Milesian* Fables. However I believe these last observed some Rules, as seems to appear from those Works that have been written in Imitation of them, and have been preserv'd down to our days, such for instance as *Apuleius* his *Metamorphosis*, which is regular enough.

THESE *Milesian* Fables, long before they made that Progress in *Greece*, already mentioned, convey'd themselves into *Italy*, where they were first entertain'd by the *Sybarites*, a People voluptuous beyond Imagination; that conformity of Humour, which happen'd between them and the *Milesians*, establish'd between them a reciprocal Communication of Luxury and Pleasure, and so firmly united them, that *Herodotus* saith, He never knew a better establish'd Alliance between any People whatever. From the *Milesians* therefore the *Sybarites* learnt the Art of Fabling, so that the *Sybarite* Tales became as common in *Italy*, as the *Milesian* were in *Asia*. It is hard to determine of what Construction they were. *Hesychius* gives us to understand, in a Passage that has been much corrupted, that *Æsop* having been in *Italy*, his Fables grew into great Reputation in that Country; that Improvements were made upon them; that having suffer'd some Alterations, they were called *Sybarite*, and that they past into a Proverb; but he does not tell us wherein those Alterations consisted. *Suidas* thinks they were like Those
of

of *Æsop*; but in This he is deceiv'd as in many other Instances. The old Commentator upon *Aristophanes* saith, The *Sybarites* introduced Brutes in their Fables, and that *Æsop* made use of Men in his. This Passage is certainly corrupted, for as it is plain that Men were Actors in *Æsop's* Fables, it follows from thence that the *Sybarites* made use of Brutes in theirs; and this is what the Commentator saith in exprefs Terms in another Place. Those of the *Sybarites* were diverting, and intended to raise Laughter in the Readers. I have met with a sketch of one of them in *Eliau*; 'tis a Story he tells us he had taken out of the Histories of the *Sybarites*, that is to say, according to my Opinion, out of their Fables. You shall be a Judge of it from the Story itself. "A *Sybarite* Boy walking with his School-Master in the Street, met a Fellow that sold dry Figs, and stole one of them out of his Basket; his Master severely reprov'd him for it, but snatch'd the Fig from him, and eat it himself." These Fables were not only facetious, but extream smutty. *Ovid* places the *Sybaritis*, that had been compos'd a little before his time, in the number of the most debauch'd Pieces. Several learned Men have imagin'd, that he thereby meant the Work of *Hemitheon* the *Sybarite*, of whom *Lucian* speaks, as of a Lump of Lewdness. But to me there seems no ground for this Imagination; for it does not appear that there was any Agreement between that Book of *Hemitheon*, and the *Sybaritis*; only that both the one and the other were very Lascivious, and this was common to all the Fables of the *Sybarites*. Besides the *Sybaritis*, as has been said before, was written not long before *Ovid*; and it is notorious that the City of *Sybaris* was razed by the *Crotonians* Five Hundred Years before the Birth of that Poet. It is therefore most likely that the *Sybaritis* had been compos'd by some Roman, and so called, because written in Imitation of the old *Sybarite* Fables.

A certain antient Author, whose Name I take to be of no Moment for you to know, gives us to understand, that their Style was short, and *Laconic*; but that does not prove that their Fables had nothing in them of the ROMANCE.

THIS Passage in *Ovid* is an Instance that the *Romans* had even in his Time given a Reception among them to the *Sybarite* Fables; and he tells us farther, in the same Book, that *Sisenna*, a famous Historian, had likewise translated several of the *Milesian* Fables of *Aristides*. This *Sisenna* was Cotemporary with *Sylla*, and related to him, being with him descended from the noble and illustrious Family of the *Cornelii*. He was Prætor in *Sicily* and *Achaia*, and wrote a History of his Country, for which he was preferr'd to all the Historians of his Nation that had preceded him.

IF the *Romans* could without a Blush read those Fables under the Republick, at a time when an austere Discipline and Rigidity of Manners was maintain'd among them; it is not to be wonder'd at, if when the Commonwealth was subjected to the Will of the Emperors, and every one after their Examples abandon'd themselves to Luxury and Pleasure, their Minds became sensible of such, as the Reading of Romances inspir'd into them. *Virgil*, who was born soon after the Establishment of the Empire, could not find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the *Naiads*, Daughters of the River *Peneus*, whilst they were holding an Assembly under the Waters of their Father, than to recite the Amours of the Gods, of which the Fables of Antiquity consisted. *Ovid*, who was Cotemporary with *Virgil*, makes the Daughters of *Minyas* divert each other with Romantick Stories whilst they were at Work, and the Labour of their Hands did not take from them the Use of their Tongues or Thoughts. The first of those Stories is That of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; the second of *Marx* and

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and *Venus*; and the third of *Salmacis* and *Hermaphrodite*.

FROM this is evident the great Esteem *Rome* had for Romances at that time; but it appear'd more fully by a Romance itself compos'd by *Petronius*, a Consul, and the most polite Man of his Age. He wrote it in the Nature of Satyr, and of that sort which was invented by *Varro*, who made an agreeable mixture of Prose and Verse, of Serious and Comical, and call'd it *Menippean*, because *Menippus* the Cynic had before him treated of serious Subjects in a low diverting Style. This Piece, written by *Petronius*, tho' intended for a Satyr, was at the same time a perfect Romance, containing nothing but ingenious diverting Fictions, some of them very wanton and immodest, and under that Veil very severely lashing the Vices that reign'd in *Nero's* Court. As what remains of him is no better than inchorent Fragments, or rather the Collections of some studious Persons, it is impossible to form a distinct Idea of the Shape and Contexture of the whole Piece. However it appears to have been conducted with Regularity, and it is more than probable that the Parts which are still remaining, but broken and disorder'd, did at first in conjunction with Those that are wanting, compose a perfect Body. Tho' *Petronius* seems to have been a great Critick, and a Man of an exquisite Taste, yet his Style does not come up justly to the Delicacy of his Judgment. There is something of Affectation in it, something too much studied, and elaborate, and even then degenerating from the natural majestick Simplicity of the happy *Augustan* Age. So very true is it, that the Art of Narration, which so many practise, and so very few understand, is however easier to be understood than put in Execution.

WE are told that the Poet *Lucan*, who likewise liv'd in *Nero's* time, left behind him some *Saltick Fables*, that is,

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as some will have it, Fables, wherein he recounts the Amours of the Nymphs and Satyrs. This very much resembles a ROMANCE, and the Genius of that Age, which was dispos'd to ROMANCE, confirms my Conjecture; but as we have nothing remaining but the Title, which does not clearly express the Nature of the Piece, I shall determine nothing upon it.

APULEIUS's Metamorphosis, so well known under the Name of *The GOLDEN ASS*, was made during the Reign of the *Antonines*. It sprung from the same Original with *Lucian's Ass*, being like That taken out of the two first Books of the *Metamorphosis* of *Lucius of Patras*, with this Difference only, that those Books were abridg'd by *Lucian*, but augmented by *Apuleius*. This Philosopher's Work is regular; for altho' he seems to begin it with his Infancy, yet what he saith upon that Head, is only by way of Preface, and to excuse the Rudeness of his Style; and the History itself begins with his Voyage. In this Piece, which he declares to be of that kind, he has given us an Idea of the *Milesian Fables*. He has embellish'd it with beautiful Episodes, and particularly with that so well known, of *Psyche*, neither has he retrench'd the Impurities he found in the Originals from whence he copy'd. His Style is that of a Sophist, full of Affectation, and strain'd Metaphors, harsh, barbarous, and like an *African*.

It is affirm'd that *Clodius Albinus*, one of the Pretenders to the Empire, that were vanquish'd and slain by *Severus*, did not think it beneath him to exercise his Talents that way. *Julius Capitolinus* tells us in his Life that certain *Milesian Fables* appear'd abroad under his Name, pretty well esteem'd, tho' indifferently written, and that *Severus* reproach'd the Senate for having commended him as a learned Man, tho' he had read no farther than the *Milesian Fables* of *Apuleius*; and that his whole

Study

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Study lay in old Wive's Tales, and such Trifles which he preferr'd to more serious Employments.

Martianus Capella has given the Name of Satyr to his Work as well as *Petronius*, because like His it is written in Verse and Prose, and there is in it a mixture of the Useful and Agreeable. Designing to treat of all the Arts called Liberal, he personiseth them, and feigns that *Mercury*, whose Attendants they are, is marry'd to *Philology*, that is the Love of Letters, and gives her in Dowry whatever his Attendants have of Fine and Valuable. Insomuch that it is a continued Allegory, and deserves rather the Name of a Fable than Romance; for, as I have already observ'd, the Fable gives us a Representation of Things that never were, nor can be, but the Romance on the other hand represents to us Things which might have been, but never were. His Style is Barbarity itself, so bold and immoderate in his Figures, as not to be pardon'd in the most adventurous Poet, and withal cover'd under an Obscurity so thick, that he is scarce intelligible; setting this aside, he shews himself Master of a great deal of Learning, and uncommon Eru-dition. It is said, this Author was an *African*; if he was not, he might pass for one, from his stiff and forced manner of Writing. It is not known in what time he lived, all that is certain of him is, that he is older than *Justinian*.

HITHERTO the Art of Romancing continued in some Reputation and Figure, but declined at the same time with Literature and the Empire, when the rugged Nations of the *North* overwhelm'd *Europe* with their Ignorance and Barbarity. 'Till then Romances had been compos'd for Pleasure and Delight, but now fabulous Histories began to prevail, for want of proper Materials for true Ones. *Thelesin*, who is said to have lived about the middle of the Sixth Century, under the Reign of King *Arthur*, so famous in the Books of Chivalry, and

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Melkin, who was something younger, wrote the History of their Country *England*, and of King *Arthur* and his Round-Table. *Balaus*, who has given them a Place in his Catalogue, makes mention of them as of very fabulous Authors. The same thing may be said of *Hunibaldus Francus*, who is said to have been Cotemporary with *Clovis*, and whose History, as he calls it, is no better than a Collection of Lies and Absurdities.

AND now, Sir, we are got down to the celebrated Piece, containing the Actions of *Charlemagne*, which has been very injudiciously ascrib'd to Archbishop *Turpin*, tho' he was not born 'till Two Hundred Years after. *Pigna*, and some others, have been so weak as to believe, that Romances was so called from *Rheims*, of which *Turpin* was Archbishop, because his Book, as *Pigna* will have it, was the Fountain from whence most of the Romancers of *Provence* supply'd themselves; and was, according to others, the Master-piece of Romances. However it be, there are many other Histories, of which *Charlemagne's* Life is the Subject, that are altogether as fabulous, as that which is father'd upon *Turpin*. Such for Instance are Those which are attributed to *Hancon*, and *Solcon Forteman*, to *Sicward the Sage*, to *Adel Adeling*, and to *John*, the Son of a certain King of *Friezeland*, all Five *Friezelanders* by Birth, and as we are told, Cotemporaries with *Charlemagne*. Such moreover was the History attributed to *Ocon*, who, according to the general Opinion, was Cotemporary with the Emperor *Otho the Great*, and grand Nephew to *Solcon* before-mentioned; to These we may add the History of *Geffery of Monmouth*, containing the Feats of King *Arthur*, and the Life of *Merlin*. These Histories, told in a plausible manner, did not fail to please the ignorant Readers, more ignorant, if possible, than their Authors: So that no one was at the pains to examine into authentic Records, or to be duly inform'd of the Truth
before

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before they took upon them to write ; they had their Materials nearer hand, in their own Head, and in their own Invention ; and by this means History began to degenerate into ROMANCE. The *Latin* Tongue grew as much neglected, and despis'd, in that Age of Ignorance, as Truth itself. Your Poetafters, Ballad-mongers, Story-Tellers, and Juglers of *Provence* ; in fhort all Thofe of that Country, who practis'd what they call'd *The Gay Science*, began in the Days of *Hugh Capet* to ROMANCE in good Earneft, and to roam up and down *France*, vending their Romantick Wares where-ever they came, compos'd all in the *Roman* Language. For at that Time the *Provencials* were better skill'd in Literature and Poetry, than all the reft of *France*. This Language was what the *Romans* had introduced with their Conquefts, and which, in time, was corrupted with a mixture of the old *Gaulifh*, which had preceded, and of the *Frank*, or *Teutonick*, that fucceeded it ; inſomuch, that it was neither *Latin*, nor *Gaulifh*, nor *Frank*, but a Medly of them all ; wherein, however the *Roman* had the Predominance, for which Reaſon it ſtill preferv'd that Name, to diſtinguiſh it from the particular, or Mother Tongue of each Country, whether the *Gaulifh* or *Celtic*, or the *Aquitanic*, or the *Belgic* : for *Cæſar* tells us theſe three Languages differ'd from each other ; tho' *Strabo* ſaith, The Difference was nothing elſe but three different Dialects upon the ſame common Language. The *Spaniards* put the ſame Signification upon the word *Roman* that we do, and call their vulgar Tongue *Romancè*. The *Roman* therefore being what was moſt univerſally underſtood, the *Provencials* wrote their Stories in that Language, and they were for that Reaſon call'd *Romances*. Theſe Authors paſſing thus up and down, were generously paid for their Pains, and well receiv'd by the Great Men of the Country where they travell'd ; ſome of whom were ſo taken with

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them,

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them, that they often strip'd themselves to cloath Them. However, the *Provencials* were not the only People who addicted themselves to that agreeable Occupation; for almost all the Provinces in *France* had their Romancers too; even as far as *Picardie*, where they had their *Servantois*, a sort of Amorous Pieces, and sometimes Satyrical. And from hence sprung up such an incredible Number of old Romances, many of which are extant in Print, others are mouldering away in Libraries, and the rest have been consum'd by Time. Even *Spain* itself, which, by Degrees, grew so fertile in Romances, and *Italy* too, borrow'd the Art from Us. *Mi par di poter dire che questa sorte di Poesia* (these are *Giraldi's* Words, speaking of ROMANCES) *habbia havuta la prima Origine, & il primo suo Principio da Francesi, da' i quali ha forse anco havuto il nome. De Francesi poi è passato questa maniera di poeteggiare a gli Spannoli, ultimamente è stato accettata da gli Italiani.* "I may venture to affirm, saith he, That this sort of Poetry had its Original and Beginning in *France*, and from thence likewise it has probably receiv'd its Name. The *Spaniards* learnt this way of Poetising from the *French*, and now at last it has been receiv'd by the *Italians*.

THE late Monsieur *Saumaïse*, for whose Memory I have a singular Veneration, both on the Account of his great Learning, and the Friendship there was between us, imagined that *Spain* having learnt of the *Arabs* the Art of Romancing, taught it the rest of *Europe*. To support which Opinion, it must be allow'd, That *Thelesin*, *Melkin*, both *English*, and *Humibaldus Francus*, who are all three said to have compos'd their Romantick Histories about the middle of the sixth Century, are at least Two Hundred Years younger than has been hitherto believed; for Count *Julian's* Revolt, and the Settlement of the *Arabs* in *Spain*, did not happen 'till the Ninety First Year of the *Hegira*, in 712 of our Lord; and it would

would require some time after That for the *Arabian* Romances to take footing in *Spain*, and for Those which it is pretended were compos'd by the *Spaniards*, in imitation of Them, to be communicated to the rest of *Europe*. I am far from insisting upon the Antiquity of those Authors, tho' I have some Right so to do, since the common Opinion is on my Side. It is very true, as I have already observed, that the *Arabians* were much addicted to *The Gay Science*, That is, to Poetry, Fictions, and Fables. This Science, which remain'd in its primitive Roughness among Them, tho' reform'd and polish'd by the *Greeks*, was carry'd together with their Arms into *Africk*, when they made a Conquest of that Country, tho' it was no Stranger there before; for *Aristotle*, and *Priscian* from him, make mention of the *Libyan* Fables; and the Romances written by *Apuleius* and *Martianus Capella*, before-mention'd, who were both *Africans*, are Instances of the Genius of that People. This fortify'd the Victorious *Arabs* in their natural Disposition to that Science; and accordingly we read in *Leo Africanus*, and *Marmol*, That the *Arabian Africans* are still passionately fond of Romantick Poetry, That they sing and celebrate both in Prose and Verse the Exploits of their *Buhalul*, in the same manner as Those of *Rinaldo* and *Roland* are celebrated among us; That their *Morabites* write Love Songs: That on *Mahomet's* Birthday the Poets have their Assemblies, and publick Sports in *Fez*, where they recite their Verses to the People, who are to judge which of them perform'd the best, and declare him Prince of the Poets for the ensuing Year; that the Kings of the House of the *Benimerines*, who rul'd there about Three Hundred Years ago, and whose House was called That of *Bellemarine* by our ancient Authors, once a Year assembled all the most learned Men of *Fez*, and entertain'd them at a splendid Feast; which when ended, the Poets recited Verses in Honour

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Honour of *Mahomet*; that the King presented him, who perform'd the best, with a Sum of Mony, a Horse, a female Slave, and with the Cloaths he had worn that Day, and that none of the rest were suffer'd to depart without a Recompence. The *Spaniards* having, in course of Time, receiv'd the *Arabian* Yoke, receiv'd likewise from them their Customs, and learnt, in Imitation of them, to sing Love Verses, and to celebrate the Actions of great Men, after the manner of the Bards in *Gaul*; but these Songs, which they call'd ROMANCES, were very different from our Modern Romances; they were compos'd on purpose to be sung, and were consequently very short. There has been a Collection made of several of them, some of which are so very Antient that they are hardly intelligible. Some of them have serv'd to clear up the *Spanish* History, and reduce Events to a Chronological Series. Their Romances, properly so call'd, are of a much later Date; the eldest of them are Posterior to our *Tristans* and *Lancelots*, by several Hundred Years. *Michael de Cervantes*, one of the finest Wits that that Nation ever produced, has made an excellent judicious Critick upon them in his *Don Quixot*, wherein the Curat and Master *Nicholas* the Barber have much ado to find Six among them all, that deserve to be saved; the rest are deliver'd over to the secular Arm of the Chamber-Maid, to be committed to the Flames. Those which were thought worthy to be preserv'd, are the four Books of *Amadis de Gaul*, which they pronounce to be the first ROMANCE of Chivalry that was ever printed in *Spain*, the Model of the rest, and the best of them all; *Palmerin of England*, suppos'd to have been written by a King of *Portugal*, and thought worthy of a Box, like that of *Darius*, wherein *Alexander* kept the Works of *Homer*; *Don Belianis*, the Miror of Chivalry; *Tirante the White*, and *Kyrie Eleison of Montauban* (for there were such learned Times wherein *Kyrie Eleison*, and *Paralipomenon*,

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Paralipomenon, were taken for some Saints Names; wherein the *Subleties of Madam Pleasure-of-my-Life*, and the *Cheats of the Widow Repofada*, are highly commended. But These are all of Yesterday, when compar'd with our old Romances, from which they were in all likelihood modell'd, as may be presum'd from the Conformity of the Works, and the Neighbourhood of the Nations. He likewise Censures Romances written in Verse, and some other Pieces of Poetry found in *Don Quixor's* Study; but that is nothing to the present Purpose.

IF it be objected to Me, that as we have learnt from the *Arabs* the Art of Rhyming, it is more than probable that we have in like manner receiv'd from the same Hands the Science of ROMANCE, forasmuch as most of our old Romances were in Rhyme, and that the Custom among the *French* Lordsto give their Cloaths to the best Versifiers, and which *Marmol* saith was practised by the Kings of *Fex*, seems to justify that Assertion; I must confess, in answer to it, that it is not impossible but that when the *French* borrow'd their Rhyme from the *Arabs*, they at the same time learnt from them the Custom of using it in Romance. I will allow farther, that the Taste we had before for Fable might be augmented, and our Science in Romance improv'd, from the Intercourse our Vicinity to *Spain*, and the Wars with that Nation have introduc'd between Us and the *Spaniards*; but I do not agree that we owe to them originally this Inclination; since we were possess'd with it long before it was observ'd in *Spain*. Nor do I believe that our Princes, receiv'd from the *Arabian* Kings the Custom of stripping themselves in favour of the Versifiers. I rather think that both the one and the other, touch'd with the Excellency of the Piece recited to them, were impatient to express their Sentiments in their Liberality, and having nothing so near at Hand as their Garments, they of necessity made use of them, as
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we read that some Saints have done in Compassion to the naked Poor ; and that what frequently happen'd, tho' accidentally in *France*, was perform'd once a Year in *Fex* of course, founded upon a Custom, which probably too might at first have been introduced by Chance.

It is very likely that the *Italians* were first induced to write Romances from the Example of the *Provencials*, whilst the Popes resided at *Avignon* ; as likewise from the Example of other *Frenchmen*, first, when the *Normands*, and afterwards when *Charles*, Earl of *Anjou*, Brother of *St. Lewis*, a virtuous Prince, a Lover of Poetry, and himself a Poet, carry'd on the War in *Italy*. For the *Normans*, as well as the rest, were Dabblers in *The Gay Science* ; and we learn from History that they sung the Exploits of *Roland* just before they began that memorable Battle wherein *William* the Bastard got the Crown of *England*. All *Europe* was, at that time, involv'd in a Cloud of impenetrable Ignorance ; tho' that Ignorance prevail'd less in *France*, *England*, and *Germany* than in *Italy*, which, in those Days, produced a very small number of Authors, and hardly one Writer of ROMANCE. Those of that Country, who were desirous to distinguish themselves with some Tincture of Knowledge, came for that purpose to Study in the University of *Paris*, the Mother of Sciences, and Nurse of the Learned. *St. Thomas Aquinas*, *St. Bonaventure*, the Poet *Dantes*, and *Boccace*, were Students there ; and the President *Fanchet* has prov'd, That *Boccace* has taken most of his Novels out of our *French ROMANCES* ; and that *Petrarch*, and the other *Italian* Poets, have stol'n their most beautiful Passages out of the Songs of *Thibaud*, King of *Navarre*, from *Gaces Brusssez*, from the *Châtelain de Coucy*, and the old *French* Romancers. It was therefore, according to my Opinion, during this Intercourse between the two Nations, that the *Italians* learnt from Us the Science of ROMANCE, which they owe to Us, as well as That of Rhyming. IN

IN this manner did *Spain* and *Italy* receive from Us an Art, which was the effect of our Ignorance, and Unpoliteness; but the Fruit of Politeness in the *Persians*, *Greeks*, and *Ionians*. In a word, as Necessity compels us, for the Preservation of our Lives, to feed upon Herbs and Roots, for want of Bread, in like manner, when the knowledge of Truth, which is the proper and natural Food of the Mind, is wanting, we support it with Fiction, which is in Imitation of Truth. And as in the midst of Plenty, to regale our Taste, we sometimes quit our Bread, and usual Food, for the sake of Ragoûts; so when the Mind is possess'd of the Truth, it often quits the Study and Speculation of it, to divert itself in the Image of Truth, which is Falsehood. For the Image, and Imitation, are, according to *Aristotle*, sometimes more agreeable than Truth itself. Insomuch, that two Roads, directly contrary, that is Ignorance, and Erudition, Politeness, and Barbarity, often conduct Men to one and the same End, the Study of Fictions, Fables, and Romances. From hence it is that the Nations that are the most barbarous, delight in Romantick Inventions, as those that are opposite love such as are most polite. The Accounts of the Originals of all the Savage Nations in *America*, and particularly Those of *Peru*, are stuff'd with Fables, as are those of the *Goths*, which they inscrib'd heretofore in their antient *Runique* Characters, upon large Stones, of which I have seen some Fragments in *Denmark*; and if we had any thing remaining of the Writings compos'd by the Bards in *Gaul* to eternise the Memory of their Nation, I do not question but we should find them embellish'd with a multitude of Fictions.

THIS Inclination to Fables, which is common to all Men, is not the effect of Reasoning, nor does it arise from Imitation, or Custom; it is natural to them, and is rivetted in the very Frame and Disposition of the Soul. For the desire to learn, and to know, is peculiar
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to Man, by which he is as much distinguish'd from other Creatures, as by his Reason. Nay, the Sparks of an imperfect rough-hewn Reason are observable in some Animals, but the desire of Knowledge is found nowhere but in Man. And this is, according to my Opinion, because the Faculties of our Mind are of too great an Extent, and of a Capacity too large to be fill'd and satisfied with present Objects, for which Reason she searcheth into what is past, and to come, into Truth and Falsehood, into imaginary Spaces and even Impossibilities, to find out wherewithal to exercise and satisfy those Faculties. Brutes find in the Objects presented to their Senses sufficient to answer the Powers of their Mind, and go no farther; insomuch that we never observe in them that impatient Thirst, which incessantly incites the Mind of Man to search after new Discoveries, and proportion, if it be possible, the Object to the Faculty, and taste therein a Pleasure equal to That one finds in appeasing a violent Hunger, or in drinking after having been long under an impatient Thirst. This is what *Plato* wou'd represent to us in the Fable of the Marriage of *Porus* and *Penia*, that is of Riches and Poverty, whose Off-spring, he saith, is Pleasure. The Object is denoted by Riches, which are not Riches but when they are used, without which they remain unfruitful, and will never occasion the Birth of Pleasure. The Faculty is express'd by Poverty, and which is barren, and constantly attended with Inquietude whilst debar'd from Riches; but upon their being join'd, Pleasure becomes the Fruit of that Union. This exactly squares with the Disposition of our Mind. Poverty, that is Ignorance, is natural to it, and is continually breathing after Knowledge, which is Riches, and when possess'd of it, that Possession is attended with Pleasure: But this Pleasure is not always alike; it sometimes costs us a great deal of Labour and Pains; as when the Mind applies itself to difficult Speculations, and obscure Sciences,

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whereof the Subject Matter is not present or obvious to our Senses, and where the Imagination, which works with ease, is less concern'd and engaged than the Understanding, whose Operations are very laborious. And forasmuch as we are naturally shock'd at the Prospect of Labour, the Mind never engages in those knotty Disquisitions, but from the Prospect of Reward, or in the Hope of some remote Pleasure, or out of Necessity. But those Discoveries which engage and possess it the most effectually, are such as are obtain'd with the least Labour, wherein the Imagination has the greatest share, and where the Subject is such as is obvious to our Senses; but more-especially if those Discoveries excite our Passions, which give the main Bias and Motion to all the Actions of our Life. And of this sort are ROMANCES; which are to be comprehended without any great Labour of the Mind, or the Exercise of our rational Faculty; and where a strong Fancy will serve the Turn, with little or no burthen to the Memory. They do not raise our Passions, but to allay them; nor do they excite in us either Fear or Pity, but that we may have the Pleasure at least of seeing those escape out of the imaginary Danger or Distress wherein they at first had represented them. Love is not rais'd in us, but to the end We may see Those happy who are the Objects of it; nor is our Hatred moved, but to give Us the satisfaction of seeing Those miserable, against whom it was excited. In short, all our Passions are there agreeably rais'd, and laid. Hence it is that they who are govern'd more by Passion than Reason, and act more with their Imagination than Understanding, have a more sensible Pleasure in ROMANCES; not but that the Other find a Pleasure in them too, but not after the same manner. These are taken with the Beauties of the Art, and with those Parts wherein the Understanding was most concern'd; but Those, that is Children and Ignorants, are only touch'd with what strikes the Imagination, and
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works upon their Passions. They are in love with the Fictions purely as such, and carry their Thoughts no farther. Now Fictions being Narrations, that are true in Appearance, but false in Effect, the Simple, who look no farther than the Out-side, and content themselves with this Appearance of Truth, rest themselves there; but they who have a deeper Penetration, and look into the Bottom, are apt to disrelish that which has only the Appearance of Truth. So that, in short, the First love the Fiction for the sake of the Appearance of Truth, under which it is disguis'd; but the Later are disgusted at this imaginary Truth, by Reason of the real Falstity that is conceal'd under it; if that Falstity is not at the same time Ingenious, Allegorical, and Instructive, and supported by the Excellency of Art and Invention. St. *Austin* saith somewhere, That "those
" Falstities, which are significative, and contain in them
" a hidden Sense, are not properly Lies, but figurative
" Truths, made use of by Men renown'd for their
" Wisdom and Sanctity, and even by our Saviour him-
" self upon Occasion.

SINCE therefore it is most certain that Ignorance is the inexhaustible Fund of Falsehoods, and that the Inundation of the Barbarians, who issuing from the North, over-ran all *Europe*, and sunk it into such an Abyss of Ignorance, as that it was not able to recover itself out of it 'till about Two Hundred Years since, is it not highly probable that the same Cause produced the same Effect here that it has at all Times done in other Places? And is it not therefore in vain to endeavour to prove that to be accidental, which is manifestly natural? So that we are not to doubt but that the *French, German, and English ROMANCES*, with all the Fables of the North, are of the Country's Growth, born upon the Place, and not transplanted thither, having no other Beginning but in Histories stufft with Falsehoods, and written in those Times of Ignorance and Obscurity, when Men had neither Industry nor Curiosity enough to discover the Truth,

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Truth, nor Judgment to write it when discover'd; that those Histories patch'd up with Truth and Falsehoods, having been well receiv'd by the rude unpolish'd People, the Writers were encouraged from thence to publish some that were all Fiction, and Those are ROMANCES. It is even the common Opinion, that History heretofore went by the Name of ROMANCE, which Word was afterwards apply'd to Fictions; which is an invincible Argument, that the One arose out of the Other: *Romanzi*, saith *Pigna*, *secundo la commune Opinione in Francese detti erano gli annali; & perciò le guerre di parte in parte notate sotto questo nome uscivano. Poscia alcuni dalla verità partendosi, quantunque favoleggiassero, così appunto chiamarono li scritti loro.* "ROMANCES, according to the common Opinion in France, were their Annals, and for that Reason the Histories of their respective Wars were publish'd under that Title likewise; whereupon others, in time, gave their Writings the same Name, how fabulous soever they were, and foreign to Truth." *Strabo*, in a Passage I have already cited, saith the Histories of the *Persians*, *Medes*, and *Syrians*, are not to be rely'd upon, because the Compilers of them observing what high Reputation the Fabulists were in, endeavour'd to advance themselves likewise in the Esteem of the People, by giving Fables the Air of Histories, that is, by writing ROMANCES. From whence we may conclude, that the word ROMANCE, according to all Appearance, had the same Origine with Us, as it had heretofore among those Nations.

BUT to return to the Versifiers of *Provence*, who in *France* were the Princes of ROMANCE; towards the end of the Tenth Century, their Profession became so much in Vogue, that all the Provinces in *France*, as has been already said, had in time their Versifiers too. This produc'd in the Eleventh Century, and in Those that succeeded, an infinite Number of ROMANCES, both
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in Prose and Verse, many of which have, in spite of Time, been continued down to Us. Of this Number were *Garin le Loheran, Tristan, Lancelot du Luc, de Bertain, St. Greal, Merlin, Arthur, Perceval, Perceforêt*, and most of the Hundred Twenty Seven Poets who liv'd before the Year 1300, and upon whom the President *Fauchet* has written an Examen. I shall not take upon Me to give You a Catalogue of their Names, or examin if the *Amadis's de Gaul* are originally of *Spanish, French, or Flemish* Extraction; if the ROMANCE of *Tiel Vlespiegle* be a Translation from the *High-Dutch*; in what Language the Romance of *the Seven wise Men of Rome* was first written, and That of *Dolopathos*, which is said to have been taken out of *Sandaber* the *Indian's* Parables, and to be found in *Greek* in some Libraries; that it first furnish'd the Subject of an *Italian* Piece, called *Eraffus*, and of several of *Boccace's* Novels, as the same *Fauchet* has observ'd; that it was written in *Latin* by *John* a Monk in the Abby of *Hauteselve*, of which some old Copies are still remaining, and translated into *French* by *Hubert* the Clerk towards the end of the Twelfth Century, and into *High-Dutch* about Three Hundred Years after; One Hundred Years after which it was again Translated out of *High-Dutch* into *Latin*, by a learned Hand, who knew not that it had been originally Translated out of *Latin* into *Dutch*, but changed the Names of the Persons represented in it. It will be sufficient to tell You, that all these Writings being the Fruits of Ignorance, carry'd in them the Marks of their Original, and were no other than a heap of Fictions bunglingly stitch'd one to another, and infinitely beneath that Sovereign Degree of Art and Elegance to which our Nation has since rais'd the ROMANCE. We must confess it is a matter of Wonder that at the same time that we have yielded to our Neighbours the Prize of Epick Poetry, and History, we should attain to such a Perfection in This, as that their most finish'd

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Romances come far short of the worst of Ours. I am of Opinion, that This is owing to the Politeness of our Galantry, and the great Liberty in which the Men live with the Women in *France*. They are perfect Recluses in *Spain* and *Italy*, and debarr'd from the Men under so many Obstacles, that one rarely sees, and seldom or never speaks to them. So that they never study the Art of agreeable Courtship, because the Opportunities of putting it in Practice are so rare. All their Study lies in surmounting the Difficulties that lie in their way to come at them; when That is done they make the best of their Time, without standing upon Ceremony. But in *France*, where the Ladies are left more at Liberty, and have no other Guards upon them but their own Honour, they are more impregably secured within the Bounds of That, than they can be under all the Locks, within all the Grates, and under the Care of the most vigilant Duennas in *Spain*. This obliges the Men with us to besiege in Form that formidable Intrenchment, and to employ so much Pains and Address to reduce it, that Courtship is become an Art in *France* almost unknown in other Nations. It is this Art which distinguishes the *French* Romances from others, and has render'd the reading of them so bewitching, that it has introduc'd among us a Neglect of more useful Studies. The Ladies were the first that were taken with these Allurements; they have made Romances their entire Study, and have so far despis'd That of the antient Fable, and of History, that they have quite laid aside those Works, which heretofore furnish'd them with their greatest Ornaments. And to prevent blushing at that Ignorance, which they have such frequent Occasions of discovering in Themselves, they have found it more to their Purpose to seem to despise what they do not know, than to be at the Pains to learn it. The Men out of Complaisance have follow'd their Example. What the Ladies condemn they condemn likewise, and call That Pedantry, which even

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even in *Malherbe's* time was thought essential to Politeness. The succeeding Poets, and other our *French* Writers, have been obliged to submit to this Award; and many of them observing that the Knowledge of Antiquity was of no Benefit to them, forbore studying That, which they durst not put in Practice. Thus a good Cause has produced a very mischievous Effect, and the Beauty of our Romances has occasion'd a Contempt of Learning, of which Ignorance has been the unavoidable Consequence.

I do not for this Reason condemn the reading of them. The best Things in the World are never without some Inconveniencies, and even Romances may be of worse Consequence than Ignorance. I know what is commonly objected to them; they deaden our Devotion, they inspire us with irregular Passions, and corrupt our Manners. This may happen, and without doubt does happen sometimes. But what may not be perverted by a vicious Inclination? weak Minds are contagious to themselves, and turn every Thing into Poison. Upon that Account, the reading of History ought to be forbidden, because it affords so many pernicious Examples; and Mythology laid aside, where Transgressions are warranted from the Practice of the Gods themselves. A Marble Statue, which was the Object of publick Devotion among the Heathens, incited a certain young Man to Brutality and Despair. *Cherea* in *Torence* justifies himself in the Prosecution of a criminal Design from a Painting of *Jupiter*, which perhaps was rever'd by all other Spectators. Small Regard was had to the Sobriety of Manners in the generality of the *Greek*, and old *French* Romances, and that thro' the Corruption of the Times wherein they were written. Even *Astrea*, and some other Romances that succeeded, are in a Degree licentious; but the Romances of this Age, I speak of the good Ones, are so free from that Imputation, that there is not in them a single Word or Expression offensive to a chaste Ear,

Ear, or an Action distastful to a modest Mind. If it is objected, that Love is therein treated after a manner so refin'd, and insinuating, that the Bait of that dangerous Passion is too easily swallow'd by ungarded Minds, I answer, that it is so far from being dangerous, that it is in some sort necessary for young Persons to be acquainted with that Passion, that they may be able to shut their Ears against it when it is criminal, and know how to conduct themselves in it when it is innocent, and honourable. This is evident from Experience, which shews us that They who are the least read in Love are most open to it, and that the most Ignorant are the greatest Cullies. Let us add to This, that nothing quickens the Mind so much, or conduces more to the forming and finishing of it, than good Romances. They are silent Instructors, that take us up where the College left us, teaching us to speak and live after a Method more edifying and persuaſive, than what is practis'd there, to whom *Horace's* Compliment upon the *Iliad* may justly be apply'd, " That Morality is " more effectually Taught by them than by the Precepts " of the most able Philosophers.

MONSIEUR *d'Urfé* was the first who retriev'd them from Barbarity, and brought them under a Regulation in his incomparable *Astrea*, a Piece the most Ingenious and Polite of any of that Kind that had appear'd, and which eclips'd the Glory *Greece, Italy* and *Spain* had acquir'd before. However, This did not discourage others who follow'd from entring into the same Lists, or so far engross'd the Esteem of the Publick, as to leave none for so many beautiful Romances as have appear'd in *France* since his Time. We cannot behold without Admiration Those a Lady, as illustrious for her Modesty as her Merit, has publish'd under a borrow'd Name, thereby generously depriving herself of a Reputation so justly her due, and seeking no other Recompence but what flow'd from her own Virtue; as if whilst she was labouring so industriously for the Glory of our Nation, she was willing to spare our Sex the shame
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of it. But Time has done her that Justice which she deny'd herself, and it is now no longer a Secret that the *Illustrious Bassa*, the *grand Cyrus* and *Clelia*, are the Performances of Mademoiselle *de Scuderi*; so that the Art of writing ROMANCES, which can justify itself against Censure, not only from the Commendations given it by the Patriarch *Photinus*, but from the Examples of Those who have dealt in it, may at last receive a Sanction from Her; and after having been cultivated by Philosophers, as *Apuleius* and *Athenagoras*, by a Roman Pretor, as *Sisenna*, by a Consul, as *Petronius*, by a Pretender to the Empire, as *Clodius Albinus*, by a Priest, as *Theodorus Prodromus*, by Bishops, as *Heliodorus* and *Achilles Tatius*, by a Pope, as *Pius II*, who wrote the Amours of *Euryalus* and *Lucrece*, and by a Saint, as St. *John of Damascus*; it is at length arriv'd to the highest pitch of Glory, by being profess'd by a grave and virtuous Virgin. As for You, Sir, since it is true, as I have made appear, and as *Plutarch* assures us, that there is no Charm can captivate the Soul of Man so effectually as the Contexture of a Fable well invented and related, what Success may You not promise to your self from *Zayde*, wherein the Adventures are so new, and moving, and the Narration so just and polite. I could wish, from the Concern I have for the Glory of that great Monarch Heaven has placed over us, that we had a History of his illustrious Reign, written in a Style as Noble, and with the same Accuracy and Judgment. The Virtues which conduct his great Actions are so Heroick, and that Fortune which accompanies them is so Surprising, that Posterity may doubt whether it be a History or Romance.

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ZAYDE.

Z A Y D E.

A

Spanish HISTORY.

Written Originally in *French* by

MONSIEUR *SEGRAIS*.

P A R T · I.



Printed in the YEAR 1720.





Z A Y D E.

P A R T I.



THE Natives of *Spain*, who, upon the Irruption of the *Moors*, fled into the *Austurias*, having founded the Kingdom of *Leon*, and those who retir'd to the *Pyrennees* that of *Navarre*, the Earldoms of *Barcelona* and *Arragon* being also erected, the Dominion of the Infidels began at length to be shaken off; and in a hundred and fifty Years after their Entrance, the greater Part of *Spain* was deliver'd from their Tyranny.

AMONG all the Christian Princes then reigning, none was so considerable as *Alphonso*, King of *Leon*, Sirnam'd *the Great*, whose Predecessors had added *Castile* to their Crown. This Province was at first commanded by Governors, who in Length of Time had render'd their Government Hereditary; and it was apprehended they design'd to erect themselves into Sove-

reign Princes. They were styl'd Counts of *Castile*; the most powerful of them were *Diego Porcellos*, and *Nugnez Fernando*; of whom the last was formidable for his large Estate, and the Greatness of his Spirit. His Children also contributed to establish his Interest, and to increase it. He had one Son, and an only Daughter of extraordinary Beauty: His Son, who was call'd *Gonsalvo*, had none who cou'd in the least be compar'd with him in the whole Kingdom; and there was something so admirable in his Wit and Person, that he seem'd to be form'd in a Manner different from the rest of Men.

BEING oblig'd by important Reasons to withdraw from the Court of *Leon*, the inexpressible ill Usage he had sustain'd there, made him resolve also to leave his Country, and hide himself in some obscure Retreat. With this Intention he went to the Coast of *Catalonia*, in order to embark on the first Vessel which sail'd to one of the Islands of *Greece*. The little Notice he took of any thing as he pass'd, made him frequently fall into other Roads than what had been directed him; and instead of crossing the *Eber* at *Tortosa*, as he had been instructed to do, he kept on by the Side of it as far as the Mouth of the River. He perceiv'd then he had gone out of his Way very much, and enquiring after a Boat was answer'd, there were no Boats to be had at that Place; but there was a small Harbour just by, where he might find some to carry him to *Tarragona*. He rode on to the Harbour, and alighting ask'd some Fishermen, if there were any Sloops ready to put off.

As he spoke to them, a Man who was walking pensively on the Shore, surpriz'd at his Beauty and graceful Air, stopp'd to observe him; and having understood what it was he enquir'd of the Fishermen, call'd out and told him the Boats were all sail'd, and wou'd not return till To-morrow, and that he cou'd not embark 'till the Day after. *Gonsalvo*, who had not discern'd him before, turn'd his Head to see whence the Voice came, which he thought was very unlike that of a Fisherman's, and was astonish'd at the fine Mein of this Unknown, as the other had been at his. He perceiv'd a certain Greatness, and even Beauty in his Aspect, tho' he had evidently pass'd his Prime. *Gonsalvo* was scarcely in a Condition to listen to any thing but his own Thoughts; yet the meeting this Stranger in so Solitary a Place, drew from him some Attention; he thank'd him for informing him in what he desir'd to know, and then ask'd the Fishermen where he might get Lodging for the Night. Here are only these Hutts which you see, reply'd the Stranger, and you can have no Conveniencies there. I shall go thither, however, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, and try to get some Repose; I have travell'd several Days without taking Rest, and am very sensible my Body stands in need of more than my Mind is willing to allow it. The other was touch'd with the sorrowful Manner in which he utter'd these few Words; and made no Question but he who spoke them was some unfortunate Person. The Conformity which seem'd to be between both their Conditions, gave him that sort of Inclination to *Gonsalvo*, which we have towards those whose Disposi-

tions and Circumstances we believe are the same as our own.

YOU will find no Entertainment fit for you there, said the Stranger again; but if you will accept the Lodging I can supply you with, behind that Wood, you will be better accommodated than in these Hutts. *Gonsalvo* had such an Aversion for the Society of Men, that at first he refus'd the Offer; but the pressing Intreaties of the other, and his Want of Repose, constrain'd him at last to comply.

HE follow'd his unknown Hoste, and had not gone far before he discover'd a very low House, built after a plain Model, yet handsome and regular. The Court-Yard was fenc'd only with Pales, as well as the Garden, which was parted from the Wood by a small Rivulet. If it had been possible for *Gonsalvo* to take Comfort in any thing, the agreeable Situation of this Dwelling wou'd have given him Pleasure. He ask'd the Stranger if this was his common Habitation, and whether he was led to it by Accident or Choice. It is now, answer'd he, four or five Years that I have liv'd here. I never go out, unless to take a Walk by the Sea-side, and in all this time I can assure you, I have not found one whom I cou'd converse with, beside your self. The Storms indeed often split Vessels upon this Coast, which is very dangerous; and I have sav'd the Lives of several, whom I have carry'd home to my Dwelling; but all whom Fortune has hitherto brought in my way, have been Foreigners, with whom I cou'd have no Conversation, if I had desir'd it. For tho' by the Place of my Abode you may think I am very far from affecting Company, yet I protest the Sight of such

a Person as your self gives me a wonderful Delight.

FOR my part, said *Gonsalvo*, I shun all Mankind; and have so much Reason to shun them, that if you knew it, you wou'd not wonder it was with such Difficulty I accepted your Invitation; on the contrary, you will think, after the Injuries I have receiv'd from them, I ought to renounce all Society for ever. If you can complain only of other Men, answer'd the Stranger, and have no Reason to reproach your self, there are some who are more unhappy than you, and you are less miserable than you imagine. The Perfection of Misfortune, continu'd he passionately, is for a Man to have Cause to complain of himself; to have been unreasonable and unjust; and in a Word, to have been himself the Author of those Calamities under which he suffers. I am sensible, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, you feel the Evils of which you speak; but how different are they which a Man feels, when, without having deserv'd it, he is deceiv'd, betray'd, and forsaken by all he most dearly lov'd? As far as I can judge, said the Stranger, you have left your Country, to fly from some who have betray'd you, and who are the Cause of your Miseries; but imagine what you wou'd endure, if you were constrain'd to be continually with those Persons who are the Plague and Torment of your Life. Consider this is my Condition; that I have procur'd all my own Afflictions, and can never be separated from Him, for whom I have so much Horror; and so deservedly, not only on Account of what I suffer, but for what She suffers whom I lov'd beyond my Life. It wou'd be well enough

with me, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, if I cou'd blame no body more than my self; you think you are unhappy, because you have reason to hate your self; but if you have been sincerely lov'd by her whom you admir'd, is not that sufficient to make you happy? Perhaps you lost her thro' your own Fault; but you have at least the Consolation of reflecting that she once lov'd you, and that she wou'd still have lov'd you, if you had done nothing to disoblige her: You never truly knew what it is to Love, if this Thought alone does not prevent your being miserable; and you love your self much better than your Mistress, if you wou'd chuse to have Occasion to complain of her, rather than your self. The little Share you had in causing your own Distresses, answer'd the Stranger, makes you not comprehend what an Aggravation it wou'd be, to have drawn them upon your self; but let my sad Experience convince you, that to lose, thro' one's own Fault, Her whom one loves, is an Affliction which pierces deeper than any.

As he ended these Words, they arriv'd at the House, which *Gonsalvo* found was as neat within as without. He was very restless all the Night; and in the Morning a Fever broke out, and came on so violently, that they were in Pain for his Life. The Stranger was extremely griev'd, and his Concern was encreas'd by the Admiration which he conceiv'd from all *Gonsalvo's* Words and Actions. He had an inexpressible Desire to know who he was who appear'd to be so extraordinary a Person; he put several Questions to his Servant, but the Ignorance he was in as to *Gonsalvo's* Name and
Qua-

Quality, made him incapable of satisfying his Curiosity. He only told him, his Master made himself be call'd *Theodoric*, but he did not believe that was his true Name. After the Fever had continued several Days, Medicines and the Vigour of Youth put *Gonsalvo* out of Danger. The Stranger endeavour'd all he cou'd to divert him from melancholic Imaginations, with which he saw he was overwhelm'd, and never stirr'd from him; and tho' they talk'd only of indifferent Matters, because they were mutually unknown, yet they surpris'd one another with the Dignity of both their Minds.

THE Stranger had conceal'd his Name and Birth ever since he had been in that Solitude; but confess'd them freely to *Gonsalvo*. He told him, he was of the Kingdom of *Navarre*, and was call'd *Alphonso Ximenes*, and that his Misfortunes had oblig'd him to seek out a Retreat, where he might be at Liberty to lament his Loss. *Gonsalvo* was struck at the Name of *Ximenes*, who he knew was one of the most celebrated Persons in *Navarre*; and the Confidence *Alphonso* had repos'd in Him so affected him, that whatever Reason he had to hate Mankind, he cou'd not help conceiving a Friendship for him, of which he did not imagine himself any longer capable.

IN the mean time his Health came forward; and as soon as he was recover'd enough to bear going on board, he perceiv'd he cou'd not leave *Alphonso* without Reluctance. He spoke to him about departing, and of his Design to retire to some Solitude. *Alphonso* was surpris'd at it, and greatly concern'd, and having been accusom'd to the Pleasure of *Gonsalvo*'s Conversation, the

Thought of losing him gave him much Uneasiness. At first he told him he was not yet in a Condition to travel; and afterwards endeavour'd to persuade him not to seek out any other Desart, than that where Fortune had now thrown him.

I dare not flatter my self, said he, that I shall be able to render this Abode less irksome to you; but I imagine that in so long a Retirement as you propose to make, it may be some Relief not to be wholly alone. My Misfortunes were beyond admitting Consolation; yet I believe it wou'd have yielded me some Support, if in some certain Moments I had had one with me to have heard my Complaints. You will here enjoy the same Solitude as in those Places whither you design to go; and you will have this Advantage, that whenever you are enclin'd, you may talk to a Man, who has an uncommon Admiration of your Merit, and whose Sensibility of your Sorrows is equal to what he has of his own.

ALPHONSO's Discourse made at first no Impression upon *Gonsalvo*, but by degrees it sunk in upon his Mind; and the Consideration of having a Retreat private from all Company, and the Friendship he had for *Alphonso*, determin'd him to continue there. The only Thing which embarrass'd him, was his Fear of being discover'd. But *Alphonso* encourag'd him by his own Example, and told him the Place was so distant from all Commerce, that during the many Years of his Retirement he had never seen one Person who cou'd know him. *Gonsalvo* yielded to his Reasons, and after they had said all that two the noblest Persons in the World,
who

who resolv'd to live together, cou'd express, he sent some Jewels to a Merchant of *Tarragona*, in order to supply himself with what Things he wanted. Thus was *Gonsalvo* fix'd in this Solitude, with a Resolution never to forsake it, abandon'd wholly to the Contemplation of his Misfortunes, for which he found no other Comfort than to believe he cou'd suffer no more. But Fortune convinc'd him that she can find out even in Desarts a Man whom she has resolv'd to persecute.

TOWARDS the latter end of Autumn, when the Winds begin to make the Sea dangerous, he walk'd out earlier one Morning than usual; there had been a dreadful Storm in the Night, and the Sea, which was still agitated, agreeably sooth'd his Thoughts: He consider'd awhile the Inconstancy of that Element, with the same Reflections he had been accusom'd to make upon his own Fortune. He afterwards cast his Eyes upon the Shore, and seeing several Marks of the Ruins of a Sloop, he look'd about to observe whether there were any Person yet in a Condition to receive Succour. The Sun, which was rising, discover'd to his Sight something shining, which he cou'd not at first distinguish, and which gave him the Curiosity to draw nearer to it. As he approach'd it, he perceiv'd it was a Woman magnificently habited lying on the Sand, and who seem'd to have been thrown there by the Tempest. She lay in such a manner that he cou'd not see her Face; he rais'd her up to discover whether she was living; but how was he astonish'd, when he beheld amidst the Horrors of Death, the most perfect Beauty he had ever seen,

seen. This increas'd his Compassion, and made him wish so lovely a Person might be capable of Relief. In this Moment *Alphonso*, who had follow'd him by Chance, drew near and assisted him in his Pious Offices of Humanity; nor was their Care in vain: They perceiv'd she was not yet dead; and as they knew she had Occasion for more Help than they cou'd give her upon the naked Shoar, and they were not far from their own Dwelling, they resolv'd to carry her thither. They did so; and *Alphonso* sent for Medicines, and for Women to attend her. After the Women were come, and had put her to Bed, *Gonsalvo* went into the Chamber, and began to survey her with more Attention than he had done before. The Proportion of her Features, and the Delicacy of her Face surpris'd him, and he observ'd with Wonder the Beauty of her Mouth, and the Whiteness of her Neck. In a word, he was so charm'd with all he saw in her, that he was ready to imagine her more than a Mortal. He pass'd a great part of the Night without being able to stir from her. *Alphonso* advis'd him to go to Rest, but he answer'd he had been so little us'd to it, that he was very easy in having so delightful an Occasion to neglect it.

TOWARD the Morning they perceiv'd she began to recover; she open'd her Eyes, and as the Light at first gave her Pain, she turn'd them languishingly to the Side where *Gonsalvo* was, and discover'd to him a Pair of large black Eyes, so exquisitely fine, that they seem'd to be form'd to create at once Respect and Love. In a little time after, she also came to her Senses, distinguish'd Objects, and was in an Amaze
at

at the Persons who were about her. *Gonsalvo* cou'd not express his Admiration of her by Words, but took Notice of her Beauty to *Alphonso*, with that eager Emotion which we have for Things which surprize and charm us.

HER Speech was not yet return'd, and *Gonsalvo* judging she might lie some time in this manner, withdrew to his Chamber, where he immediately began to reflect upon his Adventure. It is strange, said he, that Fortune shou'd bring a Woman in my way, in the only Condition in which it was impossible for me to fly from her, and in which Compassion on the contrary oblig'd me to take Care of her. 'Tis true, I admire her Beauty: but as soon as she is recover'd, I shall regard it merely as the Instrument she will employ to act the greatest and most fatal Treacheries! Heav'ns! What Mischiefs will she commit! And what may she not have caus'd already! What Eyes, what Looks are there! How I pity those who are capable of being touch'd with her Charms! And how happy am I in my Misfortunes, that the bitter Experience I have had of the Faithlessness of Women, secures me from ever loving another! Having said this, it was with much Difficulty he got to Sleep; after a short Slumber he arose, and went to visit her again, and found her considerably mended; however, she was still Speechless, nor did she utter a Word that Night, nor the following Day. *Alphonso* cou'd not but let *Gonsalvo* see he observ'd his extraordinary Tenderness of her, and *Gonsalvo* even wonder'd at it himself; he perceiv'd he cou'd not bear to be from her, and was in continual Apprehension some great Change for the worse

worse shou'd happen in his Absence. While he was in the Room she spoke several Words; this gave him both Joy and Trouble; as he drew near her to hearken, she spoke again, but it surpris'd him to hear her speak a Language he did not know. He had guess'd her before to be of some Foreign Parts by her Habit; and as it had some Resemblance with that of the *Moors*, and he was a Master of *Arabic*, he doubted not he shou'd be able to make her understand him. Accordingly he spoke to her in that Tongue, and was again surpris'd to see himself disappointed. He talk'd then in *Spanish* and *Italian*, but to no purpose; for by the Attention and Perplexity she shew'd, he imagin'd she knew nothing of either. However, she continued to speak, and stopp'd sometimes as waiting for an Answer. *Gonsalvo* minded every Word, and fancy'd that by listening to her, he shou'd at length come to find out what she said. He also call'd in all those who were employ'd to attend her, in order to try whether any of them understood her; and having given her a *Spanish* Book, to discover whether she knew the Characters; she seem'd to know the Characters, but to be ignorant of the Language. She was uneasy and dejected, and her Uneasiness and Dejection increas'd that of *Gonsalvo*.

As they were in this Situation, *Alphonso* enter'd the Chamber, and led in with him a very handsome Woman, dress'd in the same Fashion with the other. The first Moment they saw each other, they embrac'd with all the Tokens of the strictest Friendship: The last arriv'd pronounc'd several times the Word *Zayde*, in a manner which shew'd it was the Name of her
she

she spoke to, and *Zayde* as often pronounc'd that of *Felima*, so as to shew it was the Name of the other. After they had discours'd a little, *Zayde* fell to crying, as in some extraordinary Affliction, and made Signs with her Hands for the Company to withdraw. They left her, and *Gonsalvo* follow'd *Alphonso* to enquire of him where he had met with this second Stranger. *Alphonso* told him, that the Fishermen of the neighbouring Hutts had found her upon the Shoar, the same Day and in the same Condition as he had found the other. It will be a Consolation to them, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, to be together; but what do you think, *Alphonso*, of these two Persons? They seem by their Habits to be of a superior Rank. It is strange they shou'd trust themselves upon the Sea in a little Bark, for it is plain the Vessel they were wreck'd in was not a large one? She whom you have introduc'd to *Zayde*, has brought her some News which gave her extreme Concern. In short, there is Something extraordinary in their Fortune. I am of the same Opinion, answer'd *Alphonso*, and am amaz'd at their Adventures, and at their Beauty. You have not observ'd that of *Felima*; but it is wonderful, and you wou'd have admir'd it, if you had not first seen *Zayde*.

WITH these Words they parted; *Gonsalvo* found himself more melancholic than usual, which proceeded, he was sensible, from the Trouble he was in, at his not being able to make the fair Unknown understand him? But what is it, says he to himself, I have to tell her? And what is it I wou'd learn from her? Do I design to give her a Relation of my own Misfortunes?

tunes? Or do I desire to hear that of hers? Can Curiosity have Place in a Man so unhappy as my self? What Interest have I in the Calamities of a Person whom I do not know? Why am I troubled to see this Woman in Affliction? Is it that the Evils I have suffer'd my self, have taught me to pity those of others? No, certainly, added he; it is the Solitude of the Place where I am, that has drawn my Attention to an Accident, which is indeed extraordinary; but which I shou'd soon neglect, if I had other Objects to divert me.

IN spite of all these wise Reflections, he pass'd the Night without Sleep, and was very uneasy for part of the Day because he cou'd not see *Zayde*. Towards Evening he heard she was gone out to walk by the Sea-side; he follow'd her, and found her sitting upon the Beach, with her Eyes full of Tears. As he approach'd, she came forward to meet him with a World of Civility and Sweetness, and charm'd him no less by her Shape and Motions, than she had done before by her Face. She shew'd him a small Bark upon the Sea, and nam'd *Tunis* several times, as if she intreated him to get her convey'd thither. Upon which, he pointed to the Moon, and made Signs that when that Star shou'd have run its Course twice, what she desir'd shou'd be done. She seem'd to apprehend what he meant, and presently began to weep.

THE next Day she was indispos'd, and he cou'd not see her; never since he had been in that Solitude, had he known a Day so tedious and so heavy.

THE Day following, without knowing why, he laid aside the extreme Negligence of Dress he had hitherto practis'd; and as he was finely made in his Person, Neatness alone gave him an Air beyond what Magnificence it self cou'd impart to others. *Alphonso* met him in the Wood, and was amaz'd at this sudden Alteration. He cou'd not forbear smiling at it, and telling him it was easy to see by his Dress that his Affliction began to abate, and that he had in this Desert found some Relief to his Misfortunes. I understand you, *Alphonso*, reply'd he; you believe the Sight of *Zayde* is the Consolation I have found to my Evils. But you deceive your self: I have for *Zayde* only the Compassion which is due to her Distress and to her Beauty. I have Compassion for her, answer'd *Alphonso*, as well as you; I pity her, and wou'd fain assist her; but I am not so attach'd to her as you are; I don't watch her so carefully; I am not troubled that I can't understand her, nor am I so impatient to talk with her; I was not more sad yesterday than ordinary, because I did not see her, nor are my Cloaths less negligent To-day than usual. In short, since I have Pity as well as you, and yet we are so different, you must undoubtedly have Something more.

GONSALVO did not interrupt him, and seem'd to be considering in himself, whether all this was not true; and just as he was going to reply, there came one to tell him, according to the Orders he had given, that *Zayde* was walk'd out upon the Shoar; at which, without reflecting that it wou'd confirm *Alphonso* in his Suspicions, he left him to go and follow her. He saw her at a distance sitting with *Felima*, in the same
Place

Place where they were two Days ago, and had the Curiosity to observe their Behaviour, believing he might be able thereby to learn something of their Fortunes. He saw *Zayde* weep, and judg'd *Felima* was endeavouring to comfort her. *Zayde* did not regard her, but was continually looking towards the Sea, with several Actions which made him think she lamented one who had been Shipwreck'd with her. He had before seen her weeping in the same Place; but as she did nothing then by which he might apprehend the Subject of her Affliction, he imagin'd she wept only at being so far from her own Country: But now he fancied the Tears she shed were for some Lover she had lost; and that it was to follow him, perhaps, that she had expos'd her self to the Hazards of the Sea; in a word, he was perswaded; as much as if she had told him so her self, that Love was the Cause of her Lamentations.

IT is impossible to express the Effect these Thoughts produc'd in *Gonsalvo's* Soul, and the Trouble which Jealousy created in a Heart not yet conscious to it self of Love. He had lov'd, but he had never been jealous; and this Passion, to which he had hitherto been a Stranger, invaded him in its first Assault with such Violence, that he believ'd himself pierc'd with a Grief unknown to other Men. He thought he had already experienc'd all the Evils of Life, and yet he now felt One more severe than all he had endur'd before. He was perfectly in a Transport, and rushing from the Place where he had stood conceal'd, came forward to *Zayde*, in Expectation to learn from her the Occasion of her Sorrow; and tho' he knew

knew she cou'd not answer him, he ask'd her very earnestly. She was far from comprehending his Meaning, and wiping her Tears, began to walk with him along the Shoar. The Pleasure to see her charming Eyes, and to be look'd upon by them, quieted the Emotion he was in; and as he was aware of the Disorder of his Spirits, he compos'd himself in an instant, and recover'd his Face into the most agreeable Airs he cou'd. She again nam'd *Tunis* several times, with much Eagerness, and with a great many Signs that she desir'd to be convey'd thither. He understood what she requested too well: The Thought of parting with her gave him a sensible Pain; and it was by the Pains of Love that he first found Love was enter'd in his Breast, for he felt the Pangs of Jealousy, and the Fear of Absence, before he discover'd he lov'd. He wou'd have esteem'd it Misfortune enough, if he had only perceiv'd he lov'd; but to perceive himself invaded with Love and Jealousy at once, and that he cou'd neither understand her he lov'd, nor be understood by her; that all he cou'd know of her was her Beauty; that he had nothing in Prospect but an eternal Absence, was such a Weight of Woes together, that it was impossible to support them.

WHILE he was pursuing these gloomy Thoughts, *Zayde* kept walking on with *Felima*; and after she had gone some Steps, sat down upon the Rock, and again burst into weeping, and look'd upon the Sea, and shew'd it to *Felima*, as if she accus'd it of the Calamity which cost her so many Tears. *Gonsalvo* to divert her, made her take Notice of some Fishermen hard by. Notwithstanding his Distress,
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the Sight of her he lov'd, inspir'd this new Lover with a Joy, which restor'd him to his former Beauty; and as he was dress'd less negligently than usual, his Appearance was enough to attract the Eyes of any Beholder. *Zayde* began to view him with Attention, and having gaz'd on him some time, turn'd to her Companion, and saying something to her, caus'd her also to observe him. *Felima* look'd upon him, and answer'd *Zayde* by an Action, which testify'd she approv'd what she said of him. *Zayde* view'd him again, and spoke a second time to *Felima*, who answer'd her; and by the whole Deportment *Gonsalvo* conjectur'd he resembled one whom they knew. This Thought at first made no great Impression on him; but *Zayde*, he saw, was so taken with this suppos'd Resemblance, and seem'd so evidently in the midst of her Sorrows to find a certain Pleasure in it, that he imagin'd he might be like the Lover whom she appear'd to lament.

DURING the remainder of the Day, several Actions of *Zayde* confirm'd his Suspicion. In the Evening *Felima* and she went out to look for Something among the Relicks of the Wreck; they sought after it so carefully, and *Gonsalvo* remark'd so many Tokens of Uneasiness at their not finding it, that it gave him a fresh Disturbance. *Alphonso* saw his Discomposure, and *Zayde* being led back to her Apartment, he return'd with *Gonsalvo* to his Chamber, where he thus began.

YOU have never given me, says he, the History of your past Misfortunes; but I must insist that you declare to me those which *Zayde* has begun to raise in your Breast. A Man so deeply

deeply enamour'd as you seem to be, always finds it painful to speak of his Passion; and tho' your Distress may be great, my Assistance, perhaps, and my Counsel, will not be unuseful. Ah, my dear *Alphonso*, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, how weak, how wretched am I! and how wise art thou, who hast look'd upon *Zayde*, and dost not Love! I judg'd rightly, reply'd *Alphonso*, that you lov'd, tho' you wou'd not confess it. I knew it not my self, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, and Jealousy alone has disclos'd it to me. *Zayde* laments some Lover who is Shipwreck'd, it is this carries her out every Day to the Sea-side; and she goes to weep at the Place where she thinks he perish'd. In a word, I love *Zayde*, and *Zayde* loves another; this of all Evils still appear'd to me the most terrible, and was what I never expected to reach me. I once flatter'd my self it was not a Lover whom *Zayde* regretted, but she is too deeply afflicted to suffer me to question it. I am convinc'd also by the wonderful Care with which I saw her searching after Something which belong'd undoubtedly to this too happy Man. And what is more piercing than all I have mention'd, I certainly, *Alphonso*, resemble him she loves. She discover'd it as we were walking; I perceiv'd a Gladness in her Eyes, when she discern'd what brought it to her Mind; she shew'd me several times to *Felima*, and made her observe my Features, and kept looking at me all the Day. But it is not me she looks at, nor whom she thinks of, when she looks at me; I bring to her Mind the only thing I wou'd cause her to forget; I can take no Pleasure in beholding her enchanting Eyes fix'd upon my Face,
nor

nor can she turn them on me, without firing my Soul with Jealousy.

GONSALVO spoke this with such Rapidity, that *Alphonso* cou'd not interrupt him; but as soon as he stopp'd, Is it possible, answer'd he, that all this you have told me is true? Does not the Melancholy you have been accusom'd to, make you form to your self an Idea of so great a Misfortune? No, *Alphonso*, I am not deceiv'd, return'd *Gonsalvo*; *Zayde* laments a Favourite Lover, and I bring him to her Thoughts. Fortune takes care I shall not surmise Evils beyond those she makes me suffer; she far exceeds what I am able to imagine: She invents for me such as are unknown to other Men; and if I had given you the History of my Life, you wou'd be oblig'd to acknowledge I have reason to affirm I am more unhappy than you. I will not presume, reply'd *Alphonso*, to say that unless you have important Reasons not to discover your self, it will be an infinite Pleasure to me, if you will let me know who you are, and what are those Misfortunes which you believe to be greater than mine. I am sensible I cannot in Justice ask this of you, without making an equal Recital of my own; but you will pardon an unhappy Man, who has not conceal'd from you his Name and Birth, and who will not conceal from you his Adventures, if it will do you any Service to know them, and if he is able to relate them without renewing those Sorrows, which a Succession of several Years scarcely begins to efface. I will never request any thing of you, said *Gonsalvo*, which may give you Trouble; but I am asham'd I have not yet let you know who I am.

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Tho' I had resolv'd not to declare my self to any one, the extraordinary Merit I see in you, and the Obligations I am under to your Care of me, constrain me to own to you that my true Name is *Gonsalvo*, and that I am the Son of *Nugnez Fernando*, Count of *Castile*, whose Reputation has undoubtedly reach'd your Ears. Is it possible, cry'd *Alphonso*, that you are that *Gonsalvo*, who gain'd such Honour in his first Campaign, by defeating such a Body of *Moors*, and by Actions whose Bravery was the Wonder of all *Spain*! I well remember this noble Opening of your Life; and when I retir'd into this Desert, had heard with Astonishment, that in the famous Battel the King of *Leon* won against *Ayola*, the greatest General of the *Moors*, the Christians ow'd the Victory to you; and that by mounting the Breach in the first Assault at *Zamora*, you were the Cause of taking the Town, which compell'd the *Moors* to sue for Peace. The Solitude I have liv'd in ever since, has kept me in Ignorance of what follow'd this fortunate Beginning; but I doubt not it was of a Piece. I did not think you had been acquainted with my Name, answer'd *Gonsalvo*; but I am glad you are prejudic'd in my Favour, by a Reputation which perhaps I have not merited. At this *Alphonso* redoubled his Attention, and *Gonsalvo* thus began.

The



The HISTORY of Gonsalvo.



MY Father was of the first Rank in the Court of *Leon*, where he caus'd me to appear with an Equipage becoming his Fortune. My Inclination, my Age and my Duty engag'd me to the Prince *Don Garcia*, the King's eldest Son. The Prince is young, well-made and ambitious; his good Qualities far exceed his Faults, which are such only, one may say, as arise from his Passions. I was so happy as to have his Favour, without deserving it, and I endeavour'd to render my self worthy of it by my Fidelity. It was my good Fortune, in our first War against the *Moors*, to be near his Person, and rescue him from a Danger into which his inconsiderate Valour had precipitated him. This Service increas'd his Affection. He lov'd me as a Brother, rather than as a Subject; he conceal'd nothing from me, he denied me nothing, and gave all the World to see, that none cou'd be in Grace with him, who was not in Grace with *Gonsalvo*. So extraordinary a Regard, added to the Esteem in which my Father was, rais'd our Family so high, that we began to be afraid of receiving too great a Promotion.

AMONG an infinite number of young Gentlemen, who made Court to me upon this Success, I had distinguish'd *Don Ramirez* from all the rest. He was one of the most celebrated in the

the Court ; but his Fortune was far inferiour to mine. It was my Concern therefore to supply this Defect. I was continually employing my Father's Interest, and my own, for his Advancement, and labour'd very zealously to procure him a Share in the Prince's Favour ; and himself also by his fine and insinuating Address seconded my Attempt so well, that next to me he was the Person at Court whom *Don Garcia* most esteem'd. I took a wonderful Pleasure in their Friendship. They had both experienc'd the Power of Love ; and wou'd often rally me for my Insensibility, and reproach me with it, as a Crime, that I had never felt the Flame.

I reproach'd them in my Turn, with being insincere. You love, said I, such sort of Gallantries as Custom has establish'd in *Spain* ; but you do not love your Mistresses. For you will never persuade me you are in Love with a Woman, whose Face you have hardly had a Sight of, and whom you wou'd not know if you were to meet her in any other Place than at the Window, where you us'd to pay your Visits.

You press this Point of the little Knowledge we have of our Mistresses, reply'd the Prince, too far ; we are no Strangers to their Beauty, and this is the principal Thing in Love. As to their Wit, we judge of that by their Physiognomy, and their Letters ; and when we come to view them nearer, are charm'd to discover something we never knew before. All they say has the Grace of Novelty ; their Manner surprises us, and this Surprise awakens Love, and improves it : Whereas they who are

acquainted with their Mistresses before they love them, are so accusom'd to their Beauty and their Wit, that there is nothing left in either to affect them, when they have won the Conquest, and are lov'd again. You are in no Danger of that Misfortune, answer'd I; but, I give you full Liberty to love all you have no Knowledge of, provided you will permit me to love no one, but whom I shall know enough to esteem, and to be assur'd I shall find that in her which will make me happy when I shall obtain her Love. I confess also, I wou'd not have her prejudic'd in Favour of another Lover; and I, interrupted *Don Ramirez*, shou'd take more Pleasure in rendering my self Master of a Heart which was defended by another Passion, than in carrying one which was never smitten; this wou'd be a double Victory, and I shou'd be more convinc'd her Inclination to me was real, if I saw it begin in the midst of a great Tendernefs for another; and my Honour and my Love wou'd both triumph at once, in winning a Mistress from a Rival.

GONSALVO is amaz'd at your Opinion, reply'd the Prince, and thinks so ill of it that he will make no Answer; and indeed I am on his Side, and dislike it too; but I am against him also as to the particular Knowledge of one's Mistress which he requires. I cou'd never be in Love with a Person whom I had seen familiarly; and if the first Sight does not strike me, it is impossible to wound me afterwards. Our Natural Inclinations, I believe, exert themselves at first, and Passions which are kindled by Time, are not truly Passions.

sions. Since one may be secure then, said I with a Smile, that you will never love one whom you do not love at first View, I think, Sir, I must shew you my Sister, before she is become so beautiful as she promises to be; that you may be accusom'd to the Sight of her, and her Charms may hereafter make no Impression on you. Then you are afraid they shou'd, reply'd *Don Garcia*. Certainly, Sir, answer'd I; and I shou'd dread it as the greatest Misfortune which cou'd befall me. What Misfortune wou'd it be to you? reply'd *Ramirez*. This, said I; that I shou'd be oblig'd to oppose the Prince's Measures. If he design'd to marry my Sister, I cou'd not consent to it, on Account of his own Dignity; and if he shou'd refuse to marry her, and yet she shou'd love him, as undoubtedly she wou'd, I shou'd have the Trouble of seeing my Sister Mistress to a Man whom I cou'd not hate, tho' it wou'd be my Duty to do so. Pray, let me see her then, interrupted the Prince, before she is capable of inspiring me with Love. For it wou'd grieve me so to have any Inclinations which wou'd be displeasing to you, that I am impatient to get a View of her in order to secure my self from loving her. I wonder no longer, Sir, said *Don Ramirez*, addressing himself to the Prince, that the Beauties which are bred up in the Palace, and to whom you have been us'd from your Infancy, never made you in Love; but I protest, it has always surpris'd me, that no other has fir'd your Heart, and especially *Nugna Bella*, the Daughter of *Don Diego Porcellos*, who seems so able to do it. *Nugna Bella*, return'd the Prince, is in-

deed amiable: She has admirable Eyes, a fine Mouth, and a noble Air; in a word, I shou'd have lov'd her, if I had not seen her almost the very Moment I was born. But why, continued he to *Ramirez*, have not you been in Love with her? You who think her so beautiful? Because, answer'd he, she never had a Lover. I had no Body to dispossess of her Heart, and it is this Circumstance I told you, which engages mine. *Gonsalvo* is the Man this Question shou'd be put to, for I am sure he thinks her handsome; she is intirely free, and has been, he knows, a long time. Who told you I am not in love with her, answer'd I, smiling and blushing together? I don't know, said *Ramirez*; but by your blushing, I believe they who told me so were mistaken. Is it possible, cry'd the Prince, turning to me, that *Gonsalvo* shou'd be in Love? If you are, own it frankly, I beseech you; for I shall take an infinite Pleasure to find you attack'd with a Malady, of which you complain so little. Seriously, reply'd I, I am not in Love. However, Sir, to please you, I confess, I may be so with *Nugna Bella*, if I come to know her a little better. If you want nothing else for it, but to know her, said the Prince, be satisfy'd you shall be in love with her very quickly. I will never visit the Queen my Mother without you; I will contrive frequent Misunderstandings with the King, that her Soliciting a Reconciliation may oblige me to attend her at particular Hours; in short, I will give you Opportunities enough of speaking to *Nugna Bella*, in order to begin your Passion. You will find her extremely amiable, and if her Heart is good as her Wit, you will have

have nothing left to wish. I beg, Sir, said I, you will not take so much Pains to make me miserable; but above all, that you will find some other Pretence for visiting the Queen, than new Differences with your Father. You know he often accuses me of those Actions of yours which displease him, and believes that my Father and I, by our Grandeur, support you in the Authority you assume sometimes contrary to his Approbation. In the Humour I am now in, reply'd the Prince, to make you in Love with *Nugna Bella*, I shall not be so prudent as you wou'd have me be; I shall use all manner of Pretences to introduce you to the Queen, and tho' I have none at present, I will go to her this Moment; and will sacrifice to the Pleasure of turning you into a Lover, an Evening which I had appointed to spend under a Window, where you fancy I know nobody.

I have been so particular in my Account of this Conversation; because you will see by the Sequel, it was a Presage of all that happen'd afterwards.

THE Prince went to the Queen, and found her in Private, attended only with the Ladies who were her Confidants. *Nugna Bella* was one of the Number, and look'd so charmingly, that Chance seem'd to have favour'd the Prince's Design. The Conversation was general for some time, and as there was a greater Freedom allow'd now than at other Seasons, *Nugna Bella* spoke the more, and surpriz'd me by discovering a world of Wit, beyond what I had ever observ'd in her before. The Prince begg'd the Queen to withdraw to her Closet, tho' he knew nothing he had to say to her. While they were aside, I stay'd with *Nugna Bella*, and several

others, and insensibly enter'd into a particular Conference with her; and tho' it was only about indifferent Things, it had more of an Air of Galantry than a common Conversation. We mutually blam'd the retir'd manner of living the Women are oblig'd to practise in *Spain*, as experiencing by our selves the Disadvantage it was to be subject to such a Restraint. If I felt at this Moment that I began to love *Nugna Bella*, she also began, as she told me afterwards, to perceive I was not indifferent to Her. To one of her Disposition this Conquest cou'd not be displeasing; there was something so shining in my Fortune, that it might have dazled a Person less ambitious than she was. She neglected no means to recommend herself to my Eyes, tho' she did nothing contrary to the natural Pride of her Temper. Enlighten'd by the quick Discernment, which a new-born Love inspires, I soon flatter'd my self with the Hope of pleasing her, and this Hope was as proper to inflame me, as the Thought of a belov'd Rival had been to work my Cure.

THE Prince was overjoy'd to see me engag'd with *Nugna Bella*, and contriv'd every Day some Occasion for me to speak to her. He wou'd even make me acquaint her with the Differences he had with the King, and let her know after what manner the Queen shou'd act, in order to prevail on him to comply with the King's Demands. *Nugna Bella* did not fail to signify this to the Queen, and it had the Effect propos'd; for the Queen did nothing in the Prince's Affair, which she did not speak of to *Nugna Bella*, and which *Nugna Bella* did not discover to me. Thus we had frequent Conversations,

versations, in all which I saw so much Wit, Sagacity, and Agreeableness in her; and she imagin'd so much Merit in me, and found really so much Love, that a Passion was kindled in us both, which soon became very violent. The Prince wou'd be my Confident; I conceal'd nothing from him, but I was afraid *Nugna Bella* wou'd resent my owning that she had express'd a Tenderness for me. *Don Garcia* assur'd me, it was not in her Temper to take Offence at it; he talk'd to her about me: At first she was out of Countenance and disturb'd; but, as the Prince rightly judg'd, the Dignity of the Confident quieted her Fears, and satisfied her the Trust was safely plac'd. She now freely suffer'd him to discourse to her about my Passion, and the first Letters I writ Her she receiv'd by his Hands.

OUR Amour had in it all the Pleasure of Novelty, and those secret Charms which are found only in the first Impressions. As my Ambition was gratify'd to the full, before my Love began, it gave my Passion no Interruption. My Soul was abandon'd to Love as to a Pleasure, till then unknown, and which infinitely exceeded any which Grandeur cou'd supply. It was not thus with *Nugna Bella*; Ambition and Love reign'd in her Heart at once, and equally divided it. Her natural Inclination undoubtedly led her to Ambition, more than to Love; but as both had a proper Object in me, I found in her all the Ardour, and all the Attention I cou'd wish. Not but she was sometimes engag'd as deeply in the Affairs of the Prince, as in this of our Amour; and I, who heeded nothing but Love, understood with Sor-

row, that *Nugna Bella* was capable of having other Things in her Thoughts. I complain'd of it to her; but my Complaints, I found, were in vain, or occasion'd a constrain'd Conversation, in which I saw her Mind was wandering somewhere else. However, I remember'd the Saying, that it is as impossible to be perfectly happy in Love, as in Life; and bore this Misfortune patiently. *Nugna Bella* lov'd me with an exact Fidelity, nor did I observe but she had a Contempt for all others who presum'd to address her. I believ'd her free from that Weakness, of which I was apprehensive in Women; and this Persuasion made me as happy as I cou'd desire.

It was my Fortune to be born and plac'd in a Rank sufficient to be envy'd by the most ambitious. I was the Favourite of a Prince, for whom I had a Natural Affection; I was lov'd by the greatest Beauty in *Spain*, whom I ador'd; and I had a Friend, whom I believ'd faithful, and who ow'd his Preferment to me. The only Thing which troubled me, was to see the inexcusable Impatience *Don Garcia* had to govern; and to find in *Nugnez Fernando*, my Father, a restless Spirit, and inclin'd, as the King suspected, to raise himself to such a Degree of Promotion, as shou'd leave nothing above him. I fear'd the Ties of Gratitude, and of Nature, wou'd oblige me to adhere to those who wou'd involve me in Things, which might to me appear unjust. Yet as these Mischiefs were dubious, they disturb'd me only at certain Moments; and I reliev'd my self by speaking of them to *Don Ramirez*, in whom I had so much Confidence, that I confess'd to him

him even my Fears about the most important and distant Affairs.

THAT which now employ'd my Thoughts, was my Design to marry *Nugna Bella*. I had lov'd her long, without daring to make the Proposal. I knew she was dislik'd by the King; because, as she was the Daughter of one of the Counts of *Castile*, whose Revolt was then expected as well as my Father's, it was impolitic to permit them to be so nearly united; and tho' my Father was not against it, yet I knew he wou'd never propose the Marriage, for fear of increasing the King's Suspicions. Thus I was constrain'd to wait some more favourable Conjunction; but while I waited, I did not conceal my Passion for *Nugna Bella*. I convers'd with her at all Opportunities; and the Prince saw her frequently. The King observ'd this Intelligence, and took that be an Affair of State, which was merely an Amour. He believ'd his Son encourag'd my Design upon *Nugna Bella*, in order to unite the two Counts of *Castile*, and secure them in his Interest; that he intended to form a considerable Party, and assume an Authority equal to his own. He made no Question but the Counts wou'd join with him, in hope to become Sovereign Princes; in a word, he so dreaded the Union of the two Houses of *Castile*, that he openly declar'd I must not think of *Nugna Bella*, and forbid the Prince to promote the Marriage.

THE two Counts, whose Intention perhaps was as the King suspected, but who were not in a Condition to own it, enjoyn'd us both no more to think of such a thing. This

Command gave us inexpressible Sorrow ; but the Prince engag'd in a short time to change his Father's Mind, and oblig'd us to promise each other an Eternal Fidelity, and undertook to carry on our Correspondence, and keep it conceal'd. The Queen, who knew we were so far from putting the Prince upon making a Rebellion, that on the contrary we endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, approv'd her Son's Design, and assisted him very much.

As we cou'd no longer speak in Publick, we sought Opportunities of meeting privately. I was thinking that *Nugna Bella* shou'd change her Apartment, and remove with some other Ladies of the Court to Lodgings, whose Windows look'd into a By-Street, and were low enough for a Man on Horseback to talk at them easily. I propos'd this to the Prince, who obtain'd the Queen's Consent, and we found a handsome Pretence to put it in Execution. To this Window I came almost every Day, to speak with *Nugna Bella*. Sometimes I return'd charm'd with the Sentiments she express'd of me; and sometimes I departed in Despair, to see her Thoughts so busied about some Orders she had receiv'd from the Queen. Hitherto Fortune had not shewn me her Inconstancy, but she soon discover'd that she is never stedfast to any.

My Father, who knew the King's Suspensions, had a mind to convince him, by a new Proof of his Integrity, how unjust they were. He resolv'd to introduce my Sister into the Palace, notwithstanding he had design'd before to leave her in *Castile*. It was his Vanity carry'd him into this Resolution. He was proud to shew the Court

Court a Beauty which he believ'd the most accomplish'd of all *Spain*. For never was a Father so pleas'd with the Beauty of his Children, and this betray'd him into a Vanity, which in a Man of his Abilities, might properly be term'd a Weakness. In short, he brought his Daughter to Court, and she was receiv'd into the Palace.

THE Day she came, *Don Garcia* was hunting; in the Evening he went to the Queen, not having heard a Syllable of my Sister's Arrival. I was present at the time, but retir'd to a Corner, where he did not see me. The Queen presented my Sister to him. He was surpris'd at her Beauty, and express'd the utmost Admiration. Never had he beheld, he said, in one Person, such Graces and so much Majesty and Sweetness; so black a Hair, with so lovely a Complexion, and Eyes so blue; and Gravity so happily mingled with the Bloom of Youth: In a word, the more he beheld her, the more he multiply'd his Praises upon her. *Don Ramirez*, who remark'd this vehement Commendation, easily imagin'd I had the same Thoughts as himself; and spying me at the other end of the Room, came up to me to talk about my Sister's Beauty. I wish, said I to him, there was no body here to admire her but your self. *Don Garcia* by Accident drew near the Place where I was; he seem'd astonish'd to see me, but recovering himself, he talk'd to me of *Hermenevilla* (so was my Sister call'd) and told me I had not painted her half so beautiful as he found her. In the Evening she only was the Discourse at the Prince's Apartment. I watch'd him strictly, and was confirm'd in my Suspicions,

cious, by his not praising her so freely before me, as he did to others. For several Days together he talk'd of her continually, and his Passion I thought hurry'd him along like a Torrent he was unable to resist. I wanted to discover his Sentiments, without entering into a serious Discourse with him; and accordingly one Evening as we went out from the Queen, where he had long Conversation with *Hermesfilda*, May I presume, Sir, said I, to ask whether I have not waited too long to shew you my Sister, and whether she is handsom enough to have surpris'd you, as I fear'd? Yes, said the Prince, I was surpris'd at her Beauty; but tho' I believe one may be touch'd without being surpris'd, I do not believe one can be surpris'd without being touch'd.

DON GARCIA's Intention was to answer me as sportingly as I had address'd him; but as he was embarrass'd by what I had said, and was sensible of it, there was an Air of Uneasiness in his Answer, which made me see I was not mistaken. He judg'd rightly that I perceiv'd his Tenderness for my Sister; and yet his Love to me gave him some Reluctance to engage in an Affair, which he knew very well wou'd offend me highly; but he lov'd *Hermesfilda* too much to desist. And as I did not expect his Friendship to me wou'd cause him to suppress his Love to her; I only propos'd to secure my Sister by instructing her how to conduct her self, if the Prince made his Addresses. I desir'd her to follow the Advice of *Nugna Bella* in every thing, which she promis'd me she wou'd. On the other hand, I open'd to *Nugna Bella* my Concern at this Passion of *Don Garcia*, and told her

her all the bad Consequences I apprehended from it; she agreed with me, and assur'd me she wou'd oversee *Hermenefilda* so strictly, that the Prince shou'd find it no easy Matter to speak with her. In short, without appearing to design it, they were so continually together, that the Prince cou'd never meet *Hermenefilda* without *Nugna Bella*. This gave him an inexpressible Disturbance; and as he had always us'd to impart his whole Mind to me, and yet never spoke a word about this Affair, I soon perceiv'd a great Alteration in his Behaviour.

Is not the Injustice of Men, said I to *Don Ramirez*, astonishing! The Prince hates me, because he perceives a Passion in his Breast which ought to displease me; and if my Sister shou'd love him, he wou'd hate me more. I foresaw the Calamity which wou'd befall me, if he happen'd to fancy her; and if his Inclination to her does not alter, I shall not be his Favourite long; I mean, not in Publick; for in his Heart I am not so already. Tho' *Don Ramirez* was no less convinc'd of the Prince's Love than my self, yet in hope of turning off my Thoughts from a Thing which created me so much Pain, I don't know, answer'd he, what Grounds you have to believe *Don Garcia* loves your Sister; he prais'd her, it is true, the first time he saw her, but I have observ'd nothing in him since, which looks like a Man in Love. However, if he did love her, where wou'd be the Misfortune of it? Why may he not marry her? He is not the first Prince who has marry'd one of his Subjects; it is impossible he shou'd find a Person more worthy of him; and if he marries her, what a Glory will it be to your Family?

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It is for this very Reason, answer'd I, that the King will never permit it; and unless he consents, I shou'd not approve it my self; perhaps also the Prince may not have Resolution or Constancy enough to effect it. In short, it is an impracticable Thing; and I wou'd not have the Publick believe that I hazarded my Sister's Reputation, upon the idle Prospect of an Honour we shall never obtain. If *Don Garcia* therefore pursues his Love to *Hermenefilda*, she shall leave the Court. *Ramirez* was surpris'd at this warm Declaration, and fearing I shou'd embroil my self with the Prince, resolv'd to acquaint him with my Sentiments; imagining he might fairly do it without my Leave, since it was for my Advantage. But a Desire to make a Merit with the Prince, and insinuate himself into his Confidence, had undoubtedly a principal Share in this Resolution.

HE took his time to speak with the Prince alone; and told him he was afraid he shou'd be guilty of Unfaithfulness to me, in discovering my Thoughts against my Will, but the Zeal he had for his Highness's Service, oblig'd him to let him know I believ'd he was in Love with my Sister; and that I was so disturb'd at it, that I had concluded to carry her from Court. *Don Garcia* was so confounded with this Discourse of *Ramirez*, and the Apprehension of *Hermenefilda*'s Departure, that he cou'd not dissemble it; but since *Ramirez* cou'd have no Doubt of his Affection for my Sister, he thought the best way was to confess it, and by that Confidence engage him to continue to inform him of my Designs. He hesitated awhile before he cou'd determine, when at once embracing

bracing *Ramirez*, he own'd to him his Passion, and declar'd he had for my sake done all he cou'd to conquer it; but he must either obtain *Hermesfilda's* Love, or perish. He desir'd his Assistance to conceal the Amour, and prevent her Removal. *Ramirez* was not of a Temper to resist the Prince's Caresses; he saw he was now coming to be his Favourite, and Friendship and Gratitude were too weak to oppose Ambition. He promis'd the Prince to keep the Secret, and to do him Service with *Hermesfilda*. The Prince embrac'd him a second time, and they consulted together how to proceed in the Affair.

THE first Obstacle they thought on was *Nugna Bella*, who was never apart from my Sister; she was therefore to be gain'd; and notwithstanding the Difficulty they apprehended from her strict Union with me, *Ramirez* undertook to bring her over; but it must be the Prince's part, he said, to persuade me out of my Notion of his being in Love; advising him to tell me in Rallery, it was only a merry Stratagem to frighten me for a time, in Revenge of my suspecting him so hastily; but that my Fears went too far, and he desir'd I wou'd no longer imagine he had any Intentions which I cou'd not approve.

DON GARCIA was pleas'd with this Expedient, and executed it immediately; and as he understood by *Ramirez* the particular Circumstances which caus'd my Suspicion, it was easy for him to say they were all contriv'd on purpose, and that it was in a manner impossible I shou'd not have been led by them into that Opinion; as indeed I was very fully. I thought
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I was now upon better Terms with the Prince than ever; and tho' I believ'd there had been something in his Heart which he did not own, I fancy'd it was only a slight Affection which he had surmounted. I esteem'd my self also under a high Obligation to him, for having done it, as I suppos'd, purely on my Account. In short, I was satisfy'd with *Don Garcia*, and *Ramirez* had the Pleasure to see me in that Situation of Mind which he desir'd, and began to think upon engaging *Nugna Bella* in the Confidence in which he design'd to embark her.

HAVING as good as fix'd his Measures, he sought an Opportunity of speaking with her, which she gave him frequently enough, knowing I kept no Secrets from him, and that she cou'd talk with him about every thing relating to us both. He began with expressing his Joy at the Reconciliation between the Prince and me. I am as glad of it, said she, as you; and have found *Gonsalvo* so nicely tender upon the Affair of his Sister, that I was afraid he wou'd make a Quarrel with the Prince. If I thought, Madam, answer'd he, you were one of those who can conceal a Thing from a Lover, when it is for his Interest to do so, it wou'd mightily encourage me to speak to a Person so much concern'd as your self in all that relates to *Gonsalvo*. For I foresee a certain Matter, which makes me uneasy; and 'tis to you alone I can mention it; but it is upon Condition, Madam, you will not disclose it even to him. I promise you, said she, and you shall find in me all the Secrecy you can desire. As it is dangerous, I know, to conceal every thing from a Friend,
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it is so likewise to conceal nothing. You will see, Madam, reply'd he, of what Importance it is to keep this private, which I am going to tell you. *Don Garcia* has given *Gonsalvo* new Proofs of his Friendship, and has assur'd him, he thinks of his Sister no more; but I am deceiv'd if he does not love her passionately, and a Man of the Prince's Temper cannot long conceal his Love, nor can one of *Gonsalvo*'s suffer him to continue it. He will certainly break with the Prince, and lose his Favour entirely. I confess, said *Nugna Bella*, I have had the same Suspicions; and by what I have seen, and by some Things *Hermenesilda* has told me, and which I wou'd not let her mention to her Brother, I cou'd hardly believe this-Affair of *Don Garcia* was merely Fiction, and design'd only to alarm *Gonsalvo*. You acted very wisely, Madam, answer'd *Ramirez*, and I think you will do well for the future, to prevent her saying any thing to her Brother concerning the Prince, because it can do no Service, and is dangerous. For if the Prince has only an indifferent Passion, he will be able to hide it without much Difficulty, and by your prudent Management with *Hermenesilda*, she may easily put an end to it. *Gonsalvo* will know nothing of the Matter, by which you will save him an infinite Vexation, and keep him in the good Graces of the Prince. On the contrary, if *Don Garcia*'s Love is violent, is it impossible, d'ye think, that he shou'd marry *Hermenesilda*? And shall we do *Gonsalvo* any harm, in concealing something from him, if keeping it secret may make his Prince his Brother-in-Law? Certainly, Madam, we ought to think on it maturely before

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we go to hinder *Don Garcia's* Passion for *Hermenefilda*; and it concerns you to consider it more than any, because it is your Interest one Day to see Her Queen, who in all likelihood will become your Sister.

THESE last Words gave *Nugna Bella* a View which was not in her Thoughts before, and the hope of being Sister-in-Law to the Queen, caus'd *Ramirez's* Reasons to appear more substantial than in truth they were. In short, he led her so dextrously into the Sentiments he design'd, that they both agreed to conceal every thing from me, to sift out the Prince's Inclination, and take their Measures according to the Discoveries they made.

DON RAMIREZ being in Raptures at so successful a Beginning, acquainted the Prince with what he had done, who was highly pleas'd, and allow'd him to let *Nugna Bella* know all he thought proper concerning his Intentions. *Ramirez* return'd to her immediately, and gave her a long Account how he had brought the Prince to own his Passion for my Sister; adding he never saw a Man so furiously enamour'd in his Life, and that he was amaz'd at the Violence the Prince put upon himself, for fear of displeasing me; and in short that there was nothing they might not expect from a Person so deeply smitten; but it was necessary however to encourage him with Hopes, in order to feed the Flame. *Nugna Bella* came into his Opinion, and promis'd to do the Prince any Services with my Sister.

RAMIREZ carry'd him back the News; he receiv'd it with incredible Joy, and embrac'd him a thousand times; he was talking with him
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continually, and wou'd willingly have convers'd with no other; but he was oblig'd, he knew, not to alter his Conduct, nor his usual manner of Behaviour to me. *Ramirez* also took care to conceal this new Favour, and his Remorse for his Treachery kept him in perpetual fear of my suspecting it.

IN a short time *Don Garcia* spoke to *Hermesfilda*, and assur'd her of his Passion with all possible Ardour; and as he was truly in Love, he had no Difficulty to convince her of it. In herself she was dispos'd to receive him kindly; but after what I had said to her, she did not dare to follow the Dictates of her Heart. She told *Nugna Bella* the Conversation she had with the Prince; and *Nugna Bella*, upon the Pretences *Ramirez* had suggested to her, advis'd her to say nothing to me, and to behave herself so as to increase the Prince's Passion, and preserve his Esteem: Adding, that whatever Aversion I had shewn to the Thing, I wou'd undoubtedly be pleas'd with what was for my Advantage; but that for certain Reasons, I wou'd take no Part in it, till Matters were more advanc'd. *Hermesfilda*, who had the utmost Deference to *Nugna Bella*'s Sentiments, embrac'd the Advice very readily, and her Fondness for the Prince was wonderfully inflam'd by so exalted a Prospect as that of a Crown.

THE Prince's Love to her was so artfully conducted, that excepting the first Day when he took Notice of her Beauty, it was never suspected by any. He did not converse with her in Public, *Nugna Bella* supplying him with Opportunities in Private. I perceiv'd indeed an Abatement in his Friendship, but I imputed it

it to the Inequality of Temper, which is common in Youth.

THINGS were in this Situation, when *Abdala*, King of *Cordua*, with whom and the King of *Leon* there had been a long Truce, renew'd the War: *Nugnez Fernando*, my Father, by his Post, had the Right of commanding the Armies; and tho' the King was very unwilling to set him at the Head of his Troops, he cou'd not refuse him, unless he impeach'd him of some Crime, and put him under an Arrest. *Don Garcia* indeed might have been appointed Commander over him, but the King distrusted his Son even more than he did the other, and dreaded to see them together with so great a Force. But *Biscay*, on the other hand, beginning to revolt, he resolv'd to send *Don Gracia* thither, and that my Father shou'd march against the *Moors*. I wou'd gladly have serv'd with my Father, but the Prince was desirous I shou'd follow him to *Biscay*, and the King chose rather to have me go with his Son, than with the Count of *Castile*. I was oblig'd to comply, and to see *Nugnez Fernando*, who set forward the first, depart without me. He was extremely sorry I did not accompany him; and besides other important Reasons he had to wish me in his Army, Affection itself also had its Place; for he lov'd my Sister and me beyond Expression; he carry'd our Pictures about him, that he might always have us before his Eyes, and shew others the Beauty of his Children, to whom, I think, I told you, he was most fondly prejudic'd. He march'd against *Abdala* with a considerable Power, but much inferior to that of the *Moors*; and instead of opposing their Passage

sage in Places fortify'd by Nature, a Desire to do something extraordinary, made him hazard a Battel in a Plain, where he had no Advantage to favour his Inequality of Strength. He lost it so absolutely, that he scarcely sav'd himself; his whole Army was cut in Pieces, and all their Baggage taken, and the *Moors* never obtain'd so great a Victory over the Christians.

THE King was extremely griev'd at the Loss, he accus'd the Count of *Castile*, and justly; and as he rejoic'd to humble him, he embrac'd the present Occasion: And when my Father wou'd have appear'd to justify himself, he caus'd him to be told, he wou'd never see him more, that he remov'd him from all his Places, and he ought to think himself very happy in having his Life, and that he order'd him to retire to his own Lands. My Father obey'd, and went to *Castile* in all the Despair of an ambitious Man, whose Reputation and Fortune had suffer'd so unexpected a Diminution.

THE Prince was not yet set out for *Biscay*, being detain'd by a dangerous Illness. The King march'd against the *Moors* in Person, with what Forces he cou'd rally. I desir'd Leave to accompany him, which he granted me, tho' with Difficulty. He was willing to involve me in my Father's Disgrace; but as I had no Share in his Misconduct, and the Prince always express'd the highest Friendship to me, the King did not adventure to banish me also to *Castile*. I went with the King, and *Don Ramirez* stay'd behind with the Prince. *Nugna Bella* seem'd wonderfully concern'd at my Misfortune and at our Separation, and I departed at least with the Satisfaction of believing my self sincerely

cerely lov'd by one whom I lov'd with the utmost Truth.

THE Prince not being in a Condition to take the Field, *Don Ordogno*, his Brother, was sent to *Biscay* in his stead. He was as unhappy in his Expedition as the King was successful in his. He was defeated, and was like to be kill'd; but the King routed the *Moors*, and constrain'd them to sue for Peace. It was my good Fortune also to do a considerable Service, tho' it did not procure me better Treatment from the King; nor cou'd the Reputation I had gain'd, make me put off the Air of a Man in Disgrace; and when I return'd to *Leon*, I perceiv'd that Glory does not give the same Gayety and Splendor with Favour.

DON GARCIA improv'd my Absence, to visit *Hermenefilda* frequently; and yet with such Precaution, that he was perceiv'd by none. He studied all Methods to please her, and gave her Hopes that he wou'd one Day place her upon the Throne of *Leon*, and express'd such an abundant Love, that she resign'd her Heart to him without Reserve.

As this Intelligence was carry'd on by *Don Ramirez* and *Nugna Bella*, they were oblig'd to see each other often; and *Nugna Bella's* Beauty was such, that even a slight View of it was dangerous. *Ramirez's* Admiration of her increas'd daily; and she was also pleas'd with his Wit, which was in truth agreeable. The close Correspondence she kept with him, and the Management of the Affair of the Prince and *Hermenefilda*, enabled her to bear my Absence with less Regret than she expected.

AT his Return, the King gave *Nugnez Fernando's* Places and Commands to the Father of *Don Ramirez*; upon which Occasion I did even more than cou'd be look'd for from an undissembled Friend. After the Services I had perform'd in the last two Wars, I might well have pretended to the Posts of which my Father was depriv'd. Yet I made no Opposition to the King's Disposal. I sought out *Ramirez*, and told him, that in the Trouble I was under to see our Family stripp'd of such noble Employments, my only Consolation was the Advantage it had brought to him. Tho' *Ramirez* wanted not Wit, he cou'd make me no Answer; these Tokens of a Friendship he had so little deserv'd confounded him; but I put so generous a Construction upon his Embarrassment at the Time, that he cou'd not have led me into a better by any Expressions.

THE giving my Father's Posts to another Family, made all the Court believe his Disgrace was beyond Recovery. *Don Ramirez* had, in a Manner, succeeded me, by the Dignities bestow'd on his Father, and by his own Favour with the Prince, which was apparent enough, notwithstanding the Care both of them took to conceal it; and every one insensibly fell over to the Side of the new Favourite, and by Degrees abandon'd me.

NUGNA BELLA had not a Passion firm enough, to prevent This making an Impression upon her Mind. It was my Fortune as well as my Person which had engag'd her Affection: I was disgrac'd; and there was no Tye now left upon her, but Love; and she had not enough of that to govern such a Temper as her own:

I soon discover'd therefore a Coldness in her Behaviour. I made my Complaints to *Don Ramirez*, and even spoke of it to herself. She assur'd me she was not chang'd in the least, and as I had no particular Action to accuse her of, and was disturb'd only at the general Manner of her Carriage, it was very easy for her to justify herself; which she did with so much Dissimulation and Skill, that she made me secure for a Time.

RAMIREZ talk'd with her about my Suspicion of her being alter'd, and did it with a Design to find what Truth there was in it, and undoubtedly in Hope to see I was not deceiv'd. I am not chang'd, said she, at all, I love him as much as ever; but if I did not, he wou'd have no Right to complain. Is the Beginning of our Passions, or the End of them in our Power? She look'd upon him, while she spoke, with an Air which so perfectly convinc'd him her Love to me was expir'd, that he was encourag'd to gaze upon the Beauty of this faithless Creature without Restaint; in a word, he was so struck at the Instant, that being no longer Master of himself, You are in the Right, Madam, answer'd he, we have no Command over our Passions, I feel One now in my own Breast which is not to be resisted; and you will please to remember, you allow'd That is not in our Power. *Nugna Bella*, who readily understood his Meaning, appear'd embarrass'd, and so was *Ramirez* himself; as he had utter'd this in a Heat, he was presently amaz'd at what he had done; and all that he ow'd to my Friendship rushing at once into his Mind, he was troubled, and casting down his Eyes,
stood

stood in a profound Silence. *Nugna Bella*, for Reasons much the same, said nothing, and they parted without speaking a Word. *Don Ramirez* repented of what he had said. *Nugna Bella* was sorry she had made him no Answer. *Ramirez* was in the wildest Confusion, but recovering a little, he began to reflect upon his own Thoughts; and the more he reflected, the more he found his Heart was ensnar'd. He perceiv'd the Danger he was in by often seeing *Nugna Bella*; and that the Pleasure he took in her Conversation was of another Nature than he had imagin'd. In short, he now perceiv'd his guilty Love, and that he began to withstand it too late.

THE Certainty he had that *Nugna Bella* no longer valued me, seduc'd him intirely to neglect defending himself against this new-born Passion; and he esteem'd it a sort of Excuse, that his Affection to her did not begin, till her Regard for me was at an End. There was also a Charm to him, in attempting to gain a Heart, of which he perceiv'd I was not so absolutely possess'd, but there was Room left for him to hope; and which I had yet so much the Possession of, that it wou'd be a Glory for him to win it from me. But when he came to consider it was *Gonsalvo* he design'd to supplant, that *Gonsalvo* to whom he ow'd so unreserv'd and sincere a Friendship, he was cover'd with Shame, and struggled against his Inclination so much, that he thought he had quell'd it. He resolv'd likewise to speak no more to *Nugna Bella* of his Love, and to avoid her Conversation.

NUGNA BELLA, who only repented she had not answer'd *Ramirez*, as she ought, had no such generous Reflections. She imagin'd it became her indeed not to seem to understand what he said, but that she ought to have a Tenderness for a Man with whom she was so united in Interests; she perswaded herself that he had no Design in speaking, tho' she well knew he had had a Fondness to her for a considerable Time: In short, to secure her Credit, and yet not oblige herself to treat *Ramirez* ill, she affected not to believe a Thing of which it was not possible for her to doubt.

RAMIREZ pursued the honourable Resolution he had form'd, for a while; but, alas! what were the Means he us'd to execute it? He saw *Nugna Bella* every Day; she was handsome; she lov'd me no more; she receiv'd him well; and all those Circumstances cou'd never be resisted. At last therefore he determin'd to follow the Motions of his Heart; upon which his Remorse immediately vanish'd. His first Treachery to me prepar'd the Way to the second; and he became accusom'd to deceive me, and to conceal from me what he said to *Nugna Bella*. He told her plainly, that he lov'd her, and spoke it with all the Marks of an undissembled Flame. In magnifying the Compunction it gave him to violate our Friendship, he let her see the Fervour of his Passion knew no Bounds. He assur'd her, he had no Expectation of procuring himself to be lov'd again; that he was sensible of the Advantage I had over him, and of the Impossibility of expelling me from her Mind; that he only desir'd the Favour of her to hear him, and assist him to
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cure himself, and to conceal his Weakness from me. *Nugna Bella* promis'd him the last, as a Thing she thought she ought to do, least there shou'd happen some Mischief between us; and as for the rest, she told him with all imaginable Mildness, she cou'd not grant it; since she shou'd esteem herself an Accomplice in his Crime, if she permitted him to continue it. Yet did she not forbear to encourage it; for his Love to her, and the Friendship the Prince had for him, drew her over entirely to his Side. I appear'd less amiable in her Eyes; there was no longer a Prospect of rising by an Affiance with me; and she had only the Certainty of a Banishment to *Castile* in view: She knew the King had it always at Heart to confine me there; and that the Prince oppos'd it merely from a Point of Honour. She saw no Likelihood of his marrying *Hermesfilda*: She was the Confident of this Amour; and that Passion of the Prince, and *Ramirez's* Love to herself, were the Foundation of her Interest with *Don Gracia*. The King, she believ'd, was less inclin'd to consent to our Marriage than before, but had no Objection to her espousing *Ramirez*. She found all those Things in him, which had pleas'd her in me; and imagin'd Prudence it self wou'd justify her Change; and that she ought to forsake a Man who cou'd not be her Husband, for another who certainly wou'd. A Woman's Levity does not always need such important Reasons, to provoke it. *Nugna Bella* then determin'd to engage with *Ramirez*; but was already engag'd, both by her Affection and Words, when she suppos'd she had only resolv'd to be so.

YET as fix'd to do it as she was, she had not the Heart to let me see she deserted me in the time of my Disgrace; nor cou'd *Ramirez* bear to own his Perfidiousness. They agreed that *Nugna Bella* shou'd carry it to me as usual, believing it wou'd be easy to keep me from observing her Change; because as I constantly unbosom'd even my lightest Suspicions to *Ramirez*, she cou'd know them by him, and readily prevent them. They resolv'd likewise to disclose their Affair to the Prince, and bring him into their Interest. *Ramirez* was to break it to him; but this was not a Thing he cou'd do without Difficulty; the Shame and Fear of being discountenanc'd embarrass'd him; however, the Power he had over *Don Garcia*, by his Confidence of his Amour with my Sister, gave him Courage. In a word, he made the Impression he desir'd upon the Prince's Mind, who even undertook to speak to *Nugna Bella* in his behalf; and this new Favourite had his Master for a Confident, as he was Confident to his Master.

NUGNA BELLA, who apprehended the Prince wou'd condemn her Conduct, was overjoy'd at the Success: This heighten'd the common Union between them; they form'd their Measures for concealing their Correspondence; and as *Ramirez's* private Conversations with the Prince might give me Umbrage, because in Appearance they ought to have no Secrets to me, they concluded he shou'd go to the Prince by a private Stair-case, at Hours when no body was by, and that they shou'd never talk together in Publick. Thus I was betray'd, and abandon'd

don'd by those I lov'd best, without being able to suspect it.

My only Grief was to see an Alteration in the Heart of *Nugna Bella*. I complain'd to *Don Ramirez*, who gave her Notice of it, that she might disguise her self the better; but when I seem'd to be easy he was in Pain, thinking my Repose proceeded from *Nugna Bella's* Sincerity. He desir'd her therefore not to deceive me so well; she obey'd, and neglected me more than ordinary; so that he had the Pleasure to see his Rival come to him to complain of that ill Treatment which he receiv'd by his Orders; he had the Joy also sometimes, when he had pray'd her to put a Constraint upon herself, to learn by me it was no Constraint to her to treat me shily. And there was such a Charm both to his Glory and his Love, in having destroy'd such a Rival as I appear'd to be, and to see my Peace depend upon his lightest Expressions, that if Jealousy had not infected him, he wou'd have been the happiest Man in the World.

WHILE I was busied with my Amour, my Father was pursuing his Ambition. He form'd such Cabals and Intrigues in his Banishment, that he thought himself in a Condition to undertake an open Revolt. But he was oblig'd to begin by withdrawing me from the Court, I being a Hostage too dear and too considerable to be left in the Hands of a King, with whom he design'd to make a War. He was not so uneasy for my Sister; her Sex, and her Beauty, being able to protect her from Mischief. He dispatch'd a trusty Messenger, to acquaint me with the State of his Affairs, and order me at

the same time to come to him, and quit the Court without taking Leave of the King or the Prince. This Messenger was surpris'd to find my Sentiments so different from my Father's: I told him I wou'd never consent to so unjust a Revolt; it was true, the King had us'd *Nugnez Fernando* ill, in revoking his Employments; but he ought to bear the Disgrace which he had in some sort deserv'd: For my self I was resolv'd not to leave the Court, and wou'd never take Arms against the King. He carried back my Answer to my Father, who was inrag'd to see his Designs confounded, just at the Point of Execution, by my Disobedience. He sent me word (tho' he did not intend it) that he wou'd go on, and since I had so little Submission to his Will, he wou'd not alter his Resolution, tho' the King of *Leon* shou'd strike off my Head.

RAMIREZ's Passion for *Nugna Bella* increas'd continually, and he cou'd no longer endure the Behaviour he was oblig'd to keep up towards me; Madam, said he to her, one Day when she had had a long Conversation with me, you behold him with the same Eyes as before; you say the same Words to him; you write the same Things, and how can I be assur'd it is not with the same Sentiments? He has pleas'd you, and may therefore please you still. But you know, said she, I do nothing without your Direction. True, Madam, answer'd he, and this renders my Misfortune insupportable, that I must in Prudence advise you to do those Things, which make me desperate when you do them. It was never heard, that a Lover consented to have his Rival treated well;
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I know not how, Madam, to allow you to look upon *Gonsalvo*. There is nothing I wou'd not do to take him off, rather than live in my present Condition; and after having depriv'd him of your Heart, I ought not to think it much to take away his Life. Your Passion, reply'd *Nigna Bella*, is so extravagant, that I believe you will not pursue it; consider what Discoveries will escape you, if you indulge this Rage against *Gonsalvo*, and what a Shame you will bring upon your self. Madam, said he, I see it all; but I see also, that if it is Madness almost to attempt what I mention'd, it must be absolutely such to suffer a Man who is amiable and has pleas'd you, to talk with you every Day in secret. If I did not know it, I shou'd have the barbarous Comfort of being deceiv'd; but I know it; I see him talk to you; it is my self who carry him your Letters, it is I who satisfy him when he doubts of your Love. It is impossible I can go on to offer my self all this Violence; if you desire to give me Ease, procure that *Gonsalvo* may leave the Court, and the Prince yield to his being sent to *Castile*, which the King is pressing him to every Day. Reflect, I beseech you, cry'd she, what an Action it is you are putting me upon. I do, answer'd *Ramirez*; but after all you have already done, there is no room left for Conduct; and if you scruple causing *Gonsalvo* to be sent from Court, I shall be convinc'd I have more Reason, than I thought, to wish his Absence. Once more, Madam, how shall I be assur'd you do not love him? You see him; you talk with him, and you are sensible he loves you: Your Heart, you say is chang'd; but your Behaviour

haviour is not. In short, nothing can satisfy me, unless you endeavour to get him remov'd; and as long as I perceive you averse to that, I shall believe you scarcely use Constraint, when you say you love him. Very well, answer'd *Nugna Bella*, I have already acted many Treacheries for the sake of your Love, and therefore I must add this also; but do you then furnish the Means, for the Prince inflexibly refuses the King to banish him, and it is not likely he shou'd agree to so unreasonable a Request as this of mine. I will take it upon me, said *Ramirez*, to propose it to the Prince; and provided you will let him see you are willing of it, I do not question prevailing. She promis'd him; and the same Evening, under the Pretence of their common Interest requiring it, *Ramirez* mov'd the Prince to banish me, and make a Merit of it with the King. The Prince readily consented; for he was so asham'd of what he had done against me, that my Presence was odious, as reproaching him continually with his Weakness. *Nugna Bella* declar'd herself, as she had promis'd *Ramirez*, and they resolv'd the Prince shou'd take the first Opportunity to let the King understand he oppos'd my Exile no longer, and was willing I shou'd be dismiss'd the Court, so it might seem to be done against his Consent.

AN Occasion quickly offer'd: For the King fell into a Passion at his Son, for something he had done without his Order, and accus'd me of advising him. The Prince not daring to see him, feign'd himself ill, and kept his Bed several Days. The Queen, according to her Custom, labour'd to reconcile them; she went to her

her Son, to tell him on the Part of his Father, what Complaints he had against him. Madam, answer'd the Prince, it is not this which causes his Majesty's Displeasure. I know the Spring; it is an invincible Aversion he has to *Gonsalvo*; he charges him with every thing that offends him; he wou'd have him banish'd, and will always be dissatisfied 'till I agree to it. I love *Gonsalvo* tenderly, but I see clearly I must do my self the Violence to part with him, since I can at no other Price obtain the King my Father's Favour. Acquaint him therefore, Madam, if you please, that I consent to his Exile; but upon Condition that my having consented shall not be known. The Queen was surpris'd at her Son's Discourse; It is not for me, said she, to wonder you shou'd have a Deference for your Father's Will; but I own, I am astonish'd at your being willing of *Gonsalvo's* Banishment. The Prince excus'd it by fictitious Reasons, and turn'd the Conversation to another Subject.

WHILE they were talking, *Elvira*, one of the Queen's Women, who was a Friend to me and to *Nugna Bella*, happen'd to be so near the Bed, that she overheard all the Queen and Prince said concerning me. She stood in such an Amazement, reflecting what cou'd produce this extraordinary Change in the Prince's Mind, that I was come into the Chamber, and began to speak to her, before she perceiv'd me. I wak'd her out of her Trance; You ought to think your self oblig'd to me, said she, for I have learn'd a Thing here, which so astonishes me, that I cannot comprehend it. At this she told me the Conversation, which put me into a

Consternation far greater than hers. I caus'd her to repeat it a second time, and just as she had done, the Queen's going away broke off our Discourse. I quitted the Room with her, and not having the Heart in my present Condition to stay with the Prince, went to walk by my self in the Gardens of the Palace, to reflect upon so strange an Adventure.

I cou'd not imagine a Prince who treated me so well, wou'd be willing to have me driven from Court without Provocation; nor cou'd I conceive what shou'd make him desire my Absence; nor why he shou'd express a Friendship to me, when he really had none. In short, I cou'd not persuade my self what I had heard was true, and that *Don Garcia* was so weak as to desert me. As I lov'd him extremely, this Change of his touch'd me to the Soul; and not being able to contain my Sorrow, I wanted to seek out *Ramirez* to ease my self, by opening my Complaints to him.

IN this Thought I walk'd up to the Palace, and met with an Officer of the Chamber to the Prince, whom I had recommended to him, and who was nearer his Person than any other. I desir'd him to see if *Don Ramirez* was with the Prince, and to beg him from me to meet me this Moment. He told me *Ramirez* was not there, and certainly wou'd not come, according to his Custom, till all Company was withdrawn. This surpris'd me exceedingly, and I thought at first I had misunderstood him: However, it made an Impression upon me, and brought several things to my Mind, which gave me a Suspicion *Ramirez* had an Intelligence with the Prince, which he never communicated

to me. At another time I shou'd not have suspected it; but what I had just now discover'd of *Don Garcia's* Treachery, made me believe every one was capable of betraying me. I ask'd him whether *Ramirez* often visited the Prince alone: He reply'd, he wonder'd I shou'd ask such a Question, since he cou'd not suppose I was ignorant either of his Conversations with the Prince, or of the Subject of them. I answer'd, I knew nothing of either, and thought it very strange he had not acquainted me with them. He fancy'd I pretended my self ignorant, to see if he wou'd tell me the Truth; and to convince me he cou'd keep nothing secret from me, related to me the Prince's Amour with my Sister, and the Part *Don Ramirez* had in it. He had heard them talk together several Times, he said, when they imagin'd themselves in private, and had learn'd the other Particulars of him whom the Prince entrusted with his Letters to *Hermesfilda*. Thus was I inform'd of all, except what regarded *Nugna Bella*.

I am no more to seek, exclaim'd I in a Transport of Rage, whence *Don Garcia's* Change arises; his shameful Treachery to me renders my Presence insupportable. What! *Don Garcia* loves my Sister! And my Sister suffers it! And *Ramirez* is their Confident! I curb'd my self at these Words, not being willing this Officer shou'd see my Resentment, and bade him take no Notice to any one of what he had told me. I went home with a Trouble upon my Spirits, which depriv'd me of my Senses. When I was alone I abandon'd my self to Fury and Despair; I resolv'd a thousand times to go and stab the Prince and *Ramirez*,

rez, and had all the Thoughts of Madness and Vengeance, which cou'd push me to extravagant Designs. After I had compos'd my Mind a little, to consider and fix the Means of revenging myself, my Intention was to fight *Ramirez*, to carry *Nugna Bella* to *Castille*, to obtain her Father's Permission to marry her; and as he was in the same Design of a Revolt as *Nugnez Fernando*, I purpos'd to join them, and encourage them, and declaring War against the King of *Leon*, to overturn that Throne to which *Don Garcia* was to succeed. I paus'd at such a Resolution, it being contrary to all the Sentiments I ever had before; but I was hurried away by the Violence of my Despair.

I was to see *Nugna Bella* that Evening, and waited for the Hour with Impatience; and the Hopes of finding her affected with my Misfortune, gave me all the Comfort I cou'd receive. As I was preparing to go, a Man whom she trusted, and who had often brought me Letters from her, put one into my Hand, and told me she was very sorry she cou'd not meet me that Evening; but it was impossible, for Reasons express'd in the Letter. I reply'd, it was absolutely necessary I shou'd speak with her, and I wou'd write an Answer, and desir'd him to stay. I withdrew into my Closet, and opening her Letter found it as follows.

I Don't know whether I ought to thank you for giving me leave to appear griev'd to *Gonsalvo*, when he goes away. I shou'd have been very easy if you had forbidden me, for I shou'd then have had some Reason not to do a Thing which will create me so much Constraint. Tho'

you have been disturb'd by the Behaviour I have shewn him since his Return, I have been more. You wou'd not question it, if you knew the Pain I have to tell a Man I no longer love, that I love him, when at the same time I am distract-ed for having ever lov'd him, and cou'd perish for having pronounc'd but to your self, all those Words I am oblig'd to speak to him. When once he is gone, you will be sensible of the Injustice you do me; and the Joy you will see me in at his Departure, will convince you of it more than all my Expressions. Hermenegilda is angry at the Prince, for talking Yesterday a good while with a Woman, of whom she had before declar'd a Jealousy; this made her not accompany the Queen, when she went to Visit him. He must not let her find that he knows this; for I promis'd her to say nothing of it; she loves him so truly, that----

I was interrupted here by a Thing which gives me the last Uneasiness. One of my Companions overheard all the Prince said to the Queen Yesterday concerning Gonsalvo, to whom she imparted it immediately; she related it to me as the most astonishing and dismal Piece of News I cou'd hear. It is impossible but Gonsalvo must suspect you know something of the Prince's Designs, and unravel the Truth in a great Measure. And what Difficulties may this produce? The Thought of it troubles me so much, that I don't know what I do. I have writt to him that I can't meet him this Evening; for I dare not run the Hazard of talking with him, because you have not seen him since, nor given me Instructions what to say. Adieu. Judge the Disturbance I am in.

I was so overwhelm'd upon reading this Letter, that I knew not what I said or did. My Rage and Frenzy were rais'd to the highest Pitch, at the Treacheries I had before discover'd; but those Sentiments were too weak and common for this, which a mere Accident had now brought to Light. I stood without Speech or Motion for a long while, in a wild Confusion of Thought, and was overborne with the Torrents of my Grief.

ARE you unfaithful to me, *Nugna Bella*? I then cry'd out at once; do you add to your Change of Mind the Outrage of deceiving me, and of consenting I shou'd be deceived by him whom next your self I lov'd the best? These are too many Misfortunes at a Time, and are of such a Nature, that it wou'd be more shameful to resist them, than to sink under them. I yield to a Cruelty of the most deadly Kind that ever Man endur'd. I had Power and Resolutions of Revenge against an ungrateful Prince, and an unfaithful Friend; but I have none against *Nugna Bella*. I was more happy in her than in all the World besides; since she abandons me, all is indifferent to me, and I renounce a Revenge which can give me no Joy. Not long since I was the first Man in the whole Kingdom, by my Father's Greatness and my own, and by the Favour of my Prince. I thought my self lov'd by those, who were dear to me. But Fortune has left me; I am deserted by my Master, deceiv'd by my Sister, betray'd by my Friend; I have lost my Mistress, and lost her by my Friend! Is it possible, *Nugna Bella*, that you have forsaken me for *Ramirez*? Is it possible, *Ramirez*, should desire to
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take you from a Man who lov'd you so passionately, and by whom he was himself so tenderly belov'd? Must I then lose you by one another, and without so much as the slender Consolation of having one of you left to whom I can make my Complaint!

THESE bitter Reflections overfet my Reason. The least of the Misfortunes which befell me that Day was sufficient to have oppress'd me with mortal Sorrow: But such a Multitude together amaz'd and confounded me, and I knew not which to turn my Thoughts upon. He, who brought me *Nugna Bella's* Letter, sent in to tell me he stay'd for my Answer; at which I wak'd as out of a Dream, and reply'd I wou'd send it to-Morrow; and order'd every one to leave the Room.

I set my self then to consider the Condition which I had been in, and in which I now was. So severe an Experience of the Inconstancy of Fortune, and the Unfaithfulness of Human Kind inspir'd me with a Design to renounce for ever all Commerce with the World, and go and end my Life in a Desert; which my Grief convinc'd me was the only Course I cou'd take. I had no Place whither I cou'd retire, unless to my Father; I knew the Design he had to revolt; but as desperate as I was, I cou'd not suffer my self to draw Sword against a King, who had never injur'd me. If I had only been abandon'd by Fortune, I cou'd have found a Pleasure in opposing her, and making her see that I deserv'd what she had given me. But after I was deceiv'd by so many Persons whom I had lov'd so highly, and in whom I thought my self so secure, what Hope was there

there for me to flatter my self withal? Can I serve a Master better, said I, than I have serv'd *Don Garcia*? Can I love a Friend better than I have lov'd *Ramirez*? Can I have a greater Passion for a Mistress, than I have had for *Nugna Bella*? Yet they have betray'd me! I must make a full Retreat therefore, to hide my self from the Treachery of Men, and the dangerous Power of Women.

As I had taken this Resolution, I saw coming into the Room a Man of Quality and Merit, call'd *Don Olmond*, who always had a Kindness for me. He was Brother to *Elvira*, who had inform'd me of the Prince's Falshood, and by whom he understood what *Don Gracia* had said to the Queen. He was extremely surpris'd to discern in my Countenance the Marks of such an extraordinary Emotion and Sorrow. He knew me too well, to imagine Fortune alone cou'd give me so much Pain; he suppos'd, however, I was concern'd at the Prince's Treachery, and began to comfort me. I had always lov'd *Don Olmond*, and serv'd him upon several Occasions, tho' I had given *Ramirez* the Preference in every Thing. The Ingratitude of the last made me sensible now of the Injustice I had done *Don Olmond*; to repair it, or perhaps to ease my self by Complaining, I discover'd to him my present Situation, and all the Treacheries I had suffer'd. He was sufficiently astonish'd; but not so much as I expected at the Falshood of *Nugna Bella*: His Sister, he said, when she told him what she had over-heard, added that *Nugna Bella*'s Mind towards me was certainly chang'd, and that she conceal'd from me a great many Things. See,
Don

Don Olmond, said I, shewing him her Letter, see here her Change, and the Things she conceal'd from me. She has sent me this Letter, instead of one she had writ me; for this is plainly address'd to *Don Ramirez*. *Don Olmond* was so touch'd with my Condition, and thought my Misfortunes so excessive, that he did not undertake to comfort me, but left me to disburden my Grief by Complaining. Had I not Reason, said I, to desire to know *Nugna Bella* before I lov'd her? But I mention an impossible Thing; Women are never known; they do not know themselves; and it is certain Occasions which determine the Sentiments of their Hearts. *Nugna Bella* thought she lov'd me, but she only lov'd my Fortune, and perhaps she loves nothing else in *Don Ramirez*: Yet has she not, cry'd I, said any Words to me for some Time, but what he permitted her to say. It was to my Rival that I complain'd of the Change which he himself had produc'd. He pleaded for himself, while I thought he was pleading for me. Is it possible, that I have been the Object of so outrageous a Deceit? and have I deserv'd it? The perfidious Wretch has betray'd me with *Don Garcia*! I trusted my Sister with them, and they have engag'd her with the Prince! The Union which seem'd to be between them, and which gave me so much Joy, was meant only to delude me! Good Heavens, for what is your Thunder reserv'd, if not for Persons so unworthy to live!

AFTER this violent Transport of Grief, the Idea of the faithless *Nugna Bella*, which made me indifferent to all my other Sufferings, threw me into a Sadness which was serious, and without

out Rage. I told *Don Olmond* my Design of retiring from the World. He was surpriz'd at it, and oppos'd it; but I gave him such Proofs of my being absolutely determin'd, that he thought it was in vain to dissuade me, at least in the present Moment. I took what Jewels were at hand, and both of us mounted on Horseback in order to depart, before an Order cou'd be sent me to withdraw. We travell'd till Sun-rising. *Don Olmond* conducted me to the House of a Man, who had liv'd with him, and whom he cou'd trust. I wou'd fain have had him left me there, to stay till Night came on, to take the Road I intended. After a long Dispute, he said he wou'd leave me as I desir'd, provided I wou'd promise to wait for him there, while he went to *Leon* to learn what Effect my Departure had produc'd; for perhaps an Alteration might have happen'd, which wou'd cause me to lay aside my Resolution; and therefore he begg'd me not to set forward till he return'd. I consented, upon Condition he wou'd not acquaint any body he had seen me, or knew where I was: But I yielded to it rather from an involuntary Curiosity, to understand after what Manner *Nugna Bella* spoke of me, than from a Thought that any Thing cou'd have happen'd which wou'd relieve my Misfortunes.

Go then, said I, my dear *Olmond*, see *Nugna Bella*; and, if it is possible, discover her Sentiments by your Sister: Endeavour to find how long it is she has ceas'd to love me, and whether she has not forsaken me, because I am cast off by Fortune. *Don Olmond* assur'd me he wou'd do all I desir'd. In two Days he return'd

turn'd with News which he thought wou'd induce me to alter my Design.

No body, he said, knew the Reason of my Departure. The Prince, as well as *Don Ramirez*, pretended to be wonderfully concern'd, and the King believ'd I was gone by Agreement with the Prince, his Son. He told me, he had seen his Sister, and that all I suspected was true; that the Particulars of what he had heard, wou'd only increase my Grievs, and therefore he pray'd me not to require him to relate them. I was not in a Condition to fear an Augmentation of my Distress, and that which he wou'd have suppress'd was the only Thing I had a Curiosity to know; and therefore I intreated him to conceal nothing. I will not repeat the Whole of what he told me, having already mention'd the greater Part, in order to make my Story the more methodical. It was by him, I was appris'd of all those Things which, you have seen, were unknown to me at the Time when they were transacted. I shall only say, his Sister inform'd him, that the Evening before my Departure, when she came out from the Queen's Apartments where *Nugna Bella* had not been seen, she went to seek for her at her Lodging; she found her all in Tears, with a Letter in her Hand; they were both struck with Surprise, but upon different Accounts. After a long Silence, *Nugna Bella* lock'd the Door, and told her, she was going to trust her with the whole Secret of her Life; intreating her to pity her, and comfort her in the most miserable Condition, that any one had ever known. She then disclos'd all that had pass'd between the Prince, *Don Ramirez*, my
Sister,

Sister, and her self, in the Manner as I have related; that *Don Ramirez* had sent her back the Letter she had in her Hand, because it was written to me, and that I had met with that which was for *Ramirez*, and had thereby discover'd every Thing they had conceal'd from me so long.

ELVIRA told her Brother, she never saw a Person so troubled and afflicted, as *Nugna Bella*. She was afraid I shou'd inform the King of the Affair between my Sister and the Prince; that I shou'd cause *Ramirez* to be banish'd the Court, and oblige her also to retire: That beyond all she dreaded the Shame of my Reproaches; and the Treacheries she had been guilty of towards me, made her hate me mortally.

You may imagine what *Don Olmond* told me did not diminish my Uneasiness, or make me change my Intention. He press'd me with an extraordinary Zeal of Friendship, to suffer him to follow me, and bear me Company in the Desert whither I was going; but I deny'd him so peremptorily, that in short we parted. He left me, upon Condition that whatever Place I was in, I should send him Tidings of my State. He return'd to *Leon*, and I set forward to imbark at the first Port I came to. But when I was alone, and reflected upon my Calamities, the Remainder of my Life seem'd so painful a Load to endure, that I resolv'd to go and seek after Death in the War between the King of *Navarre* and the *Moors*. I went only by the Name of *Theodoric*; and was unhappy enough to find a Glory I did not desire, instead of Death for which I wish'd. A Peace being concluded, I resum'd
my

my first Design, and the Meeting with you has turn'd an affrightful Solitude, which I was expecting, into a most agreeable Retreat.

I found here the Repose, and Tranquility I lost: And tho' Ambition sometimes reviv'd in my Soul, the Experience I have had of the Inconstancy of Fortune, taught me to despise it; and my Love for *Nugna Bella* was so effac'd by the Contempt she had rais'd in me, that I can say, I had no Affection remaining, tho' I have the utmost Grief. But the Sight of *Zayde* has taken away even the melancholic Quietude I began to enjoy, and I am plung'd into new Misfortunes much more cruel than those I have already suffer'd.

ALPHONSO stood amaz'd and charm'd at *Gonsalvo's* Story. I had form'd before, said he, a great Idea of your Merit and your Virtue; but I own what I have now heard is beyond what I expected. I ought rather to fear, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that I have lessen'd the good Opinion you had of me, in letting you see how easily I was deceiv'd. But I was young; and was ignorant of the Frauds of a Court, and incapable of practising them; I had never lov'd any but *Nugna Bella*, and my Love for her made me think our Passions cou'd never expire; so that I had no manner of Distrust either concerning my Friendship or Love. You can never secure yourself, reply'd *Alphonso*, from being deceiv'd, but by being naturally suspicious; your Suspicions also, tho' ever so well founded, wou'd have seem'd unjust, because the Persons who deceiv'd you, never gave you an Occasion of Diffidence before, and manag'd their
Deceit

Deceit so dextrously, that Reason did not allow one to suspect them. Let us talk no more, said *Gonsalvo*, of my past Misfortunes, I am sensible of them no longer; *Zayde* has made me forget them, and I wonder I have been able to repeat them to you so exactly. But remember, I never thought I cou'd have been touch'd by one, whose Mind was any way engag'd; and yet I admire *Zayde*, of whom I know nothing but that she is beautiful, and is prepossess'd in favour of another. Since I have been deceiv'd in my Opinion of *Nugna Bella*, whom I knew, what can I expect from *Zayde*, to whom I am a Stranger? But what wou'd I expect from her, and what Pretensions can I have? She is utterly unknown to me; an Accident has cast her upon this Shore, and she is impatient to be gone. I cannot detain her handsomly, nor with Justice. If I shou'd keep her here, shou'd I be more happy? I shou'd see her every Day lamenting the Man she loves, and calling him to mind when she looks upon me. Ah! *Alphonso*, what an Evil is Jealousy! Ah! *Don Garcia*, thou wast in the right, there are no Passions but those which strike us at once, and rush on us suddenly by Surprise. All others are voluntary Engagements which we freely bring upon ourselves. A real Inclination seizes us in our own Despite; and my Love to *Zayde* is a Torrent which hurries me on, without giving me a Moment's time to oppose it. But *Alphonso*, added he, I have made you waste the Night thus far in hearing my Troubles, and it is but just I shou'd now leave you to your Repose.

HERE

HERE *Alphonso* withdrew to his Chamber, and *Gonsalvo* pass'd the rest of the Night without Sleep. The next Day *Zayde* seem'd very eager to find what she lately search'd after, but her Care was all in vain. *Gonsalvo* never left her; a thousand times a Day he forgot she cou'd not understand him, nor return an Answer; and ask'd her the Reason of her Concern, with the same Tenderness and Fear to offend, as if she understood him. But when he recollected himself, and saw she cou'd make him no Reply, he endeavour'd to relieve his Mind, by saying to her all that his Passion inspir'd.

I love you, beautiful *Zayde*, said he, gazing upon her; I love you, I adore you, and have at least the Pleasure of telling you so, without provoking your Displeasure. All your Actions convince me, such a Declaration wou'd certainly offend you; but the Lover you lament has undoubtedly talk'd to you of his Love, and you have frequently given him your Ear. I wish, charming *Zayde*, you cou'd resolve my Suspicions.

WHILE he was speaking, she turn'd several times to *Felima* with Surprise, as if to make her observe that Personal Resemblance which always drew her Regard. This was such an Affliction to *Gonsalvo*, to think he put her in mind of his Rival, that he wou'd willingly have parted with his Beauty and graceful Mein, not to have had such a Likeness; and it troubled him so deeply, that he cou'd scarcely have the Heart to appear in her Sight, chusing rather to be depriv'd of seeing her, than reflect to her the Image of the Man she lov'd. And whenever she seem'd to look kindly upon him, he cou'd
not

not bear it, because he fancy'd it was not design'd to him. He left her, and pass'd several Afternoons in the Wood; but still when he came back, she express'd a greater Coldness and Disturbance than usual. At length he fancy'd also he perceiv'd a certain Inequality in her manner of treating him; but as he cou'd not divine the Cause, he thought her Uneasiness at being in a strange Place, occasion'd these Alterations of Humour. However, he plainly discern'd that her first Dejection began to abate. *Felima* was more sorrowful than *Zayde*; but her Sorrow was always the same: She seem'd perfectly overwhelm'd, and to desire nothing but to be alone, and indulge her Grief. *Alphonso* often spoke of it to *Gonsalvo* with wonder, and thought it strange so excessive a Melancholy had not impair'd her Beauty. But *Gonsalvo* minded only to please *Zayde*, and entertain her with the Diversions of Walking, Hunting, and Fishing. She also contriv'd various Amusements, and busied herself several Days in working a Bracelet of her own Hair, and having finish'd it, she put it on with all the Eagerness which a new-finish'd Work naturally occasions. The first Day she wore it, she happen'd to drop it in the Wood. *Gonsalvo*, who saw her walk out, went to see after her, and as he pass'd along the same Path, found the Bracelet, and presently knew whose it was. The finding it gave him a sensible Joy. It wou'd have been a higher Pleasure indeed to receive it from the Hands of *Zayde*; but as that was what he cou'd never expect, he thought himself happy in owing it to Chance. *Zayde* having now perceiv'd her Loss, came back to
look

look for it in the Place where she had been walking. She gave *Gonsalvo* to understand what she had dropp'd, who express'd a Concern; but as sorry as he was to make her uneasy, he cou'd not bear to restore a Thing he so dearly priz'd. He pretended therefore to assist her in searching for it, and at last persuaded her to look no longer in vain. As soon as he came into his Chamber, he kiss'd the Bracelet a thousand times, and fasten'd to it a Buckle of Jewels of a considerable Value. Sometimes he took a Walk before *Zayde* was stirring, and when he thought himself in a Place where no Eye was upon him, he wou'd unbind the Bracelet to view it the better.

ONE Morning as he was thus employ'd, and sate upon a Rock which ran out into the Sea, he heard somebody coming towards him; and looking back in haste, was surpris'd to see it was *Zayde*. He strove all he cou'd to hide the Bracelet; but was not nimble enough to prevent her discerning he had convey'd something out of Sight. He fancied she had seen it, and observ'd such a Coldness and Dislike in her Countenance, that he made no Question but she was angry at his not having return'd her the Bracelet. He did not dare to look upon her, and was afraid she signify'd that she desir'd to have it again, and he had not the Power to resolve himself. She seem'd sad and perplex'd, and without heeding *Gonsalvo*, sate down upon the Rock, and turn'd her Face to the Sea. Before she was aware, the Wind blew away a Vail she had in her Hand; *Gonsalvo* started up to recover it, and in rising let fall the Bracelet; he cou'd not take it up for fear it had

been seen; *Zayde* turn'd about at *Gonsalvo's* Noise, and spying her Bracelet, snatch'd it up before he perceiv'd it. He was extremely troubled when he saw it in her Hands, both from Despair of getting it again, and from an Apprehension of her Resentment. However, he encourag'd himself, seeing her no longer appear disturb'd or fretted, but on the contrary with an Air of Sweetness; and was no less touch'd with the Hope he receiv'd from her Countenance, than he had been the Moment before with the Dread of having displeas'd her. She view'd with Admiration the Beauty of the Buckle of Jewels, and having view'd it, took it off, and gave it to *Gonsalvo*, and kept the Bracelet. When *Gonsalvo* saw *Zayde* had given him back only the Jewels, he turn'd to the Sea, and cast the Buckle into the Water with a fixed melancholic Look, as if he had dropp'd it by Chance. *Zayde* cry'd out, and ran to see if it cou'd not be recover'd; but he shew'd her it was impossible; and to prevent her musing long upon what he had done, he gave her his Hand to lead her down from the Place where they stood. They went along without minding each other, and insensibly fell into the Path to *Alphonso's* House, and were in such mutual Confusion, that they seem'd to wish to be asunder.

WHEN *Gonsalvo* was return'd to his Chamber, he began to consider his Adventure. Tho' *Zayde* had not shewn so much Anger as he expected, he fancy'd the Joy of finding the Bracelet had remov'd her former Uneasiness; which displeas'd him as much. Whatever Desire he had to get the Bracelet again, he thought he shou'd offend *Zayde* if he discover'd it, and this

this fill'd him with all the Grief which arises from Love, when it is without Hope. All the Consolation he had was to complain to *Alphonso*, and to blame himself for his Weakness in loving *Zayde*.

YOU accuse your self unjustly, said *Alphonso* to him sometimes, it is no easy thing to defend one's self in the middle of a Desert, against a Beauty so great as that of *Zayde*. It is as much as you cou'd do in the middle of a Court, where other Beauties wou'd give you a Diversion, or Ambition at least wou'd divide your Heart. But can a Man love, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, without Hope? And how can I hope to be lov'd again, since I cannot even tell her that I love? How shall I persuade her, if I cannot tell her of it? What Actions of mine can assure *Zayde* in a Place where I see no other, and where I have not the Power of making her know it, that I prefer her to others? How can I efface his Idea in her Mind whom she loves? This is to be done only by making my Person appear agreeable; and it is my ill Fortune that my Face revives in her the Remembrance of her Lover. Ah, my dear *Alphonso*, do not flatter me; I have certainly forfeited my Reason in loving *Zayde*; in loving her so much as I do, and not remembering at the same time I have lov'd another, and have been deceiv'd. I believe, said *Alphonso*, that you never lov'd any other, because you never knew Jealousy, 'till since you have lov'd *Zayde*. I had no Cause given me, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, to be jealous of *Nugna Bella*, she understood the Art of deceiving me so well. A Man is jealous without Cause, said *Alphonso*, when he is thoroughly in Love. You find it by your own

Experience ; reflect upon the Grief you feel, when you see *Zayde* in Tears ; and consider how Jealousy has made you imagine she weeps for a Lover, rather than a Brother. I am convinc'd too well, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that I love *Zayde* far more than I lov'd *Nugna Bella*. The Ambition of the last, and her Application to the Prince's Affairs, had often cool'd my Love ; but all that I see in *Zayde* which displeases me, as the Suspicion that she loves another, and my not knowing her Heart or her Sentiments, cannot weaken my Passion. But *Alphonso*, in loving *Zayde* so far beyond *Nugna Bella*, I am still guilty of a greater Madness. The Success of my Love to *Nugna Bella*, I confess was barbarous ; yet every Man who loves may have the like. I did not love her blindly ; I knew her ; she lov'd no other ; I pleas'd her ; I was able to marry her : But *Zayde*, *Alphonso*, but *Zayde*, who is she ? What Pretensions have I here ? And except her admirable Beauty which will excuse me, does not every thing else condemn me of the highest Folly ?

GONSALVO had frequently such Conversations with *Alphonso* : His Love encreas'd every Day ; and he cou'd not forbear speaking so earnestly with his Eyes, that he fancy'd he saw by those of *Zayde*, that she understood their Language ; and sometimes he found her in a certain Perplexity, which wou'd not suffer him to doubt it. As she cou'd not make herself be understood by Words, it was by her Looks, in a manner, that she explain'd to *Gonsalvo* many of those things she wanted to communicate ; but there was something so lovely and so passionate in her Looks, that they pierc'd

pierc'd *Gonsalvo* to the Soul. Beautiful *Zayde*, said he sometimes, is it thus you look upon those you do not love? What do you reserve then for that happy Lover, whom I have the Misfortune to bring to your Mind? If he had not been prevented by this Imagination, he wou'd not have thought himself so unfortunate; and the Actions of *Zayde* ought not to have persuaded him that she regarded him only with Indifference.

ONE Day he left her, and for a Moment walk'd by the Sea-side, after which he went towards a Fountain in a pleasant Part of the Wood, whither *Zayde* often resorted. As he came up to it, he heard a Sound, and looking thro' the Trees, saw *Zayde* sitting with *Felima*. The Surprisal of this Encounter gave *Gonsalvo* the same Joy, as if he had happen'd to meet her after a whole Year's Absence. He drew near the Place, and tho' he made Noise enough, she was so eager in Talking, that she never heard him. But when he stood before her, she seem'd in the Confusion of a Person who had spoke aloud, and was afraid she was overheard, not remembering *Gonsalvo* cou'd not understand her. The Emotion this Disturbance occasion'd, in some sort heighten'd her Beauty; and *Gonsalvo*, who sat down by her, was in a Rapture, and threw himself suddenly at her Knees, with so much Passion, that it was not necessary to know his Words, to apprehend what he wou'd express. He thought she understood them too well; she blush'd, and making a Motion with her Hand, which seem'd to put him away, she rose up with a Cold Civility, as if it were to oblige him to kneel no longer in a Place which

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might

might do him Hurt. *Alphonso* in the same Moment passing along the Walk, she went up to him, without turning her Eyes toward *Gonsalvo*, who continu'd fixt in his Posture, and had no Power to rise.

THIS, said he to himself, is the manner in which she treats me, when she does not regard me as the Picture of my Rival. You fix your Eyes upon me, lovely *Zayde*, with such Charms as might ravish the whole World, when my Face brings his to your Mind; but if I presume to shew I love you, then you not only give me Looks of Anger, but think me unworthy to be beheld. If at least I were able to make you understand that I know you lament a Lover I shou'd be happy, and my Jealousy, I own, wou'd bereveng'd by the Disturbance this wou'd cause you. Yes, I wou'd seem perswaded that you love somebody, in order to have the Joy of knowing from your self that you love none. Ah! *Zayde*, my Revenge is interested; and desires not so much to offend you, as to give you an Occasion of satisfying me.

THUS thinking, he took the Path which led to the House, in order to quit the Place where *Zayde* was, and to be alone in a Gallery which he often visited. He ponder'd there a long time, upon the means to make her know he suspected she lov'd another; but it was difficult to contrive them, this being a thing which cou'd not be comprehended without Words. After he had tir'd himself with Thinking and Walking, he was going out of the Gallery, when a Painter who was employ'd there upon some Pictures by *Alphonso*, press'd him very earnestly to view his Work. *Gonsalvo* wou'd fain have
been

been excus'd, but not to disoblige him, he stop'd to look upon the Piece he had drawn. It was a large Picture in which *Alphonso* had caus'd him to represent the Sea as it appear'd from his Windows, and to render the Prospect the more entertaining, he made him paint it in a Storm. On one side were Vessels perishing in the midst of the Ocean, and on the other, Ships bulg'd against the Rocks; some of the Men were endeavouring to save themselves by Swimming; others were drown'd, and their Bodies cast ashore by the Waves upon the Sand. This Tempest put *Gonsalvo* in Mind of *Zayde's* Wreck, and of a Method to let her understand what he thought of her Affliction. He told the Painter he must add some Figures to the Piece, and represent at the Foot of one of the Rocks a beautiful Woman, leaning over the Corps of a dead Man stretch'd upon the Beach. She was to weep as she beheld him; and another Man was to be upon his Knees, striving to persuade her to leave the dead one. The Woman, without turning her Eyes towards him who was speaking to her, shou'd put him away with one of her Hands, and wipe her Tears with the other. The Painter promis'd *Gonsalvo* to follow his Directions, and began to design the Subject. *Gonsalvo* was satisfy'd, and begg'd him to use all the Application he cou'd; and then leaving the Gallery, went to find out *Zayde*; for in Despite of his Resentment, he cou'd not be absent from her long: But he was inform'd, that she had shut her self up in her Chamber, as soon as she came back from her Walk, and he cou'd not see her the whole Day. He was griev'd and fretted, and fear'd she hid her

self from him to punish him for what he had presum'd to intimate to her. The next Day she seem'd more serious than ordinary; but afterwards, she was as she us'd to be.

IN the mean time, the Painter proceeded upon what *Gonsalvo* had order'd, and *Gonsalvo* waited with Impatience till it was finish'd; and as soon as it was done, he led *Zayde* into the Gallery, as if to divert her with seeing the Painter work. At first he shew'd her the Pictures which were finish'd, and then caus'd her to view with Attention that of the Sea, which was now in hand. He pointed out to her the young Woman weeping over the dead Man, and when he found it engag'd her Eyes, and that she seem'd to know the Rock was that upon which she often walk'd, he took the Painter's Pencil, and wrote the Name *ZAYDE* under the Woman, and that of *THEODORIC* below the young Man upon his Knees. When *Zayde* read what he had wrote, she blush'd; and looking on him in Anger, snatch'd a Pencil and wip'd out the Figure of the dead Man, whom she rightly judg'd, *Gonsalvo* accus'd her of lamenting. Tho' he well knew he had displeas'd her, it was a wonderful Joy to him to see her expunge the Picture of Him whom he believ'd she lov'd: And tho' he might fancy this Action of *Zayde* was rather an Effect of her Displeasure, than a Proof of her not lamenting any one; yet he consider'd, that after the Love he had express'd to her, she did him an extraordinary Favour in being unwilling to let him believe she lov'd another. But the slender Hope this Reflection gave him, cou'd not entirely suppress his Fears.

ALPHONSO, who was blinded by no Passion, judg'd of the Sentiments of *Zayde*, very differently from *Gonsalvo*. I find, said he to him, that you were wrong in thinking your self unhappy. You are so, undoubtedly, in loving one whom in all Probability you cannot marry; but you are not unhappy in the Manner you imagin'd, for Appearances are very deceitful, if *Zayde* does not love you sincerely. It is true, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, if I may judge of her Sentiments by her Looks, I may flatter my self with some Hope. But, as I have told you, she looks on me for the Sake of that Resemblance, which creates me so much Jealousy. I don't know, reply'd *Alphonso*, whether your Notion of this Matter is exactly true; but if I were in his Place whom you believe she laments, I shou'd not be easy, that my Likeness made her behold any other Person with such favourable Eyes; nor is it possible the Idea of another shou'd produce those Sentiments which *Zayde* has towards you.

H O P E is natural to Lovers; if some of *Zayde's* Actions had kindled it in *Gonsalvo* before, this Discourse of *Alphonso* blew it into a Flame. He thought now that he saw *Zayde* did not hate him, and this gave him an uncommon Joy; but his Joy did not continue long. He fancy'd he ow'd all the Regard she shew'd him, to his Resemblance of his Rival; and that having lost a Man whom she highly lov'd, she had a Tenderness for another who was like him. His Love, his Jealousy and his Honour cou'd not approve an Inclination, which did not arise originally from himself, but from an Affection she had first had for another. Tho' *Zayde* lov'd him, he suppos'd

the only lov'd his Rival in him ; in short, he perceiv'd he shou'd be unhappy, tho' he were even assur'd of being lov'd. However he cou'd not but discern with Pleasure in the Manner of this beautiful Stranger's Behaviour, an Air very different from what she had formerly shewn ; and the Passion he had for her was so violent, that whatever he believ'd was the Occasion of those Marks of Inclination, it was impossible not to receive them with Transport.

ONE Day, when the Weather was very fine, seeing she did not stir out of her Chamber, he went thither to know if she wou'd not take a Walk. She was writing ; and tho' he made a Noise at entering the Room, he came up to her without being perceiv'd, and stood to observe what she wrote. She turn'd her Head by chance, and seeing *Gonsalvo*, blush'd, and hid the Writing, with an Emotion, which gave *Gonsalvo* no little Trouble ; for he presum'd she cou'd not be so deeply engag'd, and so surpriz'd, about a Letter which had nothing mysterious in it. This Thought made him uneasy ; he withdrew, and sought for *Alphonso* to reason with him about an Adventure, which fill'd him with Imaginations extremely different from what he had had till then. Having look'd after him some Time, and not finding him, at once a Fit of Jealousy carry'd him back to *Zayde's* Apartment ; he went in, but she was not there, being retir'd into a Closet with *Felima*. He saw a written Paper lying upon the Table half-folded, and cou'd not resist his Curiosity to look into it ; he open'd it, not questioning but it was the same he saw *Zayde* writing just before. In the Paper he found the Bracelet of
Hair,

Hair, she had lately recover'd from him, and as he was holding that and the Paper in his Hand, she came in, and ran directly to him to take them away : *Gonsalvo* drew some Steps backwards, as if he design'd to keep them, but with a submissive Gesture, as entreating her Leave to do it. *Zayde* gave him to understand, she wou'd have them from him, and with an Air of so much Authority, that it was impossible for a Man so in Love not to obey. It was with the utmost Pain however, that he restor'd to her a Thing which she believ'd she intended for another. He cou'd not conquer his Concern, but rush'd hastily out of that Chamber, and retir'd to his own. He found *Alphonso* there, who was come to see for him, having heard the other had been enquiring after him. When they were seated ; I am much more unhappy, my dear *Alphonso*, said he, than I thought : This Rival, whom I am jealous of, tho' I believ'd him dead, yet is certainly not dead : I have just now catch'd *Zayde* writing to him : I saw the Bracelet she took from me ; she is sending it to him, and therefore she must have heard News of him ; and must have some Body in Secret to carry him News from her : In a word, all my Hopes of Success were imaginary, and proceeded from my misinterpreting *Zayde's* Actions. She had Reason to blot out the Image of a dead Man, whom I shew'd her she was lamenting, because she knew He for whom she shed her Tears, was living. She had Reason to be so displeas'd at seeing the Bracelet in my Hands, and so joyful at recovering it, since she had made it for another. Ah ! *Zayde*, it is cruel to suffer me to hope ; for in Truth, you suf-
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fer me and your lovely Eyes do not forbid it. *Gonsalvo's* Grief was so great, that he cou'd scarcely pronounce these Words. *Alphonso*, having given him Time to compose himself, desir'd he would inform him how he came to know what he had now related, and whether *Zayde* had in a Moment found Means to make her self understood. Upon which *Gonsalvo* told him the Confusion she was in, when he surpriz'd her in Writing; how he found the Bracelet in the Paper she had writ; and how she forc'd it out of his Hands. In short, *Alphonso*, said he, one is never troubled so for an indifferent Letter: *Zayde* has no Correspondents here, nor any Affairs; nor can she write with such Earnestness, but concerning what passes in her own Heart, and it was not to me that she wrote: What now wou'd you have me think concerning that which I have seen? I wou'd not have you, reply'd *Alphonso*, imagine Things so improbable, and which give you so much Pain. Because *Zayde* blush'd, when you surpriz'd her in Writing, you believe she was writing to your Rival; and for my part, I believe, she loves you enough to blush every time you come in upon her by Surprise. Perhaps she wrote what you saw, with no other Design than to divert her self; she did not leave it with you, because it signify'd nothing, since you cou'd not understand it; and if she took the Bracelet from you, I own, I do not wonder at it; and tho' I am satisfy'd she loves you, I believe her prudent enough not to be willing to give a Bracelet of her own Hair to a Man perfectly unknown. But I do not apprehend what Reasons you have to conclude she designs to send it to another. We
have

have scarcely been from her since she came hither; no Body has spoken to her, and they who had Opportunity for it, do not understand her Language. How can you suppose then she can have receiv'd News from this Lover you are so jealous of, and have sent him Intelligence from her? I confess, said *Gonsalvo*, I torment my self more than I shou'd; but the Uncertainty I am in is an insupportable Condition. The Uncertainties of others are indifferent; they believe they are lov'd more or less, whereas I am toss'd from the Hope that *Zayde* loves me, to the Thought that she loves another; and am never assur'd for one Moment, whether what I see in her ought to render me happy or miserable. *Alphonso*, continued he, you take a Pleasure in deceiving me; say what you will, it was to a Lover only she was writing; and I shou'd be happy, if (after what I have seen,) I cou'd be in that Uncertainty which I complain'd of as the greatest Misfortune. *Alphonso* gave him so many Reasons to persuade him his Inquietude had no Foundation, that at last he in a Manner made him easy; and *Zayde*, who was going to walk out, compleated his Peace; for seeing them at a Distance, she came towards them with so much Sweetness, and with a Look so winning to *Gonsalvo*, that she dissipated a great Part of those terrible Anxieties she had rais'd in his Mind before.

THE Time he had appointed for her Departure, which was when the Ships sail'd from *Tarragona* to *Africk*, began to approach, and struck him with a mortal Sorrow. He cou'd not resolve to let her go, and as unjust as it was to detain her, he needed all his Reason and his
Virtue

Virtue to forbear it. I shall now deprive my self, said he to *Alphonso*, of *Zayde* for ever. This will be a Farewell without Hope of a Return. I shall not know in what Part of the World to seek her! She designs to go to *Africk*; but she is no *African*; and I am ignorant in what Country she was born. I will follow her, *Alphonso*, tho' in following her I never hope for the Happiness of finding her; tho' I know her Virtue, and the Customs of *Africk* will not permit me to be near her Person, I will go at least to end my miserable Life in the Place where she inhabits, and there will be Sweetness in breathing the same Air. I am a Wretch who no longer have a Country of my own; Chance has kept me here, and Love shall carry me away.

GONSALVO stood fix'd in his Resolution, notwithstanding any Pains *Alphonso* took to divert him from it. He was more uneasy than ever at not being able to understand *Zayde*, nor be understood by her; and reflecting upon the Letter he had seen her write, he fancy'd it was writ in *Greek* Characters; and tho' he was not certain of it, his Impatience to be inform'd, put him upon going to *Tarragona*, to meet with some Body who knew that Language. He had sent thither several times to procure an Interpreter; but not being sure what Language it was *Zayde* spoke, he cou'd not direct the Messengers what Country-Man to ask for; those he employ'd on this Errand therefore not succeeding, he now resolv'd to go thither himself. It was a difficult Undertaking; because he must thereby expose himself in a large Town to the Hazard of being known, and must leave *Zayde*:
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But his Desire to be able to converse with her made him neglect all these Considerations. He endeavour'd to make her understand, that he was going to seek an Interpreter, and disguising himself as well as he cou'd, he went to *Tarragona*, and repairing to the Quarter where the Foreigners were, found a great Number; but their Language was not that of *Zayde*: He enquir'd if there was no one who understood the *Greek* Tongue; the Person he spoke to, answer'd in *Spanish*, he belong'd to one of the Islands of *Greece*. *Gonsalvo* desir'd him to speak his Tongue; he did, and *Gonsalvo* knew it was the same as *Zayde*'s. By good Luck his Affairs not confining him to *Tarragona*, he agreed to accompany *Gonsalvo*, who gave him a Premium beyond his Wishes. They set out the next Morning by Break of Day, and *Gonsalvo* esteem'd himself more happy in having an Interpreter, than if he had won the Crown of *Leon*.

WHILE they were travelling, he began to inform himself in the Language; the first Words he learn'd were, *I love you*; and when he thought he shou'd be able to speak to *Zayde*, and that she wou'd understand him, he believ'd he shou'd be miserable no more. He arriv'd early at *Alphonso*'s House, and met him taking the Air, and imparting to him his Joy, ask'd where *Zayde* was. She had gone out a pretty while ago, *Alphonso* told him, to walk by the Sea-side. *Gonsalvo* hasten'd thither with his Interpreter, and went directly to the Rock where she us'd to be; he wonder'd she was not there; however he was not much alarm'd, but pursu'd his Search as far as to the Harbour, which she sometimes resorted, and then return'd
to

to the House, and from thence to the Wood; and all in vain. He sent to every Place where he thought she might be, and not finding her, began to presage his Misfortune. Night came on without his being able to get any Tidings; he was frantick at his Loss, and fearing some unhappy Accident, blam'd himself for having left her, and was afflicted beyond Expression. He rang'd about the Fields all Night with Torches, and tho' he had no Hope to meet her again, he wou'd not give over seeking; he call'd several Times at the Fishermen's Hutts, to ask if they had seen her, and cou'd hear no News. But in the Morning, two Women who were returning from the Cottage where they had lain the Night before, inform'd him that as they left their Hovel, they perceiv'd at a Distance *Zayde* and *Felima* walking by the Seaside; that in the mean while a Sloop arriv'd upon the Coast, out of which some Men came ashore; that *Zayde* and *Felima* were gone a good Way off, but the Men calling out to them, they presently turn'd back, and after they had talk'd together a great while, and shew'd by their Actions they were well enough pleas'd to see them, they went on board the Sloop, and put out to Sea.

GONSALVO, at this, look'd upon *Alphonso* in such a Manner, as express'd his Grief much more than any Words cou'd do. *Alphonso* was at a Loss what to say to comfort him. When the Company was all withdrawn, *Gonsalvo* breaking Silence, I have lost *Zayde*, said he, and have lost her in the Moment when I was able to make my self understood. I have lost her, *Alphonso*, and it is her Lover has carry'd her away, as
you

you may easily perceive by what these Women have told us. For Fortune wou'd not leave me ignorant of the only Thing, which cou'd inflame my Sorrow for the Loss of *Zayde*. I have lost her for ever; she is in the Hands of a Rival, and of a Rival whom she loves: It was to him, undoubtedly, that she wrote the Letter I saw; and the Design of it was to let him know the Place where he shou'd meet her. This is too much; this is too much; my Misfortunes wou'd suffice to make many miserable. Indeed I sink under them, and after having abandon'd every Thing, cannot bear to be tortur'd more in the Depth of a Desert, than I was in the Middle of a Court: Yes, *Alphonso*, cry'd he, I am more wretched by the Loss of *Zayde* than I was by all the Losses I ever sustain'd; Is it possible I cannot hope to see *Zayde* again? If I knew at least whether I had pleas'd her, or whether I was only indifferent to her, my Calamity wou'd not be so insupportable; and I shou'd understand what Kind of Grief I ought to embrace: But, if I have pleas'd *Zayde*, can I think of forgetting her; and ought I not to spend my Life in travelling the whole World to find her; and if she loves another, ought I not then to exert all my Endeavours to drive her from my Mind? Pity me, *Alphonso*; try to make me believe that *Zayde* lov'd me, or persuade me I am indifferent to her. What, continued he, if *Zayde* shou'd love me, and I shou'd never see her more! This wou'd be a Misfortune beyond being hated by her. But it is impossible I shou'd be unhappy, if *Zayde* loves me. Alas! I was just coming to know her the very Moment I have lost her, and what-
ever

ever Care she had taken to disguise her self, I shou'd now have discover'd her Mind; I shou'd have found out the Cause of all her Tears, I shou'd have learn'd her Country, her Fortune, and her Adventures, and have understood whether I ought to follow her, and where to seek her.

ALPHONSO cou'd make him no Reply, not being able to determine what to answer, in order to assuage his Sorrow. But having represented that he was not then in a proper Condition of Mind to take a Resolution, and that he shou'd summon in his Reason to help him to support his Misfortunes, he oblig'd him to go back with him to his House. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was in his Chamber, he call'd for his Interpreter, to explain some Words which he remember'd had been us'd to *Zayde*. The Interpreter explain'd several, and among them those which *Zayde* had often spoke to *Felima*, when she look'd upon him. He explain'd them so, that *Gonsalvo* was certain he was not deceiv'd, in believing she spoke of some Resemblance, and no longer doubted it was *Zayde's* Lover whom he resembled. Upon this he sent for the Women who had seen her go away, to know of them, if among the Men who carried her off, there was not one very like himself. But he could not satisfy his Curiosity; for the Women were too far off, when they saw them, to distinguish any Features, they only said there was one whom *Zayde* embrac'd. *Gonsalvo* cou'd not hear these Words without abandoning himself to Despair, and resolving to seek out *Zayde*, and kill her Lover before her Eyes. *Alphonso* set before him the Injustice and Impossi-

Impossibility of his Design; that he had no Right over *Zayde*; that she was engag'd with this Lover before she had seen him; that perhaps he was her Husband; that he knew not in what Part of the World to look for her; and if he found her, it wou'd probably be in a Place where his Rival wou'd have too much Authority for him to execute what his Rage prompted him to undertake. What wou'd you have me do then? reply'd *Gonsalvo*; d'ye think it possible I can live in the Condition I am now in? I wou'd have you, said *Alphonso*, bear this, which is a Calamity relating to Love only, as you have already borne the Evils which belong'd both to Love and Fortune. My having endur'd so much, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, makes me that I can bear no more: I will go seek out *Zayde*, to know from herself that she loves another, and dye at her Feet. Yet no; I will not; added he: I shou'd deserve my Misery, if I went to seek her, after she has left me in such a manner. The Respect, and even Adoration, I paid her, might have mov'd her at least to tell me of her going. Acquaintance alone might have oblig'd her to that; and since she did it not, she must have added Contempt to Indifference. I flatter'd my self too much, when I imagin'd she did not hate me, and ought never to think of following her. No; I will not follow you, *Zayde*. I yield to your Arguments, *Alphonso*, and see I have nothing to do, but to finish, as soon as I can, the Remainder of a miserable Life.

HE seem'd fix'd in this Resolution, which something quieted his Spirits; but his Melancholy was such notwithstanding, that it mov'd
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Compassion; he spent whole Days in the Places where he had seen *Zayde*, as if he were looking after her there. He kept his Interpreter to teach him the *Greek* Tongue; and tho' he was persuaded he shou'd see *Zayde* no more, it was a Pleasure to him to know if he were to see her, he was able to understand her. In a short time he learn'd that which cost others several Years. But when this Employment was at an end, which had a sort of Relation to *Zayde*, he was more dejected than before.

HE often reflected upon the Severity of his Fate; which after it had overwhelm'd him with so many Troubles at *Leon*, made him feel one incomparably more touching, in depriving him of the Person, who was dearer alone to him than the Fortune, the Friend, and the Mistress he had lost. As he was observing this unhappy Difference between his past Distresses and the present, the Promise he made *Don Olmond* to let him hear from him, came into his Mind; and as painful as it was to think on any thing but *Zayde*, he judg'd he ow'd this Token of Gratitude to a Man, who had express'd so great a Friendship to him. He wou'd not inform him exactly of the Place where he was; and only sent to desire he wou'd write to *Tarragona*, that his Retreat was not far off; that he was now without Ambition, and had no more Resentment against *Don Garcia*, nor Hatred to *Ramirez*, nor Love for *Nugna Bella*, and yet that he was more wretched than when he left *Leon*.

ALPHONSO was mov'd to the Heart at *Gonsalvo's* Condition; he was never from him, and attempted all he cou'd to moderate his Affliction.

fiction. You have lost *Zayde*, said he; and as unhappy as you are, there is one sort of Infelicity, at least, of which you are ignorant. To be the Cause of your own Disasters, is an Unhappiness you have never known, and is what will torture me eternally. If it will be any Consolation, pursu'd he, to learn by my Example, that you may still be more unfortunate than you are, I am willing to recite to you the Accidents of my Life, whatever Grief the sad Remembrance of them may give me. *Gonsalvo* cou'd not forbear shewing such a Desire to know what had oblig'd him to confine himself to a Desert, that to answer his Curiosity, and convince him he was the more miserable of the two, *Alphonso* thus began the History of his Troubles.



The HISTORY of Alphonso and Belafire.



YOU know, Sir, that I am call'd *Alphonso Ximenes*; and that my Family has some Lustre in *Spain*, by being descended from the first Kings of *Navarre*. As I design only to make a Relation of my last Misfortunes, I will not present you with an Account of my whole Life. Several Passages in it were remarkable enough; but since, 'till the Time I am speaking of, I had been unhappy merely by the Fault of others, and not my own,

own, I shall pass them over, and only say, I have experienc'd an Anguish equal to any thing which the Treachery and Inconstancy of Women is able to inflict. I was far from designing to Love any Woman, and thought such Engagements very uneasy; and tho' there were a great many Beauties in the Court, who wou'd have been pleas'd with me, I had only that Respect for them which is due to the Sex. My Father, who was then living, wish'd to see me marry'd, from the Chimera, which is so common to most People, of desiring to keep up their Name. I had no Aversion to Marriage; but my Knowledge of the Women made me resolve never to marry a Beauty; and after having suffer'd so much by Jealousy, I had no Mind to run the Hazard of feeling that of the Lover and of the Husband together. I was in this Disposition, when my Father told me one Day, that *Belafire*, the Daughter of the Count of *Guevarre*, was come to Court: That she was very considerable, both on Account of her Fortune and her Birth, and that he was ambitious to have her for a Daughter-in-Law. His Wish, I answer'd, was in vain; for I had heard of *Belafire* before, and knew no body had ever been able to please her; that I knew also she was handsom, which was enough to make me have no Thought of marrying her. He ask'd me, whether I had seen her; I answer'd, that all the times of her coming to Court I was Abroad in the Army, and I knew her only by Report. I desire you will see her then, said he; and if I were as certain of your being able to please her, as I am she will induce you to change your Resolution of never marrying

rying a handsome Woman, I shou'd have no doubt of your making her your own.

A few Days after I found *Belafire* with the Queen: I desir'd her Name, not questioning but it was she; and she ask'd me mine, believing also that I was *Alphonso*. We both of us guess'd what we had enquir'd, and readily gave one another our right Names, and talk'd together with a freer Air, than became us in a first Conversation. I found *Belafire*'s Person extremely charming, and her Wit far beyond what I had imagin'd. I was asham'd, I told her, not to have known her sooner; but I shou'd be very glad to know her no longer, being sensible how extravagant it was to dream of pleasing her, and how difficult not to desire it; adding, that as hard as it was to come at her Heart, I shou'd certainly form such a Design, if she ever ceas'd to be handsome; but while she continu'd as she was, I wou'd not undertake it for my Life. I begg'd her also to assure me flatly, that it was impossible to gain her Love, least a false Hope shou'd betray me to alter my Resolution of never making my Addresses to a beautiful Woman.

THIS Conversation, which had something unusual in it, happen'd to please *Belafire*. She spoke very favourably of me, and I spoke of her as of a Person in whom I found a certain Amiability and Merit superior to other Women. I enquir'd with the utmost Care who were her Admirers, and was inform'd the Count *de Lare* had been in Love with her violently, that his Passion had continu'd a long time, that he was kill'd in the Army, having thrown himself headlong into Danger, after he had lost all Expectation

tion of marrying her. I was told also several others had try'd the Experiment, but in vain; and that it was now given over as a thing which every one was perswaded cou'd never be accomplish'd. This Impossibility, I have mention'd, made me apprehend a mighty Pleasure to my self in surmounting it. I had no Design however to attempt it; but I saw *Belafire* as often as I cou'd; and as the Court of *Navarre* is not so rigid as that of *Leon*, I easily found Opportunities.

THERE had yet been nothing serious between us; I spoke to her with a Smile, of the Separation we were under one from another, and of the Joy I shou'd have if she were to change her Face and her Sentiments. I thought my Conversation did not offend her, and that she was pleas'd with my Wit, because she found I was sufficiently convinc'd of hers. As she had a Confidence in me, which allow'd me a perfect Liberty of Speech, I entreated her to let me know the Reasons of her refusing so inflexibly those who had address'd her. I will answer you sincerely, said she, I was born with an Aversion to Marriage, the Bonds of it always seem'd too severe. I thought it was only a precipitate Passion which cou'd blind People so far, as to neglect the Reasons which are against so troublesome an Engagement. You wou'd not marry, added she, for Love; and for my Part I do not comprehend how one can marry without Love, and without a Love vehement and extreme; and I am so far from having a Passion, that I never had so much as the least Inclination for any one. If I am not marry'd therefore, *Alphonso*, it is because I
never

never lov'd. How, Madam, reply'd I, did no body ever please you? Did your Heart never receive an Impression? Was it never mov'd at the Name and the Sight of those who ador'd you? No, said she, I am a Stranger to all Sentiments of Love. But not of Jealousy surely, cry'd I: Yes, even of Jealousy, said she. Ah, Madam, answer'd I, if it is so, I am convinc'd you never had an Inclination for any. It is true, said she, no one ever pleas'd me, nor have I found a Temper which was engaging, or agreed with mine.

I don't know what Effect *Belafire's* Words might have upon me, or whether I was not already in Love with her without perceiving it; but the Idea of a Heart like hers, which had never been affected, carry'd in it something so new and charming, that I was struck, this very Moment, with an Ambition to acquire the Glory of touching a Mind, which all the World believ'd insensible. I was no longer the Man, who had begun a Conversation without Design; I ran over in my Thoughts all she had told me; and fancy'd that when she said she never found a Person who pleas'd her, I saw by her Eyes she excepted me: In short, I had Hope enough to sooth me into Love, and from this Time I became more impassion'd of *Belafire*, than I had ever been of any one beside.

I will not repeat how I adventur'd first to let her know I lov'd her. As I had always convers'd with her in a Vein of Rallery, it was not easy to change my Manner, and speak in earnest. However, this gave me room to say Things, which I cou'd not otherwise have presum'd to mention 'till after a long Preparation.

Thus I lov'd *Belafire*, and was happy enough to please her ; but not to persuade her that I lov'd her. She had a natural Distrust of Men ; and tho' she had a higher Esteem of me than of any other, and consequently more than I deserv'd, she did not give Credit to my Words. Her Deportment towards me, however, was entirely different from that of other Women ; and there was Something so noble in her, and so sincere, that it surpris'd me. It was not long before she confess'd the Inclination she had for me, and even acquainted me with the Advance I had gain'd in her Heart ; and as she conceal'd Nothing which was to my Advantage, she also told me that which was otherwise. She did not believe, she said, that I lov'd her truly ; and 'till she was better convinc'd of it, she wou'd never consent to marry me.

I cou'd not to express my Joy at this wonderful Success, and to see the Embarrassment and Trouble she was involv'd in, by a Passion hitherto unknown. How transporting was it to know the Confusion *Belafire* was under, to find she was no longer Mistress of her self, and that she had Sentiments in her Breast which she cou'd not controul. I felt a Rapture in this Beginning beyond Imagination ; and he who never tasted the Pleasure of kindling an extravagant Passion in a Heart, which had not experienc'd the gentlest Impression before, may justly say he is a Stranger to the true Pleasures of Love. If I had an exquisite Delight in discovering *Belafire's* Tenderness to me, her doubting my Love, and the Impossibility I thought there was of satisfying her of it, gave me extreme Disturbance. This Inquietude brought fresh into my Mind
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the Opinion I had always entertain'd concerning Marriage; I was plunging, I saw, into the Misfortunes I had so much fear'd, and shou'd not be able to convince *Belafire* that I lov'd her; or if I did, and if she had a real Affection for me, I shou'd yet be expos'd to the Unhappiness of having her Love decline. Marriage, said I, will lessen her Passion, and she will love me only out of Duty; and perhaps she may fancy another. In a word, I represented to my self the Misery of Jealousy in such a manner, that as much as I admir'd *Belafire*, I resolv'd to press the Thing no farther, and preferr'd the Trouble of living without her, to that of living with her and not being lov'd.

BELASIRE was soon in the same Perplexities of Mind as my self: We open'd our Thoughts freely to each other, and talk'd about the Reasons we had never to become related. Several times we resolv'd to break off our Acquaintance, and took Leave with a Design to execute our Resolution; but our Resolution was so weak, and our Inclination so strong, that the Moment we parted, we thought of nothing but how to meet again. After a long wavering on either side, I remov'd *Belafire's* Scruples, and she quieted mine; she promis'd to consent to our Marriage, as soon as those upon whom we depended, had settled the necessary Measures. Before it cou'd be finish'd, her Father was oblig'd to leave the Court, being sent to the Frontiers by the King, to sign a Treaty with the *Moors*; and we were forc'd to wait his Return. In the mean time I was the happiest Man in the World; I regarded nothing but *Belafire*; I lov'd her passionately, and admir'd

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her beyond all Women, and thought I was at the Point of possessing her for ever.

I visited her with all the Freedom of a Man, who was shortly to be her Husband: When one Day my evil Genius put me upon desiring of her the History of the Steps her former Lovers had taken to gain her Favour; because it wou'd be a Pleasure to me, to see the Difference between her Behaviour towards them and towards myself. She repeated their Names, and told me all the Methods they had pursu'd; adding, that those who persever'd the longest, were those she most dislik'd; and that the Count *de Lare*, who had lov'd her to his Death, never pleas'd her at all. I know not why; but after I heard this, I had more Curiosity about the Count than about all the others. His extraordinary Constancy struck my Mind; and I begg'd her to relate every Particular which pass'd between them: She did; and tho' she said nothing which cou'd give me Offence, a Kind of Jealousy sprung up in my Heart. I perceiv'd, that if she had express'd no Affection for him, yet she had shewn at least a wonderful Esteem; and I suspected she had not declar'd all her Sentiments concerning him. I wou'd not speak my Thoughts, but withdrew in more Disturbance than usual. I slept little, and had no Rest 'till I saw her again the next Day, and made her repeat the Story. It was impossible she shou'd have mention'd at first all the Circumstances of a Passion which had continu'd several Years; accordingly she told me Things now, which she omitted before, and which I believ'd she had conceal'd out of Design. I ask'd her a thousand Questions, and intreated her upon my Knees to answer them
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sincerely: But tho' her Answers were such as I wou'd have wish'd, I fancy'd they were only fram'd to humour me; and if she told me some Things which were in favour of the Count, I concluded she kept many more conceal'd; in short, Jealousy with all its Horrors took Possession of my Soul. I now suffer'd her to have no Rest; I cou'd no longer talk to her of Love; all my Conversation ran upon the Count *de Lare*, and I was out of my Wits, for having reviv'd his Actions in her Mind. I resolv'd to mention him no more, but I was perpetually recollecting some Circumstance or other, which I wanted to have explain'd; and whenever this Discourse was began, it was a perfect Labyrinth to me, and I cou'd not get out of it; and I was equally eager to speak of him and to forbear.

I pass'd whole Nights without Sleep. *Belafire* appear'd to me no longer the same Person. What was the Charm, said I, which kindled up my Passion? Was it not the Notion that *Belafire* never lov'd any one before? and yet, by all she herself has told me, she cou'd certainly have no Aversion to the Count *de Lare*. She has express'd too great an Esteem for him, and treated him too civilly; and unless she had lov'd him, she wou'd have hated him for the tedious Solicitation he gave her, by himself and by his Relations. No, *Belafire*, you have deceiv'd me; you are not the Woman I believ'd you to be; I ador'd you as one who had never lov'd; it was this gave Birth to my Affection; but you are such no more; and it is just I shou'd recall all my former Fondness. Yet if she told me true, reply'd I, what an Injustice do I offer,
F 3 her!

her! and how much do I injure myself in renouncing the Pleasure I shou'd have in being lov'd by her?

UPON this, I resolv'd to talk with her once more, imagining I cou'd explain to her what it was which made me uneasy more exactly, and clear up the whole Affair with her in so happy a manner, as to leave no Suspicion. I did as I resolv'd; but this time of speaking was not the last; for the next Day I resum'd the Discourse with more Warmth than before; and *Belafire*, who had shewn an unparallell'd Patience and Goodness till now, and had borne all my Surmises, and labour'd to remove them, began to be weary'd with the Continuance of a Jealousy so violent and ill-supported.

ALPHONSO, said she to me one Day, I see plainly these Fancies you have entertain'd are going to extinguish your Love; but you must also remember, they will infallibly destroy mine to you. Consider, I conjure you, about what it is you torture me, and about what you torture your self: It is about a dead Man, whom you cannot believe I lov'd, since I did not marry him; for if I had lov'd him, my Relations wou'd have willingly consented to the Match, and there was Nothing to oppose it. I am indeed, Madam, answer'd I, jealous of a dead Man, and it is this which makes me desperate; for if the Count were living, I cou'd judge by your mutual Behaviour at present, concerning what is pass'd, and your Conduct to me might convince me you did not love him. I might then have the Pleasure in marrying you, to deprive him of the Hope you had secretly given him, notwithstanding all your Professions

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to me of the contrary. But he is dead, and perhaps dy'd perswaded that you wou'd have lov'd him, if he had liv'd. Ah, *Belafire*, I cannot be happy, whenever I think another Person besides me, has been able to flatter himself that you lov'd him. But *Alphonso*, said she, if I lov'd him, why did I not marry him? Because, I reply'd, you did not love him enough for that, and the Reluctance you have to Marriage cou'd not be overcome by a moderate Passion. I am well perswaded you love me better than you did the Count *de Lare*; yet the Love you had for him, as little as it was, ruins all my Peace: I am no longer the only Man who has pleas'd you; I am no longer the first who shew'd you what it is to Love; your Heart has been affected by a former Impression: In short, Madam, the Circumstance which produc'd my Happiness is vanish'd, and you no more appear of that invaluable Price in my Eyes.

BUT how have you been able to be easy, *Alphonso*, said she, with others whom you lov'd! I wou'd fain know whether you found in them a Heart unacquainted with a former Passion. I never propos'd it, Madam, I reply'd, nor hop'd to find it among them. I did not suppose them incapable of loving others beside my self; I was contented with believing they had never lov'd any so well. But, Madam, the Case is different with respect to your self; I always regarded you as one above the Passion of Love, and who wou'd not have known it but by me; and it was a Pride and Delight to me at once, to be able to make so extraordinary a Conquest: For Pity's Sake therefore leave me no longer in this Uncertainty; but if you have

suppress'd any Thing relating to the Count *de Lare*, declare it; for the Merit of confessing it, and your Sincerity will afford me some Consolation perhaps under what I shall hear. Clear up my Suspicions, and suffer me not to set a Value upon you higher than I ought, or at least than you deserve.

IF you have not lost your Reason, said *Belafire*, you may see plainly, that since I have not satisfy'd you, I never shall be able to do it: But if I cou'd add any Thing to what I have already told you, this alone wou'd be an infallible Proof that I never fancy'd the Count, that I affirm it as I do. Had I lov'd him, Nothing cou'd have made me disown it; for I shou'd think it a Crime to disclaim my good Opinion of a Man, who had deserv'd it, after his Death. Rest secure then, *Alphonso*, I never knew any Person who had it in his Power to give you the least Uneasiness. Convince me of this, Madam, cry'd I, repeat it a thousand times; give it me in Writing, and restore to me the exquisite Pleasure of loving you, as I wish to do; and above all, pardon me the Torture I have presum'd to create you. I afflict my self more than you, and if the Condition I am in cou'd be prevented, I wou'd gladly do it with the Loss of my Life.

THESE last Words made an Impression upon *Belafire*; she saw I was not Master of my own Sentiments; and promis'd to put down in Writing all her Thoughts and Actions relating to the Count *de Lare*. Tho' I had heard the Story from her Mouth over and over, it pleas'd me to think I shou'd now read it written by her own Hand. The next Day she perform'd her Promise, and sent me an exact Relation of all the
Count

Count *de Lare's* Behaviour, and the Measures she had us'd to cure his Passion, and the Reasons which might satisfy me that what she had told me was true.

THE whole was express'd in such a manner, as ought to have silenc'd my capricious Fancies for ever; but it had a contrary Effect. I began to be enrag'd at my self for obliging *Belafire* to employ so much Time in thinking upon the Count *de Lare*. Those Parts of her Paper where she enter'd into Particulars were insupportable to me, as shewing how well she preserv'd in Memory the Actions of a Man who was indifferent to her; and when she was more general and short, I believ'd there had been some Circumstances, which she had not dar'd to disclose; in short, I turn'd it all to Poyson, and went to visit her ten times more provok'd and desperate.

SHE, who knew fully what Reason I had to be satisfy'd, was offended at my unjust Resentments, and gave me to understand it with more Warmth than ever. As angry as I was, I made the best Excuse I cou'd, being sensible I had wrong'd her, but it was not in my Power to exercise Discretion. I told her, the extreme Delicateness I shew'd about her Sentiments concerning the Count *de Lare*, was a Demonstration of my Affection and Esteem for her; that it was only the infinite Value I set upon her Heart, which produc'd such violent Fears of its having receiv'd any small Impression from another: In short, I said all I cou'd imagine to justify my Jealousy; but *Belafire* did not approve my Defence. What I mention'd, she told me, might occasion some light Concern, but so per-

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sisting a Suspicion cou'd arise only from my bad and ungovernable Temper; that I made her in pain for the future Part of her Life, and if I continu'd thus, she shou'd be oblig'd to change her Mind.

I trembled at these Menaces, and throwing my self at her Knees, protested she shou'd hear of my Uneasiness no more; and indeed I thought I shou'd be able to subdue it; but this lasted only for a few Days. I soon began to vex her again; I often again begg'd Pardon; but convince'd her as often that I shou'd always believe she had lov'd the Count, and that this Opinion wou'd make me unhappy for ever.

I had long ago contracted an intimate Friendship with a Man of Quality, call'd *Don Manric*, whose Merit was equal to the Sweetness of his Manners: The Union there was between us, introduc'd one also between him and *Belafire*; I was not displeas'd at their Acquaintance; but on the contrary took a Delight to promote it. He had observ'd me several times in my froward Fits, and tho' I kept no Secrets from him, yet I was so asham'd of this foolish Imagination, that I cou'd not let him know it. He came in one Day to see *Belafire*, when I had been more extravagant upon this Subject than usual; and she was more than ordinarily tir'd with my fantastical Jealousy. *Don Manric* discern'd by our Looks, that we had been disputing; I had always begg'd her not to discover my Weakness to him, and repeated my Request when he was coming in; but she was willing to shame me, and without giving me Time to prevent her, told him the Occasion of my Disturbance. He seem'd astonish'd, and
thought

thought it so groundless, and reproach'd me for it so severely, that he cut me to the Heart. You may judge by this whether I had not urg'd her too far, and how violent a Disposition I had to be jealous.

By the manner of his censuring me, he seem'd to have been pre-instructed by *Belafire*. I saw I had exceeded the Bounds of Reason, but still I conceiv'd I ought not to be condemn'd absolutely, at least not by one who was in Love with *Belafire*: For I imagin'd *Don Manric* was so himself, and had been for some Time, and that he thought my being lov'd by her again was such a Happiness, that I cou'd have no Occasion to complain, if she had once had a Kindness for another. I fancy'd also *Belafire* was sufficiently aware that *Don Manric's* Regard to her was something more than Friendship, and that, according to the common Infirmary of Women, she was not ill-pleas'd at it; and without suspecting her being Unfaithful to me, I was jealous of her Intimacy with a Man whom she might apprehend to be her Lover. *Belafire* and *Don Manric*, who saw me so discompos'd, were very far from divining the Cause of my Perplexity. They try'd to relieve me by all the Arguments they cou'd invent, but what they said madded me the more. I left them; and when I was alone, the new Misfortune I had incurr'd appear'd to me infinitely beyond the former. I then perceiv'd I had been a Fool to fear a Man who cou'd hurt me no longer; and that I ought to dread *Don Manric* on every Account. He was graceful, and *Belafire* had a great Esteem and Friendship for him: She saw him often; she was weary of my Caprices and
Resent-

Resentments ; she seem'd to unburthen herself to him, and insensibly to admit him into the Place I had possess'd in her Heart. In short, I was more in Pain for *Don Manric* than I had ever been for the Count *de Lare*. I knew indeed he was in Love with another, and had been for a long while ; but she was so inferior to *Belafire*, that I cou'd have no Security from that Passion.

As it was my Destiny that I was not able entirely to abandon my self to my Suspicions, and had still Reflection enough remaining to keep me unresolv'd, I was not so unjust as to believe *Don Manric* made it his Endeavour to deprive me of *Belafire*. I suppos'd he might become enamour'd of her without knowing or designing it ; and that for the sake of our Friendship he might labour to overcome such an Inclination, and by not speaking of it to her, he might let her see he had no Expectation of Success. I thought I had no Reason to be offended at him, since his Regard to me restrain'd him from declaring himself. And as I had been jealous of a dead Man, without knowing whether I had grounds for it or no, I was now jealous of my Friend, and look'd upon him as my Rival, without thinking I had sufficient Cause to hate him. It is needless to tell you what I felt from so strange a Situation of Mind ; you will readily imagine it. When I met *Don Manric*, I excus'd my concealing from him my Uneasiness about the Count *de Lare* ; but said not a word to him of my new Suspicion. I never mention'd it neither to *Belafire*, lest it might forfeit me her Favour if she knew it. And as I was satisfy'd she lov'd me very well,

I believ'd, if I cou'd command my self not to appear fanciful and indiscreet, she wou'd never leave me for *Don Manric*; and thus my Interest oblig'd me not to let my Jealousy appear. I begg'd Pardon also of *Belafire*, and assur'd her I was perfectly come to my Senses, and was haunted with my Chimera's no more. She was extremely pleas'd to hear it, tho' by her exact Knowledge of my Temper, she clearly discern'd I was not so easy as I wou'd seem to be.

DON MANRIC continu'd to visit her, as before; and the rather, because of the mutual Confidence there was between them about the Affair of my unreasonable Suspicion. As *Belafire* had observ'd I was displeas'd at her speaking of it to him, she never touch'd upon it again in my Presence; but whenever she found me disturb'd, she made her Complaint to him, and desir'd him to assist her to pacify me. It was my Misfortune to see her break off Discourse with him two or three times as I was coming into the Room; you will imagine what an Effect such an Accident must have upon a Mind so jealous as mine. However I saw so much Tenderness in *Belafire's* Heart to me, and she seem'd so joy'd whenever she found me chearful, that I cou'd not persuade my self she lov'd *Don Manric* enough, to have a Design on foot with him; nor that *Don Manric*, who meant only to prevent my embroiling my self with her, entertain'd a Thought of practising upon her Affections; yet I was not able to determine what Sentiments he had towards her, or she with Respect to him; and very often I did not know my own; in short I was in the most wretched Condition a Man ever experienc'd.

COMING

COMING in one Day as she was talking softly to *Don Manric*, I fancy'd she did not suspect I observ'd it; and it came into my Mind, that she had often told me, while I teas'd her about the Affair of the Count *de Lare*, that she wou'd make me jealous of a living Man in order to cure my Jealousy concerning one who was dead. I thought it was to fulfill her Threatning, that she acted thus with *Don Manric*, and wou'd seem to me to have Secrets with him: This Supposition lessen'd my Concern; and for several Days I said nothing to her about it, but at last resolv'd to speak.

I went to her with this Intention, and falling upon my Knees before her; I must acknowledge, Madam, said I, that the Design you had to torture me, has succeeded. You have given me all the Inquietude you can wish; and have made me feel, as you several times promis'd me, it is far more terrible to be jealous of a living Man, than of a dead one. I deserv'd indeed to be punish'd for my Folly; but I am punish'd too much; and if you knew what I have suffer'd by these Things, which I believe you have done with this Design, you wou'd see it is in your Power to make me unhappy whenever you please. What is it you mean, *Alphonso*? answer'd *Belafire*; you imagine I have contriv'd to give you Jealousy, and don't you know I have endur'd too much by what you have had already in my Despite, to desire to create you more? Ah! Madam, said I, do not go on to grieve me; I have suffer'd enough for once; and tho' I am sensible the Manner of your conversing with *Don Manric* was intended only to execute the Menaces you de-

denounc'd against me, it has given me inexpressible Sorrow. You have lost your Reason, *Alphonso*, reply'd *Belafire*, or else you do this on purpose to trouble me; as you say I have contriv'd to torture you. You can never persuade me, it was in my Thoughts to make you jealous, or that you cou'd possibly be so. But, added she, looking upon me, after having been jealous of a dead Man whom I did not love, I wou'd fain have you be jealous of a living one who does not love me. How, Madam, answer'd I, had you no Intention to make me jealous of *Don Manric*? Have you merely follow'd your Inclination in treating him as you have done? Was it not for the Sake of giving me Suspicion that you broke off talking with him, and chang'd the Discourse upon my coming in? Ah! Madam, if it is so, I am more unhappy than I thought, and am the most unfortunate Man in the whole World. You are not the most unfortunate, said *Belafire*, but you are the most unreasonable, and if I were to follow my Judgment, I shou'd break with you utterly, and never see you again while I liv'd. But *Alphonso*, continu'd she, is it possible you shou'd be jealous of *Don Manric*? And how shou'd I not, Madam? answer'd I, when I see you carry on a Correspondence with him which you conceal from me? I conceal it, said she, because you were offended when I spoke to him of your Caprices, and I was unwilling to let you understand I talk'd with him upon this unpleasing Subject, and of the Vexation it caus'd me. Do you complain, Madam, return'd I, of my Temper to my Rival, and yet think I have done amiss in being jealous? I complain'd of
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it to your Friend, said she, not to your Rival. *Don Manric* is my Rival, cry'd I; nor are you able, I believe, to deny it. And for my Part, said she, I don't think you dare to tell me he is, knowing, as you do, that for whole Days together he talks to me only about your self.

I don't indeed, said I, suspect *Don Manric* tries to ruin me with you; but he may love you notwithstanding. I believe also he never mentions his Love; but as you behave to him, he will declare it very soon, and the Hope your Conduct will inspire into him, will easily help him to overcome the Scruples which may arise from our Friendship. Is it possible a Man can lose his Understanding to that Degree? cry'd *Belafire*. Do you consider your Words? *Don Manric*, you say, speaks to me on your behalf; and is in Love with me, and yet never speaks in Favour of himself. Can you suppose such wild Improbabilities? Don't you believe I love you, and that *Don Manric* loves you also? Yes, Madam, I reply'd, I believe both. How can you imagine then, said she, I love you, and love *Don Manric* too? and that *Don Manric* loves me, and loves you likewise? *Alphonso*, you displease me mortally by shewing such an unreasonable Mind? I see it is an incurable Evil; and that if I resolve to marry you, I must at the same time resolve to be the most wretched Woman living. I certainly love you very well; but not well enough to purchase you at such a Price. The Jealousies of Lovers are always tiresome, but those of a Husband are both tiresome and dangerous. You place what I shou'd suffer if I had marry'd you, so clearly before my
Eyes,

Eyes, that I believe I shall never consent. I love you too much not to be deeply touch'd to see I shall not pass my Life with you, as I hop'd to do: Leave me alone, I beseech you; your Words and your Sight serve only to inflame my Grief.

THUS saying, she turn'd away without staying for my Reply; and going into her Closet, lock'd the Door, and refus'd to open it notwithstanding all my Intreaties. I was forc'd to return home in such Confusion and Despair, that I wonder I did not lose the small Remains of Reason I had yet retain'd. I went to *Bela-fire* the next Day, and found her very dejected: She spoke to me mildly and even with Kindness, but let fall no Expression which cou'd make me fear she intended to forsake me. I fancy'd the might try to take such a Resolution, and, as one is ready to flatter one's self, I believ'd she wou'd soon entertain other Thoughts. I begg'd Pardon for my Weaknesses, as I had done a hundred times before; and desir'd her to say nothing to *Don Manric*; and conjur'd her, upon my Knees, to alter her Behaviour to him, and no longer use him so well as to make me uneasy. I will not mention your Folly, said she, to *Don Manric*, but I shall change nothing in my Manner of conversing with him. If he had a Love for me, I wou'd never see him, tho' it wou'd not trouble you, but he has only Friendship; you know your self he loves another; I esteem and honour him; you consented I shou'd; to be offended at it therefore is absurd and extravagant: And if I shou'd satisfy you about him, you wou'd quickly be in the same Condition on Account of some other Person, as you are now upon
his.

his. For this Reason you must not think to make me alter my Conduct, for it is certain I never shall.

I am willing to believe, answer'd I, that all you say is true, and that you do not think *Don Manric* loves you ; but I believe he does, Madam, and that is sufficient. I know you have only a Friendship for him ; but it is a sort of Friendship so tender and so full of Confidence, Esteem and Approbation, that tho' it may not proceed from Love, I have Cause to be jealous, and fear it shou'd take up too great a Portion of your Heart. Your Refusal to change your Carriage towards him, shews I dread him justly. To convince you, said she, that I refuse it not on his Account, but wholly upon your own, if you shou'd require me not to see the Man whom I most despis'd, I wou'd deny you, as I have done to break off my Friendship to *Don Manric*. I believe it, Madam, said I, but it is not the Man you despise most, of whom I am jealous ; it is a Man whom you love well enough to prefer him to my Repose. I suspect you neither of Infirmary nor Change ; but I own, I cannot bear you shou'd have affectionate Sentiments for any one besides my self. I confess also, it stabs me to the Heart, to see you do not dislike *Don Manric*, when you know he loves you ; and I think the Happiness of loving you without being hated by you, ought to belong to me alone. Allow me that which I have requested, and consider how far this Jealousy is from deserving your Displeasure. To these Words I added all the Expressions I cou'd invent to obtain the Thing I wish'd ; but it was utterly impossible.

A considerable Space of Time pass'd after this, during which I grew more and more jealous of *Don Manric*; but I govern'd my self so far as to hide it from him; and *Belafire* had the Prudence not to speak to him of it, but made him believe my Uneasiness arose only from the Affair of the Count *de Lare*. However she did not alter her Conduct with *Don Manric*, and as he was ignorant of my Sentiments, he convers'd with her as formerly; and thus my Jealousy increas'd, and came to such a Height that I persecuted *Belafire* incessantly.

AFTER this Vexation had continu'd a long Time, and this beautiful Creature had in vain endeavour'd to cure me of my Frenzy, I heard for two Days together that she was ill, and in a Condition very different from that in which I left her. The third Day she sent for me; I went to her, and found her in a deep Melancholy, which I apprehended was her Distemper. She made me sit down by the Side of her Couch upon which she was lying, and after some Moments Silence, *Alphonso*, said he, I believe you see plainly that I have try'd for some Time to take up a Resolution to disengage my self from you. Whatever Reasons I had to determine me to do it, I don't think I shou'd have been able to accomplish it, if you had not given me Power by those extraordinary Infirmities you have shewn. If they had been only in a moderate Degree, and I cou'd have perswaded my self it was possible to recover you from them by good Conduct on my Part, how austere and cautious soever it had been, the Passion I have for you wou'd have caus'd me to embrace it with Joy. But as I perceive this Malady of your Mind is beyond

beyond a Remedy, and that when you find no Subject to torture your self about, you make Occasions from Things which never were, and which will never be, I am constrain'd, both for your Repose and my own, to acquaint you that I am absolutely resolv'd to break with you, and not to marry you. I must tell you also, since this will be the last Conversation we shall have together, that I have no Inclination for any Person beside your self; and that you alone have been capable of affecting me. But since you have confirm'd me in the Opinion I had, that it is impossible to be happy in loving any one; you, who are the only Man I have found deserving to be lov'd, rest assur'd I will love none, and that the Impression you have made in my Heart is the only one it has known, or will ever receive. I desire also you will not imagine I have too great a Friendship for *Don Manric*; I refus'd to alter my Deportment towards him, merely to see whether your Reason wou'd not return to you, and to have an Opportunity of giving my self back to your Arms, if I had understood your Temper cou'd admit a Cure; but I have not been so happy; this alone was the Reason of my not complying with your Request; this Reason is now ceas'd; I sacrifice *Don Manric* to you, and have intreated him to see me no more; I beg Pardon for discovering your Jealousy to him; but I cou'd not avoid it, and he wou'd have learn'd it from our Separation. My Father arriv'd here yesterday in the Evening; I told him my Resolution, and he is gone at my Request to impart it to your Father. Think not then, *Alphonso*, to make me change my Mind; I have done what will fix this Design

Design before I let you know it. I delay'd it as long as I cou'd, and perhaps more out of Love to my self, than to you. Rest assur'd no one will ever be lov'd so solely, and so faithfully as you have been.

I can't tell whether *Belafire* spoke farther ; but as my Consternation was so great when she first began, that I had not Power to interrupt her, my Spirits fail'd at the last Expressions ; I fainted away, and what she or the Servants did I know not ; but when I recover'd I found myself in my own Bed, and *Don Manric* by me, with all the Actions of a Man in as much Despair as my self.

WHEN we were alone, he omitted Nothing to justify himself from the Suspicions I had entertain'd of him, and to express his Grief at being the innocent Cause of my Misfortune. As he lov'd me heartily, he was extremely mov'd at my Condition. I fell very ill ; and was convinc'd, but too late, of the Injustice I had done my Friend. I conjur'd him to forgive me, and to wait upon *Belafire* from me and beg Pardon of her, and endeavour to move her Heart. He went to her House, and was told she cou'd not be seen ; he call'd there again every Day, while I lay ill, but equally in vain. As soon as I was able to walk, I went thither my self, and had the same Answer ; and the second time I call'd, one of her Women told me from her, that I shou'd come no more, for she wou'd not see me. When I found there was no Hope of seeing *Belafire*, I thought I shou'd have expir'd. I always believ'd her great Affection to me, wou'd have reconcil'd her, if I cou'd but speak with her ; but since she wou'd not grant me a Hearing,

ring, I was wholly in Despair, and the Despair of possessing *Belafire* was certainly insupportable to one who appear'd to be so near it; and lov'd her so excessively. I attempted by all Means imaginable, to get to her; but she shun'd me so studiously, and kept so retir'd, that it was utterly impossible to do it.

ALL the Consolation I had, was to go and pass the Night under her Window; but I never had the Pleasure to find it open. One Day I fancy'd I heard it open as I walk'd below; and the next Day I thought the same; in short, I flatter'd my self that *Belafire* had a Mind to look at me without being seen, and that she came up to the Window, when she heard me going away. I resolv'd therefore to seem to depart at my usual Hour, and to come back immediately in to order try if I cou'd discover her; I did as I design'd; I walk'd down to the End of the Street, as if I was going home, and heard the Window open distinctly; I return'd in an Instant, and imagin'd I saw *Belafire*; but as I approach'd, I perceiv'd a Man creeping up close to the Wall under the Window, as if he wou'd conceal himself. I know not how, but in spite of the Darkness of the Night, I thought it was *Don Manric*; this made me frantick; I believ'd *Belafire* lov'd him, that he was come thither to talk with her, and that she open'd the Window for him; in a word, I concluded I ow'd the Loss of *Belafire* to him. In this Agitation I drew, and we began to fight with Fury; I found I had wounded him in two Places, but he continu'd to defend himself. At the Noise of our Swords, or by *Belafire's* Orders, there came some out of her House to part us. *Don Manric* knew
me

by the Light of the Torches ; he started back some Paces ; and I advanc'd to seize his Sword, but he drop'd it, and with a feeble Voice, Is it you, says he, *Alphonso* ? And is it possible I shou'd be unfortunate enough to engage with you ? Traytor, cry'd I, it is I who will take your Life ; for you deprive me of *Belafire*, and pass the Nights at her Window, which is close shut to me.

DON MANRIC, who was leaning against the Wall, supported by some Persons, not having Strength to stand, look'd on me with Eyes full of Tears ; I am very unhappy, said he, always to make you uneasy ; but I have this Comfort under my cruel Destiny, that I lose my Life by your Hands. I am dying, and the Condition I am in, ought to satisfy you of the Truth of my Words. I swear to you, I never had a Thought of *Belafire*, which cou'd give you Offence. The Love I had to another, and which I did not hide from you, brought me out to-Night ; I thought I was watch'd ; I thought I was pursu'd ; I ran very fast, and having turn'd thro' several Streets, stopp'd where you discover'd me, not knowing it was *Belafire's* Lodging. This is the Truth, my dear *Alphonso* ; I conjure you not to afflict your self for my Death ; I forgive you with my whole Heart, continu'd he, holding out his Arms to embrace me ; when his Spirits failing, he sunk down in their Hands who sustain'd him.

WORDS cannot express what I then conceiv'd, and the Rage I had against my self : Several Times I resolv'd to run my Sword thro' my Body, especially when I saw *Don Manric* expire. I was led off from him : And the Count de
Guevarre,

Guevarre, *Belafire's* Father, who came out at hearing *Don Manric's* Name and mine, had me home, and put me into my Father's Hands. I was never left alone, because of the Desperation I was in; but the Care to watch me had been ineffectual, if my Morals had allow'd me to put an End to my own Life. The Grief I knew *Belafire* wou'd receive from an Accident which happen'd on her Account, and the Noise it wou'd make in the Court, plung'd me in Despair; and when I consider'd that all the Misery she wou'd suffer, and all I was my self overwhelm'd with, proceeded wholly from my own Fault, I was in a Fury not to be imagin'd.

THE Count *de Guevarre*, who had retain'd a great Friendship for me, came to see me often. He forgave me this unhappy Action, on Account of my Passion for his Daughter. I learn'd by him that she was inconsolable, and that her Sorrow kept no Bounds. I understood her Temper and how delicate she was in her Reputation, well enough to know without being told, what she must feel by so dreadful an Adventure. Some Days after, I heard a Servant of *Belafire's* had a Message to me from her; I was in Transports at so dear a Name; I sent for him in, and he deliver'd me the following Letter.

Belafire's LETTER to *Alphonso*.

OUR Separation has made the World so insupportable to me, that I can no longer live in it with Pleasure; and this late Accident has wounded

wounded my Reputation so deeply, that I cannot continue in it with Honour. I am going to retire to a Place, where I shall not have the Shame of hearing the different Judgments which are pass'd upon me. It was the Opinion you entertain'd of me, which has occasion'd all my Sorrows. Yet I cou'd not resolve to depart without bidding you adieu, and confessing to you, that I love you still, as unreasonable as you may be. The Affection I have for you, and the Remembrance of that you have had for me, will be all the Sacrifice I have to make to God in dedicating myself to his Service. The austere Life I am going to embrace, seems pleasant to me; for nothing can be hard, after having endur'd the Pain of rending myself from him who loves me, and whom I lov'd beyond all Things. I must acquaint you also, that the Resolution I have taken will be able to place me out of the Power of the Inclination I have for you; and that since our Parting, whenever you appear'd in that Place where you caus'd so much Confusion, I was prepar'd to have spoke to you, and told you I cou'd not live without you. And I don't know whether I shou'd not have told you of it that Evening you attack'd Don Manric, and gave new Proofs of those Suspicions which have produc'd all our Misfortunes. Adieu, Alphonso; think of me sometimes, and, for my Repose, wish I may never think of you.

THERE wanted nothing to finish my Distress, but to know *Belafire* lov'd me still; and perhaps wou'd have receiv'd me again, if it had not been for my last Extravagance; and that the same Accident which had drawn me to kill my best Friend, had lost me my

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Mistress, and forc'd her to make herself miserable for the Remainder of her Life.

I ask'd him, who brought me the Letter, where *Belafire* was; he told me she was conducted to a Monastery of a very severe Order, lately arriv'd from *France*; and when she went in, she gave him a Letter for her Father, and another for me. I ran directly to the Convent, and desir'd to see her; but in vain. I met the Count *de Guevarre* returning from thence; all his Authority, and all his Intreaties were unavailing to make her recal her Resolution; and soon after she took the Habit. As long as it was in her Power to quit the House, her Father and I employ'd all our Efforts with her to do it. I wou'd not leave *Navarre*, as I had design'd, 'till I had utterly lost the Hope of seeing *Belafire* again. But the Day I understood she was fix'd for ever, I retir'd without saying any Thing. My Father was dead, and I had no body to detain me there. I went into *Catalonia*, with an Intention to embark, and go and conclude my Life in the Desarts of *Africk*. I happen'd to lodge at this House; I lik'd it; it was Solitary, and exactly such as I desir'd. I purchas'd it, and have here these twenty Years led such a sorrowful Life, as he ought to do, who has kill'd his Friend, and made the most deserving Woman miserable, and by his own Fault lost the Happiness of having her in his Arms: Do you now think, Sir, that your Misfortunes can be compar'd with mine?

At these Words *Alphonso* ceas'd, and seem'd so sunk with Sadness, at the recalling his Misfortunes afresh into his Mind, that *Gonsalvo* fear'd several

several times he wou'd expire. He said every thing which he thought might give him Comfort; and cou'd not forbear acknowledging in his Heart, that the Calamities he had heard, might at least be oppos'd to those he himself had suffer'd.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, his Concern for the Loss of *Zayde* increas'd every Day; he told *Alphonso* he wou'd leave *Spain*, and serve under the Emperor in the War against the *Saracens*, who had possess'd themselves of *Sicily*, and invaded *Italy* with continual IncurSIONS. *Alphonso* was touch'd to the Quick with this Resolution, and did his utmost to dissuade him from it; but in vain.

THE Inquietude of Love wou'd not let *Gonsalvo* rest in this Solitude; and he was eager to depart, from a secret Hope, which he was not himself aware of, that he shou'd be able to find out *Zayde*. He resolv'd therefore to leave *Alphonso*. Never was a more melancholic Parting; they talk'd over all the Calamities of their Lives, among which they number'd this of their not seeing each other again; and having promis'd to keep a mutual Intelligence, *Alphonso* stay'd behind in his Desert, and *Gonsalvo* set forward to lye at *Tortosa*.

HE lodg'd by a House, whose Gardens were the greatest Ornament of the City. He walk'd out all the Evening, and part of the Night, upon the Banks of the *Eber*; and being weary sat down at the End of a Terrass belonging to those beautiful Gardens. The Terrass was so low, that he heard some Persons, who were taking the Air upon it, talk. This did not waken him out of his Musing; but at last he was

rouz'd by the Sound of a Voice, which he thought was very like *Zayde's*, and which, in spite of him, engag'd his Curiosity and Attention. He stood up to be as near the Head of the Terrass as he cou'd; but heard nothing, because they who were walking, being come to the End of the Path, were turn'd back and gone to Distance. He waited, to see whether they wou'd come forward again; it happen'd as he wish'd, and he heard the same Voice, as had before surpris'd him. The Things upon which my Joy depends, said she, are too irreconcilable. I can never hope to be happy; but I shou'd complain less, if I were able to make him know my Sentiments, and were assur'd of his. After these Words, *Gonsalvo* heard no more with Distinction, because she who spoke was walk'd away too far. She drew near a second time, still continuing her Discourse; It is true, said she, the Violence of first Impressions may excuse this which I have suffer'd to arise in my Heart; but what a strange Accident wou'd it be, if this Inclination, which at present seems so favour'd by my Destiny, shou'd one Day serve only to give me Pain. This was all *Gonsalvo* cou'd understand. The extraordinary Resemblance of the Voice to that of *Zayde* astonish'd him; and perhaps he wou'd have suspected it to be the same, if this Person had not spoke in *Spanish*; and tho' he perceiv'd she had a sort of Foreign Accent, he did not regard it, because they were upon the Borders of *Spain*; where the Pronunciation is different from that of *Castile*. He only pity'd her who spoke, and imagin'd by her Words
there

there was something extraordinary in her Fortune.

THE next Day he left *Tortosa*, to go and take shipping; and having travell'd some time, he saw in the Middle of the *Eber* a splendid Barge with a magnificent Canopy drawn up on both the sides, and several Women under it, among whom he distinguish'd *Zayde*. She was standing up, as for the Convenience of having a better Prospect of the River; and yet she seem'd in a deep Contemplation. One must, like *Gonsalvo*, have lost a Mistress without hoping ever to set Eyes on her again, to be able to express what he felt at the Sight of *Zayde*: His Surprise and Gladness were so great, that he knew not where he was, nor what he saw; he gaz'd heedfully on her, and examining all her Features, was afraid he was mistaken. He cou'd not conceive, that one whom he thought separated from him by an ample Sea, shou'd be parted only by a River. He wou'd fain have got up to her, and spoke, and have made her see him, but he was afraid to displease her, and did not dare to draw Observation upon himself, and shew his Joy before those who were with her. A lucky Chance so unforeseen, and such a Swarm of different Thoughts, left it not in his Power to come to any Resolution; but after he was a little settled, and was convinc'd he was not deceiv'd, he determin'd not to discover himself to *Zayde*, but to follow the Barge to Land. He hop'd he shou'd find Means to speak to her alone, and expected to learn the Place of her Birth, and whither she was going, and even fancy'd that by viewing the Company in the Barge, he shou'd be

able to discern whether the Rival, he suppos'd himself to be like, was with her; in a word, that he shou'd put an End to all his Uncertainties, or at least demonstrate to *Zayde* the Love he had for her. He wish'd heartily she had turn'd her Eyes towards him; but she was musing so earnestly, that she look'd only upon the River.

IN the midst of his Joy, he call'd to mind the Person he had overheard in the Garden at *Tortosa*; and tho' she spoke *Spanish*, the Foreign Accent he remark'd in it, and his seeing *Zayde* so near the same Place, made him believe it might be she herself. This Reflection disturb'd his Pleasure; he remember'd what that unknown Woman in the Terrass had said about a first Impression; and as willing as a Man is to flatter himself, he was too much persuaded *Zayde* had a Lover whom she admir'd, to suppose himself concern'd in that Impression. Yet the other Words she spoke, which he still retain'd, yielded him some Hope. He fancy'd it was not impossible, but there might be something in it to his Advantage; and then he fell to doubting whether it was *Zayde* he had overheard, and thought it very unlikely she shou'd have learn'd *Spanish* in so short a time.

AT last, the Trouble these Uncertainties occasion'd vanish'd, and he wholly resign'd himself to the Joy of finding *Zayde* again; and without considering whether she lov'd him or not, he thought of nothing but the Transport he shou'd have in being look'd upon by her enchanting Eyes. However, he follow'd the Barge along the River-side; and tho' he walk'd very fast, a Party of Horse who were at his Back got before

fore him. He turn'd out of the Way to avoid being seen; but one of them happening to be by himself at a small distance from the rest, his Curiosity to gain some Information concerning *Zayde*, made *Gonsalvo* neglect his Caution to conceal himself, and ask the Trooper if he knew who those Persons were in the Barge. They are People of Distinction, reply'd he, among the *Moors*, who have been at *Tortosa* a few Days, and came to hire a Vessel to carry them to their own Country. As he said this, he look'd stedfastly upon *Gonsalvo*, and rode with a full Gallop to overtake his Comrades.

GONSALVO was surpris'd exceedingly at what he had heard, and no longer doubted, since *Zayde* had tarry'd in *Tortosa*, but it was she he had heard talking in the Garden. The winding of the River, and the rising of the Ground, made him lose Sight of *Zayde*. In the same Instant, the whole Body of Horse, who had pass'd him, came back to him; he concluded then they knew him, and wou'd have quitted the Road; but they surrounded him so, that he saw it was impossible to escape them. He perceiv'd, he who headed them was *Oliban*, a principal Officer of the Guard to the Prince of *Leon*, and was vex'd to the Soul to find himself known by him; but it touch'd him far deeper, when the Officer told him, he had been seeking him several Days, and had Orders from the Prince to bring him to Court.

WHAT, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, is not the Prince content to have us'd me as he has done, but will he also take away my Liberty! This is the only Good that was left me, and I will rather perish than suffer it to be ravish'd from me:

At this he drew his Sword, and without considering the Number of those who enclos'd him, attack'd them so fiercely, that he kill'd two or three in an Instant. *Oliban* bid the Guards only endeavour to seize him, and secure his Life. It was with Difficulty they obey'd him, and *Gonsalvo* ply'd them so furiously, that they cou'd not defend themselves without engaging him. In short, the Captain being astonish'd at his incredible Bravery, and fearing he shou'd not be able to execute the Prince's Instructions, dismounted, and kill'd *Gonsalvo's* Horse with his Sword. The Horse so encumber'd his Master in the Fall, that he cou'd not free himself; his Sword broke, and he was encompass'd at once. *Oliban* represented to him, with a world of Civility, the Multitude there was against him, and the Impossibility of resisting. *Gonsalvo* was too sensible of it, but he thought it such an infinite Misfortune to be carry'd back to *Leon*, that he cou'd not consent to it. To have found *Zayde*, and instantly to lose her again, render'd him absolutely desperate, and he seem'd to be in such a Confusion, that *Oliban* believ'd it was his Apprehension of the ill Treatment he shou'd receive from the Prince, which gave him this extreme Aversion to return. Sir, said he, you must certainly be ignorant of what has pass'd at *Leon* some time since, or else you cou'd not be so afraid of going thither again. I am ignorant, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, of every Thing; I only know you wou'd do me a greater Pleasure to take away my Life, than to conduct me to the Prince. I wou'd inform you farther, reply'd *Oliban*, if the Prince had not expressly forbid me;

I shall only add therefore, that you have Nothing to fear. I am in hope, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, that my Anguish at being brought back to *Leon*, will prevent my being in a Condition, when I arrive there, to gratify the Prince's Cruelty.

As he ended these Words, he look'd towards the Bark in which *Zayde* was sailing; but he cou'd not see her Face; for she sat upon the farther Side, and turn'd her Head away. Was ever Destiny like mine? said he to himself. I lose *Zayde* the very Moment I have found her. When I saw her first, and talk'd with her in *Alphonso's* House, she cou'd not understand me; and now when I have met with her at *Tortosa*, and cou'd have been understood by her, she did not know me; and tho' I see her, and know her, and she cou'd understand me, I have it not in my Power to speak to her, and have no Hope to see her again. He stood musing a-while in these various Thoughts, and turning at once to those around him; I believe, said he, you are in no fear of my escaping; I beg the Kindness of you therefore to let me go to the Brink of the River, and speak a few Words to the People in yonder Barge. I am extremely sorry, answer'd *Oliban*, that my Orders permit me not to grant what you desire; but I am forbid to let you speak to any one whomsoever, and you will suffer me to perform my Injunctions.

GONSALVO was struck so sensibly at this Refusal, that the Commander, who observ'd his Resentment, and fear'd he shou'd call the Company in the Barge to assist him, order'd his Troop to have him off to Distance from the River. They obey'd immediately, and carried

Gonsalvo to a Place where they cou'd have the most convenient Accommodations for the Night. The next Morning they took the Road to *Leon*, and march'd so speedily that they reach'd it in a few Days. *Oliban* dispatch'd one of his Men to advise the Prince of their Arrival, and waited for his Return a little Way off from the City. The Messenger came back with Orders to bring *Gonsalvo* to the Palace by a private Way, and to introduce him directly into the Prince's Closet. *Gonsalvo* was so dispirited that he resign'd himself to them, without so much as asking whither they were conveying him.

End of the First Part of Zayde.





Z A Y D E.

P A R T II.



WHEN *Gonsalvo* came into the Palace of *Leon*, the Sight of the Place where he had once been so happy brought the Ideas of his Fortune fresh into his Mind, and reviv'd his Hatred of *Don Garcia*. His Grief for losing *Zayde* gave way a few Moments to the impetuous Resentments of his Rage, and he was wholly taken up with an eager Desire to make the Prince understand he despis'd all the ill Usage he cou'd receive at his Hands.

WHILE he was in this Situation, he saw *Hermenefilda* enter the Room, accompany'd only with the Prince of *Leon*. The seeing these two Persons together in that particular Place, and at Midnight, so amaz'd him, that he cou'd not conceal his Surprise. He drew back several Steps, and his Astonishment discover'd so evidently

dently in his Looks the Thoughts which crowded in upon his Imagination, that *Don Garcia* immediately began, Am I not deceiv'd, my dear *Gonsalvo*? Do you know the Changes which have happen'd in the Court? Are you in doubt whether *Hermenefilda* is lawfully my own? She is; and there is nothing wanting to my Happiness, but to have you consent to it, and be a Witness of it. Thus saying he embrac'd him, and *Hermenefilda* did the same; and both of them entreated him to forgive the Misfortunes which they had created him. It is I, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, throwing himself at the Prince's Feet, it is I, who ought to ask Pardon for letting those Suspicions appear, which I own I cou'd not avoid; but I hope you will forgive them to the first Violence of so extraordinary a Surprise, and the little Prospect I had of your doing my Sister so superlative a Grace. You may hope every thing, reply'd *Don Garcia*, from her Beauty and my Love; and I conjure you to forget what she has done without your Conscience, in favour of a Prince whose Heart she perfectly understood. The Success, Sir, has justify'd her Conduct so well, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, that she has Reason to complain of the Hindrance I wou'd have given to her Happiness.

AFTER these Words, *Don Garcia* told *Hermenefilda* it was late, and perhaps she might be willing to retire; and that he shou'd be glad to stay a little with *Gonsalvo*.

WHEN they were alone, he embrac'd him with the highest Signs of Affection; I cannot presume to hope, said he, you shou'd forget what has pass'd; I only beg you to remember
the


the Friendship there has been between us, and to believe nothing has made me wanting in what I ow'd to you, but a Passion which always deprives those of their Reason whom it invades. I am so amaz'd, Sir, return'd *Gonsalvo*, that I cannot answer: I am in doubt of what I see; and cannot believe I am happy enough to find the same Kindness reviv'd in you, as I have formerly seen. But suffer me, Sir, to ask you, to whom I owe this fortunate Restoration. You ask me a great many Things, reply'd the Prince, and tho' I had need of a longer space of Time to inform you, I will answer you in a few Words, being unwilling to delay for a Moment that which will be able to justify me to you.

HE was going then to relate the Beginning of his Passion for *Hermenefilda*, and the Part *Don Ramirez* had in it; but to shorten his Trouble, *Gonsalvo* told him, he had heard all that had pass'd to the Day of his leaving *Leon*, and he wanted to know only what had happen'd since.





*The HISTORY of Don Garcia and
Hermenefilda.*

 YOU went away, undoubtedly, said *Don Garcia*, upon discovering that I had the Weakness to consent to your Removal; and the Mistake *Nugna Bella* committed in sending you a Letter she writ to *Don Ramirez*, appris'd you of what had been kept secret from you with so much Care. *Don Ramirez* receiv'd the Letter which was writ to you, and made no Question but the other which was for him, had fallen into your Hands. He was extremely troubled, and I was not less; for our Faults were common, tho' with a Difference. Your Departure made him glad, as it did me also at first; but when I reflected upon the Condition you were in, and consider'd that I was the Cause of it, I thought I shou'd have dy'd with Grief. I was distracted, I perceiv'd, in having so studiously conceal'd from you my Love to *Hermenefilda*, and thought my Sentiments towards her were not of a Nature to be disapprov'd; I was several Times on the Point of sending after you, and had done so, if I had been alone in the Offence; but the Interest of *Nugna Bella* and *Don Ramirez* was an invincible Obstacle to your Return. I did not let them know my Thoughts, and try'd, as much as was possible,

possible, to forget you. Your Departure made a Noise, and every one spoke of it according to his Fancy.

As soon as I was no longer restrain'd by your Counsels, but follow'd those of *Ramirez*, who, for his own Service, wish'd to see the Government in my Hands, I embroil'd my self with the King entirely; who then saw he was mistaken in believing it was you who put me upon the Things he dislik'd. Our Misunderstanding increas'd; and the Queen, my Mother, employ'd her good Offices in vain; and Matters went so far, that it was not doubted but I design'd to put my self at the Head of a Party. I do not think, however, I shou'd have resolv'd upon it, if the Count, your Father (who understood, by those he had plac'd about her, the Love I had for his Daughter) had not offer'd me, in case I wou'd marry her, Troops, Places and Money, and whatever in short was necessary to oblige the King to admit me Partner in the Crown.

You know the Sway my Passions have over me, and in what a degree Love and Ambition reign'd in my Heart. These were both gratify'd by such an Offer; and my Virtue was too weak to resist, not having you with me to support it. I embrac'd the Overture with Joy: But before I engag'd absolutely, I wanted to discover who were in the Party of which I was making my self the Head. There were several Persons, I found, of Consideration: Among others, the Father of *Nugna Bella*, one of the Counts of *Castile*, who with *Nugnez Fernando* insisted that I shou'd acknowledge them for Sovereigns.

THIS

THIS Proposal surpris'd me, and I was somewhat aſham'd to do a Thing ſo prejudicial to the State, out of a precipitate Impatience to reign: But *Don Ramirez*, for his own Intereſt, aſſiſted to determine me. He promis'd thoſe who negotiated for the Counts, to prevail with me to grant what they deſir'd; provided they aſſur'd him he ſhou'd have *Nugna Bella*. He oblig'd me alſo to aſk her for him, which I did very gladly. It was agreed on, and our Treaty was concluded ſhortly after.

I cou'd not bear to ſtay till the End of the War, to marry *Hermenefilda*; but ſent *Nugnez Fernando* Word I was reſolv'd to retire from Court, and carry her away with me. He conſented; and I wanted now only to contrive the Means. *Don Ramirez* was as much concern'd in this as my ſelf, becauſe *Diego Porcellos* thought it proper that *Nugna Bella* ſhou'd accompany *Hermenefilda*. We pitch'd upon a Day, when the Queen ſhou'd go to take the Air out of the City, and agreed to make him who drove the Chariot in which *Nugna Bella* and *Hermenefilda* were, break Company with that of the Queen, and carry them to *Placentia*, which was under my Command, where *Nugnez Fernando* was to meet us.

THIS was all executed more happily than we had hop'd. I marry'd *Hermenefilda* the ſame Evening as we arriv'd; Decency and my Love requiring it; and it was neceſſary, in order to fix the Count of *Caſtile* entirely in my Intereſt. In the miſt of the Joy we both poſſeſs'd, we talk'd of you with the deepeſt Sorrow. I confeſs'd to her the Cauſe of your Departure; and we lamented together our Unhappineſs in not knowing

knowing to what Part of the World you were gone. I cou'd not be comforted for your Loss, and beheld *Don Ramirez* with Horror, as the Author of my Crime. His Marriage was put off; *Nugna Bella* chusing to wait for *Diego Porcellos* her Father, who was detain'd in *Castile* to assemble the Forces he had rais'd.

IN the mean time the greater Part of the Kingdom declar'd for me. The King neglected not to provide a considerable Army to oppose me. There were several Engagements, in one of the first of which *Don Ramirez* was kill'd upon the Spot. *Nugna Bella* was exceedingly griev'd; and your Sister, who was a Witness of her Affliction, took Pains to comfort her. In less than two Months I made such a Progress, that the Queen, finding it was impossible to withstand me, brought the King to an Accommodation, having convinc'd him it was absolutely necessary. She came to the Place where I was, and told me the King was resolv'd to consult his Ease, that he resign'd the Crown in my Favour, and reserv'd to himself only the Sovereignty of *Zamora* to end his Days there, and that of *Oviedo* to bestow upon my Brother. It was difficult to refuse so advantageous an Offer; I accepted it; and every Thing necessary was perform'd, to put the Treaty in Execution. I went to *Leon*, and saw the King; he laid down his Crown, and set out the same Day for *Zamora*.

PERMIT me, Sir, interrupted *Gonsalvo*, to express my Astonishment. Restrain your self, answer'd *Don Garcia*, till I have told you what relates to *Nugna Bella*. I don't know whether what I am going to say, will give you Joy or
Sorrow,

Sorrow, because I am ignorant what your present Sentiments are concerning her. Perfectly indifferent, return'd *Gonsalvo*. Then you will hear me without Uneasiness, reply'd the King; Immediately upon the Peace, she went to *Leon* with the Queen; I thought she wish'd for your Return; I spoke to her of you, and found she repented severely of her Unfaithfulness. We resolv'd to make Inquiry after you, tho' it was very difficult, it not being known whither you were withdrawn. If any one knew, she said, it was *Don Olmond*. I sent to him that Moment, and conjur'd him to give me some Information about you. He answer'd, that since my Marriage and *Ramirez's* Death, he was going several Times to mention you to me, rightly judging that the Reasons which caus'd your Removal were ceas'd; but not knowing where you were, he thought it wou'd signify nothing; that he had receiv'd a Letter from you, but you did not acquaint him with the Place of your Retirement, and only desir'd he wou'd write to you at *Tarragona*; which made him think you were not out of *Spain*.

I presently dispatch'd several Parties of my Guards to search for you, and judg'd by your Letter to *Don Olmond* that you were ignorant of the Changes which had happen'd. I enjoyn'd them to say nothing to you concerning the State of the Court, or my Sentiments, and I promis'd my self an infinite Pleasure in letting you know both, by my own Relation. A few Days after, *Don Olmond* also set out in Quest of you, believing he shou'd find you sooner than those I had employ'd. I thought *Nugna Bella* seem'd over-joy'd at the Hope of your coming

coming back ; but her Father, whom I had acknowledged for a Sovereign as well as yours, sent to ask Leave of the Queen to recall her home. As unwilling as they were to part, *Nugna Bella* cou'd not avoid it ; she went, and as soon as she was arriv'd in *Castile*, her Father marry'd her to a *German* Prince, whom his Devotion had brought into *Spain*. He imagin'd he saw in this Stranger an extraordinary Merit, and on that Account made choice of him for his Daughter ; he has Sense, perhaps, and Valour ; but his Humour and his Person are not agreeable ; and *Nugna Bella* is very miserable.

THIS, said the King concluding his Discourse, is what has pass'd since your Departure : If you love *Nugna Bella* no more, and love me still, I have all I wish ; for you will be as happy as ever, and I shall be perfectly so, by the Renovation of your Friendship. Your Goodness, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, confounds me ; and I am afraid I cannot sufficiently express my Gratitude and Joy. But the habitual Sadness I have contracted by my Misfortunes, and by Solitude, leaves such an Impression on me as belies the Sentiments of my Heart.

AFTER these Words, *Don Garcia* withdrew, and *Gonsalvo* was conducted to an Apartment prepar'd for him in the Palace. When he was alone, and reflected on the little Joy he took in so advantageous a Change, what Reproaches did he not heap on himself for being so entirely abandon'd to Love ?

IT is you alone, *Zayde*, cry'd he, who hinder my rejoycing at the Restoration of my Fortune, and of a Fortune which even exceeds
that

that which I lost. My Father is a Sovereign, my Sister is Queen, and I am reveng'd of all those who betray'd me. Yet I am wretched; and wou'd give up all these Advantages for the Opportunity which is snatch'd from me, of following and beholding you.

THE next Day the whole Court knew of his Return. The King was continually shewing the Affection he had for him, and took Pains to give Publick Testimonies of it, by way of Reparation of what was pass'd. But so illustrious a Favour did not comfort this dejected Lover for the Loss of *Zayde*; he was not able to hide his Affliction: The King perceiv'd it, and press'd him so earnestly to declare the Cause, that *Gonsalvo* cou'd not refuse it. Having told him his Passion for *Zayde*, and all that had befallen him since his leaving *Leon*; See, Sir, said he, how I have been punish'd for daring to maintain against you, that one ought not to love till after a long Acquaintance. I have been deceiv'd by one whom I thought I knew; yet this Experience cou'd not protect me against *Zayde* whom I knew not, and to whom I am still a Stranger; and who, notwithstanding, imbitters the happy Condition in which you have generously plac'd me.

THE King was too sensible of Love, and too much affected with what concern'd *Gonsalvo*, not to be mov'd at his Misfortune. He consider'd with him what cou'd be done to get News of *Zayde*; they agreed to send to *Tortosa*, to the House where *Gonsalvo* had over-heard her talking, and endeavour at least to gain some Intelligence concerning her Country and the Place

Place whither she was gone. *Gonsalvo*, who was willing to apprise *Alphonso* of what had happen'd to him since his leaving his Solitude, improv'd this Opportunity to write to him, and renew the Assurances of his Friendship.

IN the mean Time, the *Moors*, making Advantage of these Disorders in *Leon*, had surpris'd several Places, and without declaring War continued to enlarge their Borders. *Don Garcia*, impell'd by his natural Ambition, and assisted by the Valour of *Gonsalvo*, resolv'd to enter their Country, and recover all they had usurp'd. *Don Ordogno* his Brother joyn'd him, and they brought a powerful Army into the Field. *Gonsalvo* was General, and in a short Time made a considerable Progress; he took some Towns, and succeeded in several Engagements, and finally besieg'd *Talavera*, a very important Place both by its Situation and Greatness. *Abderame* King of *Cordova*, *Abdala's* Successor, march'd in Person against the King of *Leon*. He advanc'd toward *Talavera* in Hope to raise the Siege. *Don Garcia*, with the Prince his Brother, detach'd the greater Part of the Army to fight him, leaving *Gonsalvo* with the Remainder to pursue the Siege. *Gonsalvo* gladly accepted the Charge, and the Assurance either of Conquest or Death, made him fearless of the Event. He had receiv'd no Advices concerning *Zayde*; his Passion for her, and his Desire to see her again, tortur'd him more than ever; insomuch that in all his Fortune and his Glory, Life was so unpleasing, that he ardently embrac'd any Occasion to put an End to it. The King advanc'd against *Abderame*, and found him encamp'd in an advantageous Post of a Day's March

March from *Talavera*. Several Days pass'd before they came to Action; for the *Moors* wou'd not quit their Lines, and *Don Garcia* was not strong enough to attack them. *Gonsalvo*, in the mean while, judg'd it impossible to carry on the Siege, because not having Troops enough to enclose the Town on every Side, they cou'd receive Succours by Night, which might enable the Besieg'd to make Sallies which he cou'd not sustain. As he had made a considerable Breach he resolv'd to hazard a general Assault, and attempt by so daring an Enterprize to execute a Thing which he look'd upon as desperate. He perform'd what he design'd; and having given the necessary Orders, attack'd the Town before Break of Day; and with so much Courage and Persuasion of Victory, that he inspir'd his Soldiers with the same Sentiments. They did Actions beyond Belief; and in less than two Hours, *Gonsalvo* became Master of the Town. He did all he cou'd to hinder the Pillage, but it was impossible to restrain the Troops who were animated with the Hope of Booty.

As he walk'd thro' the Town to prevent Disorders, he saw a single Man who defended himself against several, and endeavour'd to get into a Fort which was not yet surrender'd. They who attack'd him press'd on fiercely, and were going to wound him in several Places, if *Gonsalvo* had not rush'd between and commanded them to retire. He reproach'd them for their ungenerous Conduct; but they excus'd themselves, by saying he whom they were engaging was Prince *Zulema*, who had kill'd an infinite Number of their Comrades, and was striving to throw himself into the Fort. The Name of this Prince was too celebrated,

brated, both for his Dignity and his general Command of the *Moorish* Armies, not to be known to *Gonsalvo*. He came up to him; and this brave Man, seeing he cou'd defend himself no longer, yielded his Sword with an Air so noble and intrepid, that *Gonsalvo* did not doubt his being worthy of the high Reputation he had acquir'd. He deliver'd him in Charge to his Officers, and proceeded to the Fort to summon it to surrender. Upon his promising those who were in it their Lives, the Gates were open'd; and as he enter'd he understood there were a great many *Arabian* Ladies within, who had retreated thither. He was conducted to their Apartment, which was very splendid, and adorn'd with all the Elegance of the *Moors*: And in it were several Women upon Cushions, who only shew'd their Grief at being made Captives, by a melancholic Silence. They were at a Distance, as by way of Respect, from one who was magnificently dress'd, and lying on a Couch. Her Head was lean'd upon one of her Hands, and she wip'd her Tears and hid her Face with the other, as if she were willing for a few Moments to keep off the Sight of her Enemies. But at the Noise of those who accompany'd *Gonsalvo*, she look'd up, and discover'd to him *Zayde*; but *Zayde* more beautiful than he had ever beheld her, even in Despite of the Sorrow and Distress which appear'd in her Countenance.

GONSALVO was so surpris'd, that he seem'd more troubled than *Zayde*; and *Zayde* seem'd to take Courage, and lose part of her Fears at the Sight of *Gonsalvo*.

THEY came forward to each other, and both beginning to speak, *Gonsalvo* us'd the *Greek* Tongue,

Tongue, to beg Pardon of her for appearing before her, as an Enemy. At the same Instant, *Zayde* told him in *Spanish*, she was no longer afraid of the Misfortunes she had apprehended, and that this was not the first Danger from which he had rescued her. They were so amaz'd at hearing each other speak their mutual Languages, and the Reasons which had engag'd them to learn them occur'd so readily to their Thoughts, that they blush'd, and remain'd for a while in a profound Silence. At length *Gonsalvo* began, and continuing to speak in *Greek*; I don't know, Madam, said he, whether I did well to wish so earnestly as I have, that you cou'd understand me; perhaps I shall not be less wretched by it; but whatever may happen, since I have the Joy to see you again, after I had so often despair'd of it, I shall complain of my Fortune no more. *Zayde* seem'd embarrass'd at what he said, and looking on him with her lovely Eyes which yet testify'd a Sadness; I am still uncertain, said she in her own Language, not caring to talk to him in *Spanish*, whether my Father has been able to escape the Dangers to which he has been expos'd in this Engagement; you will permit me therefore, instead of answering you, to enquire after him. *Gonsalvo* call'd in those who were at hand, to ask them concerning what she desir'd to know; and had the Pleasure to understand that the Prince whose Life he had sav'd, was the Father of *Zayde*; and she seem'd to be overjoy'd to find by what fortunate Accident her Father had been deliver'd from Death.

AFTER this, *Gonsalvo* was oblig'd to take Notice of all the other Ladies in the Fort; and was

was exceedingly surpris'd to find *Don Olmond* there, who had not been heard of since he left *Leon* to go in search of him. Having paid his due Regards to so faithful a Friend, he return'd to *Zayde*. As he was beginning to speak to her, Advice was brought him, that there was such a Disorder in the Town that nothing but his Presence cou'd quiet it. He was forc'd to run where his Duty call'd him, and gave what Commands he thought were necessary to appease the Tumult, which was owing to the Avarice of the Soldiers, and the Terror of the Inhabitants. He dispatch'd an Express to the King, to apprise him of the taking of the Town, and return'd with Impatience to *Zayde*. All the Ladies, who were with her, being withdrawn, he was willing to improve those Moments of conversing with her; but as his Design was to talk to her about his Passion, he was strangely troubled, and saw that to have it in his Power to be understood, was not always sufficient to make him resolve to declare his Mind. He was afraid, however, to lose an Occasion he had wish'd for so much, and after he had wonder'd a little at the unusual Variety of their Fortune, in having been together so long without being known, and without speaking to each other; We are very far, said *Zayde*, from falling into the same Perplexity again, for I understand the *Spanish* Tongue, and you understand mine. It was such an Affliction to me, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, not to understand it, that I have learn'd it, even without the Hope of its being able ever to make me Amends for what I have suffer'd by not knowing it. For my Part, reply'd *Zayde* blushing, I have learn'd

Spanish, because it is troublesome not to understand the Language of the Country where one is. I often understood you, Madam, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, and though I did not know your Language, I cou'd at several times have given an exact Account of your Thoughts, and am perswaded that you also saw mine better than I saw yours. I am less discerning, I assure you, return'd *Zayde*, than you imagine; and all I have been able to conclude, is, that you were frequently very dejected. I told you the Reason, said *Gonsalvo*; and I believe you did not fail to understand me, without knowing my Words. Do not deny it, Madam, you answer'd me without speaking, with a Severity as great as you can wish. But since I was able to know your Indifference, how shou'd you not know those Sentiments which appear more easily than Indifference, and shew themselves in despite of us? I own, notwithstanding, that I have sometimes seen your beautiful Eyes turn'd upon me in a manner which wou'd have given me Joy, if I had not believ'd I ow'd those favourable Regards to a Resemblance of some other Person. I will not deny, answer'd *Zayde*, that you resemble one: But you will have no Reason to complain, if I told you, I have often wish'd you cou'd be the Person whom you resemble. I don't know, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, whether what you have said is in my Favour, and cannot thank you, unless you explain it better. I have said too much to you, reply'd *Zayde*, to explain it; and my last Words allow me not to do it. I am destin'd to be so unhappy as not to understand you, return'd *Gonsalvo*, since even while
you

you speak in *Spanish*, I don't know what it is you say: But, Madam, are you so cruel as to add further Uncertainties to those in which I have liv'd so long? I must dye at your Feet, unless you tell me who it was you lamented in *Alphonso's* Desert, and who it is my ill or good Fortune will have me to resemble. My Curiosity wou'd undoubtedly go beyond these two Things, if my Respect to you did not restrain it; but I will wait till Time and your Goodness permit me to enquire farther.

As *Zayde* was going to reply, the *Arabian* Women in the Fort ask'd to speak with *Gonsalvo*; and several others coming in at the same Time, she took such Care to avoid entering into a separate Conversation with him, that it was impossible for him to get an Opportunity.

HE shut himself up in private, to reflect upon the Pleasure of having found *Zayde* again, and found her in a Place of which he was Master. He fancy'd also he remark'd in her Eyes a certain Joy at seeing him again; he was pleas'd she had learn'd *Spanish*; and she spoke it so readily, as soon as she saw him, that he flatter'd himself he had had some Share in the Pains she had taken to learn it. In a Word, the Sight of *Zayde*, and the Hope of not being hated by her, excited in *Gonsalvo* the most delightful Sensations which a Lover can feel, who is not assur'd of being lov'd.

DON OLMOND return'd from the Fort, whither he had been detach'd to bring up the Troops, and broke off his Contemplation. As *Gonsalvo* had met him in the same Place with *Zayde*, he thought he might know from him the Birth and Adventures of that beautiful Prin-

cess. He was apprehensive, however, of his being in Love with her; and the Dread of finding a Rival, in a Man whom he esteem'd his Friend, for a long Time suspended his Curiosity, but he cou'd not command it. Having ask'd *Don Olmond* what Accident had brought him to *Talavera*, and learn'd that he was taken Prisoner as he was going to seek after him at *Tarragona*, he spoke to him about *Zulema*, in order to bring on the mention of *Zayde*.

YOU know, said *Don Olmond*, he is Nephew of *Caliph Osman*, and wou'd be in the Place of *Caimadan*, who now reigns, if he were as fortunate as he deserves. He holds a considerable Rank among the *Arabians*, and is come into *Spain* to command the Armies of the King of *Cordova*, and lives there with a Grandeur and Dignity which surpris'd me. When I arriv'd here I found a Court very agreeable, in which *Bellenia*, Prince *Osmin's* Lady, the Brother of *Zulema*, was then present. That Princess is esteem'd no less for her Virtue than her Birth. She had with her the Princess *Felima*, her Daughter, whose Wit and Aspect are full of Charms, tho' attended with a great Melancholy and Languor. You have seen the incomparable Beauty of *Zayde*, and may easily suppose my Astonishment at finding so many extraordinary Persons in *Talavera*. *Zayde* is indeed, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, the most perfect Beauty I have seen, and no Doubt she has there a Multitude of Lovers. *Alamir*, Prince of *Tarsus*, reply'd *Don Olmond*, loves her intensely, his Passion for her began in *Cyprus*, and he bore her Company when she left the Place. *Zulema* was shipwreck'd in the Voyage upon the Coast
of

of *Catalonia*, and is since arriv'd in *Spain*, and *Alamir* is come to *Talavera* to look after *Zayde*.

DON OLMOND's Words gave *Gonsalvo* a mortal Wound; his Suspicions were confirm'd, and he saw at once that all he had imagin'd was true. The Hope of being mistaken, with which he flatter'd himself so often, forsook him entirely, and the Gladness he had receiv'd from his late Conversation with *Zayde*, serv'd only to augment his Grief. He no longer doubted that the Tears she shed at *Alphonso*'s were for *Alamir*; that He was the Person whom he resembled, and that it was on his Account she came to the Coast of *Catalonia*. These Thoughts so disorder'd him, that *Don Olmond* believ'd he was ill, and express'd a friendly Concern. *Gonsalvo* wou'd not acquaint him with the Cause of his Affliction, being asham'd to own he was again in Love, after having been so abus'd in his former Passion; he told him, he shou'd soon be better, and ask'd if *Alamir* were worthy of *Zayde*, and whether she lov'd him?

I never saw him, answer'd *Don Olmond*; he was march'd out to join *Abderame* before I was brought to this Town. He has a great Reputation: I can't tell whether *Zayde* loves him; but I think it is not easy for her to despise a Prince so amiable as I have heard *Alamir* represented; and he seems so extremely fond of her, that 'tis very improbable he shou'd be wholly dislik'd. The Princess *Felima*, with whom I had a particular Friendship, notwithstanding the reserv'd manner of Life which Persons of her Nation and Birth observe, has often spoke

to me about *Alamir*; and by what she has said of him, there cannot be a more honourable Man, or one more in Love.

GONSALVO wou'd gladly have put many more Questions to *Don Olmond*, but he was restrain'd by the Fear of discovering to him that which he desir'd to keep conceal'd. He only enquir'd concerning *Felima*: *Don Olmond* said, she had follow'd the Princess her Mother to *Oropeze*, where *Osmín* commanded a Division of the Army.

GONSALVO now withdrew, under Pretence of going to Rest, but in Truth it was to be at Liberty to lament himself, and to reflect upon the Perverseness of his ill Fortune. Why did I find *Zayde* again, said he, before I knew that she loves *Alamir*? If I had known this when I lost her I shou'd have been less troubled at her Absence, nor shou'd I have rejoic'd so at finding her, nor felt the cruel Sorrow of losing the Hopes she had just given me. What a Destiny is mine! that even the Kindness of *Zayde* serves only to render me unhappy! Why does she shew me she allows my Passion, if she approves that of *Alamir*? And what does she mean by wishing I cou'd be the Person whom I resemble?

THESE Reflections inflam'd his Grief. And the next Day (for which he ought to have waited with Impatience, and which ought to have been so welcome, because he was then assur'd of seeing *Zayde*, and talking with her,) appear'd the most dismal he had ever known; when he imagin'd that he had nothing to expect by seeing her, but the Confirmation of his Misery.

ABOUT

ABOUT Midnight the Messenger, who went to carry the King the News of taking the Town, return'd with Orders for *Gonsalvo* to leave it immediately, and join the Army with all the Cavalry. *Don Garcia* understood the *Moors* expected considerable Succours, and therefore he judg'd it proper to use the Advantage of *Gonsalvo's* Victory, and assemble all his Troops to attack the Enemy before they were reinforc'd. As difficult as *Gonsalvo* found it to execute this Order of the King, on account of getting the Soldiers to march, who were fatigu'd with the Labours of the preceding Night; his Desire to be in the Battel caus'd him to exert himself so vigorously, that in a little while he brought them into a marching Posture, and underwent the severe Violence of leaving *Zayde* without bidding her Adieu. He order'd *Zulema* to be conducted to the Fort where she was, and commanded the Officer who guarded her, to inform her of the Reasons which oblig'd him to leave *Talavera* with so much Precipitation.

AT Break of Day he mounted at the Head of his Troops, and set forward with a Sadness equal to the Occasion of it: When he drew near the Camp he met the King, who was come out to receive him; he alighted, and gave him an Account of the Action at *Talavera*; and having finish'd his Discourse about the War, he spoke to him concerning his Love: He told him he had found *Zayde*, but at the same Time he had also found that Rival, the mere Idea of whom had given him such Uneasiness. The King shew'd him how deeply he was interested in every Thing which affected him, and how

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highly

highly he was pleas'd with his late Victory. *Gonsalvo* made his Troops encamp, and repose themselves for a few Moments, in order to prepare for the intended Fight. The Battel was not absolutely resolv'd on; for the advantageous Post of the Enemy, their Numbers, and the Road thro' which they must pass to get up to them, made it difficult to form such a Resolution, and hazardous to execute it. *Gonsalvo*, however, declar'd for it; and the Hope of meeting *Alamir* in the Engagement made him press his Opinion so warmly, that it was concluded to begin the Battel the next Day.

THE *Arabians* lay upon a Plain within Sight of *Almaras*; and their Camp being encompass'd by a large Wood, was accessible only by a narrow Passage, which seem'd too dangerous to be attempted. *Gonsalvo*, notwithstanding, led the Way thro' the Wood at the Head of the Horse, and shew'd himself upon the Plain with several Squadrons. The *Arabians*, being surpris'd to see their Enemies so near, spent that Time in Resolving, which they ought to have employ'd in Fighting, and thereby gave the *Spaniards* Leisure to bring up all their Troops, and form themselves in Order of Battel. *Gonsalvo* march'd on directly with the Left Wing, and broke thro' the *Arabian* Horse, and put them to Flight. He did not trouble himself to pursue those who fled, but searching after the Prince of *Tarsus*, and pushing on to new Conquests, turn'd short upon the Infantry. The Right Wing in the mean while had not equal Success; the Infidels repuls'd them to the Body of Reserve, which was commanded by the King in Person; he put a Stop to their Victory,

Story, and drove them to the Gates of *Almaras*, so that there remain'd only the Foot under *Abderame*, which *Gonsalvo* was now going to attack. They stood still to receive him, and opening their Battalions the Archers made such a prodigious Discharge that the *Spanish* Horse cou'd not stand them. *Gonsalvo* rally'd his Men, and renew'd the Attack three Times; at last he surrounded the *Moorish* Infantry on every Side, and being mov'd to see such brave Men perish, call'd out to them that he gave them Quarter. At this they all threw down their Arms, and running about him in Crouds, seem'd to express the highest Admiration of his Clemency, after they had experienc'd his Valour. In the same Moment the King of *Leon* join'd *Gonsalvo*, and bestow'd on him all the Praises his intrepid Conduct deserv'd. They understood that *Abderame* drew off in the last Onset, and retir'd to *Almaras*.

THE Glory *Gonsalvo* had acquir'd by this Action ought to have given him Joy; but he was wholly oppress'd with Grief, for having neither lost his Life, nor met with *Alamir*.

THE Prisoners inform'd him this Prince was not in the Army, but commanded the Succours they were expecting, and that it was the Hope of his Supplies which had made them endeavour to delay the Battel.

As the *Arabians* had rally'd Part of their Army, and were reinforc'd by the Troops of *Alamire*, and had a large Town before them, which cou'd not be besieg'd in their Sight, the King cou'd expect no other Advantage from his Victory, than the Honour of having won it. *Abderame*, however, under Colour of burying
H 5 the

the Dead, desir'd a Truce of some Days, with a Design to set on Foot a Negotiation for Peace.

DURING the Truce, as *Gonsalvo* was one Day visiting the Quarters, he saw upon a small Eminence two of the Enemy's Horse defending themselves against several of the *Spaniards*, who, in spite of their Resistance, were ready to oppress them by their Numbers. He was amaz'd to see this Combat in the Time of the Truce, and a Combat so very unequal; and dispatch'd some of his Men full speed to put an End to it, and learn the Cause. They brought Word that the two *Arabian* Horsemen wou'd have pass'd along by the advanc'd Guard, who stop'd them with great Insolence, upon which they drew their Swords, and that the rest of the Cavalry on the Spot fell in upon them. *Gonsalvo* order'd an Officer to go in his Name, and excuse it to the two *Arabians*, and conduct them a-cross to that Side of the Camp whither they wanted to go. After this he continu'd to walk the Round, and went on to the King's Quarter, and made it very late when he return'd to his own. The next Day, the Officer who had conducted the *Arabian* Cavaliers, waited on him; Sir, said he, one of those you sent us to safe-guard charg'd us to tell you, he is extremely sorry that an important Affair, which has no Relation to the War, hinder'd him from coming to give you Thanks; and that he is glad to inform you, it is Prince *Alamir* who is indebted to you for his Life.

WHEN *Gonsalvo* heard the Name of *Alamir*, and reflected that that Rival whom he was so impatient to hunt out over the whole World, even while he knew him not, neither
his

his Name nor his Country, had pass'd through the Camp, and in his View, to go, undoubtedly, to *Zayde*; he stood like a Man thunder-struck, and had only Strength to ask what Road he had taken. When they answer'd, that of *Talavera*, he sent every Body out of his Tent, and lay overwhelm'd in Despair, at not having known the Prince of *Tarsus*.

HE has not only, said he, escap'd my Vengeance, but I have also open'd to him the Path to *Zayde*. At the Time I am talking, he sees her; he is with her, and acquaints her with his Passage through the Camp; and it was only to insult me, that he chose to let me know he was *Alamir*. Perhaps he shall not sport himself long in my Misfortune, and I shall assuage my Grief by satiating my Revenge.

IN this Instant he resolv'd to steal out of the Army, and hasten to *Talavera*, and by his Presence disturb the Interview of *Alamir* and *Zayde*, and either take his Rival's Life, or die before her Eyes. As he was contriving the means, a Message was brought him that the Enemy's Troops appear'd a few Leagues from the Camp, and that the King order'd him to go out and observe them; he was forc'd to obey, and to suspend his own Design. He mounted immediately, and having rode a while, just as he had made his Way thro' a Wood, he learn'd that the Troops which were discover'd were only some *Arabians* returning from guarding a Convoy. At this he caus'd the Horse who were with him to turn back to the Camp, and being attended only with his own Servants, march'd slowly, on purpose to linger in the Wood, that he might take the Path to *Talavera*,

vera, when the Troops he had sent off were out of Sight. As he was in the middle of a spacious Road he met an *Arabian* Horseman, of a handsome Mien, who was going the same Way in deep Dejection. They who accompany'd *Gonsalvo*, happen'd to pronounce his Name. At the Sound of *Gonsalvo's* Name the *Arabian* broke out of his Musing, and ask'd them if he who rode by himself was *Gonsalvo*; as soon as they reply'd, it was; I shou'd be very glad, said he, aloud, to see a Man of such extraordinary Merit, and to have it in my Power to thank him for the Favours he has done me. At this, he advanc'd to *Gonsalvo*, and put up his Hand to the Vizer of his Helmet to salute him; but when he saw his Face, O Heavens, cry'd he, is it possible this shou'd be *Gonsalvo*! and then viewing him heedfully, he stood without Motion, like a Man in a wild Surprise, and agitated with very different Thoughts. Having continu'd a while in this Condition, *Alamire*, cry'd he at once, ought not to suffer him to live, to whom *Zayde* is destin'd, or to whom The destin's her self.

GONSALVO, who seem'd astonish'd at the Action, and the first Words of this *Arabian* Cavalier, and had heard him thus far with Temper, was struck at this sudden Turn with the highest Surprise, upon mentioning the Names of *Zayde* and *Alamir*, and thought he had before him that formidable Rival, whom he was seeking after with such Hatred and Desire of Revenge. I don't know, answer'd he, whether *Zayde* is destin'd to me, but if you are the Prince of *Tarsus*, as you give me Ground to believe, hope not to become possess'd of her but
by

by my Death. Nor shall you, reply'd *Alamir*, unless by mine; I see too well by your Expressions that you are he who causes my Misfortune. *Gonsalvo* heard these Words imperfectly; he drew back a few Steps, and curb'd his Impatience which push'd him on to fight, till he had provided that their Combat might not be interrupted. He order'd his Followers to retire, and order'd them with so much Authority, that they did not dare to disobey; but they made Haste to bring back some of the principal Officers, who had just left *Gonsalvo*, and cou'd not be far off. At the same Time *Gonsalvo* and *Alamir* began an Encounter in which Bravery and Valour shew'd all their Power. *Alamir* was wounded in so many Places, that his Strength began to fail; and tho' *Gonsalvo* was wounded too, the Prospect of Victory gave him such fresh Ardor, as made him Master of this unhappy Prince's Life. The King, who was near the Wood, being alarm'd by the Cries of the Soldiers *Gonsalvo* had dismiss'd, rush'd in and parted the Combatants. He understood by *Alamir*'s Squire, who came up at the Time, his Master's Name; and *Gonsalvo* seeing the Prince lose such Quantities of Blood, commanded them to help him.

If the King had follow'd his own Inclination, he wou'd have given contrary Orders; however, he contented himself with directing to have the Prince secur'd, and turn'd all his Thoughts to the preserving his Favourite. He caus'd him to be carry'd to the Camp; but as *Alamir* was not able to bear such a Fatigue, they remov'd him to a Castle near at Hand. As soon as *Gonsalvo* was in the Camp, the King
made

made his Surgeons give their Opinion of his Wounds. They assur'd him he need be in no Pain for his Life. *Don Garcia* cou'd not leave him 'till he had learn'd from his own Mouth the Occasion of the Duel. *Gonsalvo*, who conceal'd nothing from him, confess'd the Truth; and the King being afraid to prejudice his Health, by too long a Conversation, wou'd have left him to take his Rest; but *Gonsalvo* held him, Do not leave me, Sir, said he, to the Disorder and Confusion of my own Thoughts; but help to deliver me out of the new Perplexity, into which the Actions and Words of *Alamir* have thrown me. He met me without seeming to be seeking me; he accosted me at first like a Man going to make me some grateful Acknowledgments, and at once I saw him surpris'd, troubled, and ready to lay his Hand on his Sword. What did he discover by seeing my Face, which shou'd make him change his Mind? Why does he imagine *Zayde* is destin'd to me, either by *Zulema*, or by herself? He cou'd know that I am his Rival, only from her; and if she has given him an Account of my Passion, it is not in a Manner which cou'd put him in fear of me. He must be sensible she is not destin'd to me by *Zulema*, who does not know me, and is ignorant of my Affection for his Daughter, and whose Religion is so opposite to mine. What Foundation, therefore, can there be for his Expressions? And for what Reason did my Looks provoke his Rage, rather than my Name?

It is difficult, dear *Gonsalvo*, answer'd the King, to unravel this Affair. I have turn'd it in my Thoughts, but I find nothing to fix upon.

on: Yet might it not be thus, cry'd he, suddenly, that *Alamir* has seen you in *Alphonso's* Solitude, while you went by the Name of *Theodorick*, and knew you to be his Rival only by your Looks? Ah! Sir, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, I have had the same Thought my self; but it was so afflicting, that I cou'd not dwell upon it. Cou'd it be possible, *Alamir* shou'd lie conceal'd in that Desert? Cou'd it be possible, that the Joy I discern'd sometimes in *Zayde's* Eyes, and in which all my Happiness consisted, shou'd be only the Impressions which remain'd from seeing *Alamir*? But Sir, continu'd he, I was scarce ever parted from *Zayde*, and shou'd have seen this Prince, if he had been at *Alphonso's*; besides, she knows who I am; and as he has been to see her, it is not to be doubted but she has inform'd him; so that he might know *Gonsalvo* was *Zayde's* Lover, when he met me. Yet I can't comprehend what made him so forward to fight, and find an Impossibility in all the Conjectures I form. Are you well assur'd, said the King, that *Alamir* has seen *Zayde*? He went late yesterday thro' the Camp; and you met him this Morning. I think a Man cou'd hardly have been at *Talavera* and back again, in so short a time. But I can easily clear up this; two Officers of my Troops were saying they spent the Night in the same Place as this Prince, and we shall know by them where they met him. The King sent for the Officers immediately, and order'd them to declare the Place and Hour of their Meeting with *Alamir*.

SIR, answer'd one of the two, as we were coming back Yesterday from *Ariobisbe*, whither we had been sent, we pass'd the Evening in a spacious
Wood,

Wood, three or four Leagues from the Camp; we had not been long asleep, when I was wak'd by a Noise, and saw this *Arabian* Prince at a distance between the Trees, talking with a Woman richly dress'd; after a long Conversation the Woman left him, and went and sat down with another near the Place where I was. They talk'd loud enough, but I understood nothing they said, because they spoke a Language I did not know, and which is not that of the *Arabians*. They nam'd *Alamir* several times; and tho' they were plac'd so that I cou'd not see their Face, I thought she who talk'd to the Prince wept extremely. At last they went away. I heard from the side of *Talavera* the Sound of Chariots and a Number of Horses. I wak'd my Comrade; we travell'd on, and saw *Alamir* lying at the Foot of a Tree, as if he were not well. His Squire ask'd me if he cou'd reach the *Arabian* Camp by Day-light; I told him no, and they stay'd at Night in the same Town as we.

THE King repented he had examin'd the Officers; and as soon as they were withdrawn, You may perceive, Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, whether I was mistaken in believing *Alamir* had seen *Zayde*. But do you think it possible, reply'd the King, she shou'd get out of *Talavera*, when she is a Prisoner there? My ill Fortune, return'd *Gonsalvo*, does not let me want any thing which may annoy me. I left Orders at coming away, that *Zayde* shou'd have the Liberty of taking the Air out of the Town whenever she pleas'd; she waited for *Alamir* in that Wood, and he had reason to send me word that an important Affair, not relating to the War,
hin-

hinder'd his staying in the Camp: He saw her yesterday; she wept after she left him; it is evident therefore, that *Zayde* loves *Alamir*, and I have no Uncertainty remaining. Leave me, Sir, to dye, and lay aside the Care of a Man who is too much persecuted by Fortune to deserve your Kindness; for I am asham'd to be lov'd by you, and be miserable.

DON GARCIA was sensibly affected with *Gonsalvo's* Condition, and endeavour'd to give him some Comfort, by the warm Tokens of his Friendship.

THE next Day it was known that the Prince of *Tarsus* was wounded very dangerously; and some Days after he was seiz'd with so violent a Fever, that they almost despair'd of his Life. *Gonsalvo* imagin'd *Zayde* cou'd not understand this Prince's Danger, without sending to know how he was, and therefore directed a trusty Servant to go every Day to the Castle where *Alamir* was kept, and discover whether any body came thither to try to see him. He wou'd fain have been satisfy'd also concerning that Resemblance which had given him so much Curiosity; but in the Prince's present Indisposition it was impossible to distinguish the Features in his Face.

THE Person employ'd on this Service perform'd it carefully, and appris'd *Gonsalvo* that while *Alamir* lay ill, no one ask'd to speak with him; but some unknown People attended daily to enquire after his Health, without mentioning the Name of those who sent them. Tho' *Gonsalvo* did not doubt *Alamir's* being lov'd by *Zayde*, every thing which assur'd him of it gave him fresh Pain. As he was in the Throws
of

of this pungent Affliction the King came into the Tent, and fearing so many Vexations might bring his Life into Danger, he forbade all who visited him to speak of *Alamir* and the Princess *Zayde*.

IN the mean time the Truce expir'd, and the two Armies did not lie idle. *Abderame* besieg'd a small Place, whose Weakness made him look to meet with no Resistance; yet it happen'd that the Prince of *Galicia*, a near Relation of *Don Garcia*, who was retir'd thither to be cur'd of some Wounds he receiv'd in the Battel, undertook to defend it with a Resolution which had more of Rashness in it than Courage. *Abderame* was so enrag'd at it, that when the Town was forc'd to surrender, he struck off his Head. This was not the first time that the *Moors* had abus'd their Victory, and treated the greatest Nobles of *Spain* with an Inhumanity beyond Example. *Don Garcia* was extremely provok'd at the Death of the Prince of *Galicia*; and the *Spanish* Troops were not less; they lov'd that Prince, and were out of Patience at so many Barbarities which had never been reveng'd, and assembling in a Tumult, demanded of the King that *Alamir* shou'd be us'd in the same manner as the Prince of *Galicia*. It being dangerous to refuse the Soldiers who were so inflam'd, the King comply'd, and sent the King of *Cordova* Notice that he wou'd behead the Prince of *Tarsus*, as soon as he was recover'd, and his Wounds wou'd permit him to be made a Publick Spectacle, and the Execution cou'd be perform'd without seeming to be design'd only to hasten his Death.

GONSALVO, by the King's Order, knew nothing of what pass'd concerning the Prince. A few Days after, he was told that a Squire of *Don Olmond* desir'd to see him; he sent for him in, and after the Messenger had acquainted him that his Master was very sorry the King's Commands detain'd him at *Baragel*, and prevented his making him a Visit, he deliver'd him a Couple of Letters. *Gonsalvo* open'd that which was directed to himself, and found it as follows.

Don Olmond's LETTER to Gonsalvo.

IF I did not know the great Delight you take in doing a generous Action, I shou'd not have sent you the Letter which accompanies this, and shou'd think it wou'd be in vain to solicit you in favour of your Enemy. But I understand you too well, to doubt that you will receive with Joy the Petition I am oblig'd to make to you. As just as it is to treat the Prince of Tarsus, as the Prince of Galicia was treated, it will be a Deed worthy of you, to save a Man of *Alamir's* Quality and Merit. I think also you ought to shew some Pity to a Passion to which you are no Stranger.

THE Name of *Alamir*, and the Conclusion of the Letter, gave *Gonsalvo* exceeding Trouble. He ask'd the Bearer to explain what his Master mention'd about the Prince of *Galicia*: Tho' the Squire cou'd not suppose he was ignorant of what had pass'd, he inform'd him in few Words;

Words; and then *Gonsalvo* read the other Letter, the Contents of which were these.

Felima's LETTER to Don Olmond.

YOU can do any Thing with *Gonsalvo*: Get him to save *Alamir* from the Rage of the King of Leon. In preserving him from the Death, which is preparing for him; he will not preserve his Life; he will soon expire of his Wounds. *Gonsalvo* is sufficiently reveng'd already on that unhappy Prince, since we are oblig'd to have Recourse to him to deliver him. Exert your self, I conjure you, in this; for you will save more than one Life in saving that of *Alamir*.

AH! *Zayde*, cry'd *Gonsalvo*, *Felima* writes by your Order; and you enjoin me by this Letter to save you *Alamir*. What an Inhumanity is yours? and to what an Extremity do you reduce me? Is it not enough that I bear my Misfortunes? Must I also labour to deliver him who causes them? Ought I to oppose the King's Resolution? The Resolution is just; he has been constrain'd to take it; and I had no Part in it. I ought to leave *Alamir* to perish, if I did not know he is my Rival, and that *Zayde* loves him. But I know it; and this Reason, cruel as it is, does not allow me to consent to his Ruin. What extravagant Instance of Obedience, reply'd he, wou'd I impose upon my self? And what Generosity obliges me to preserve *Alamir*? Since I know he takes *Zayde* from me, must I save his Life?

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Can I desire that, to spare him at my Request, the King shou'd run the Hazard of making his Army revolt? Shall I abandon the Interest of *Don Garcia*, to deprive my self of the pleasing Hopes with which *Alamir's* Death flatters me? This Prince alone disputes *Zayde* with me; and as prejudic'd as she is in his Favour, if she were never to see him again, I might assure my self of being happy.

AFTER these Words he kept Silence a long time, and seem'd perfectly mute; when rising up at once, tho' he was very weak, he caus'd himself to be carry'd to the King, who was extremely surpris'd to see him, and was more so, when he knew what he was come to ask of him.

SIR, said *Gonsalvo*, if you have any Regard for me, you must grant me *Alamir's* Life; I cannot live, if you consent to his Death. What is it you say, *Gonsalvo*? reply'd the King; by what Accident is the Life of a Man, who produces your Unhappiness, become necessary to your Repose? *Zayde*, Sir, answer'd he, orders me to save it; and I must answer the good Opinion she has of me. She knows I adore her, and ought to hate this Prince; and yet she has such an Esteem of me, as to believe I am so far from consenting to his Death, that I will take Pains to secure him. She desires to hold her Lover's Life of me, and I beg it of you of all Grace. I must not listen, said the King, to Sentiments inspir'd by a blind Generosity, and a Love which interrupts your Reason. I must act according to my own Interest, and to yours. The Prince of *Tarsus* must die, to teach the King of *Cordova* to use the Rights of War better;

ter; and to appease my Troops, who are ready to revolt; and he must die, to leave you in Possession of *Zayde*, and disturb your Quiet no more.

AH! Sir, return'd *Gonsalvo*, can I find Quiet in seeing *Zayde* incens'd against me, and desperate for the Death of her Lover? I must no longer presume to dispute *Zayde* with *Alamir*, living or dead; nor render my self worthy of the ill Treatment of Fortune by an unreasonable Obstinacy. I wou'd have *Zayde* lament she did not love me, but I wou'd not have her able to despise or hate me. Take Time, said the King, to consider what you ask, and resolve with your self, if you ought to desire it. No, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo*, I wou'd not have Leisure to change my Mind, and expose my self a second time to the false and flattering Hopes which the Thought of *Alamir's* Death has already given me. Nor wou'd I have *Zayde* believe, I am irresolute what Side I ought to embrace. I entreat the Favour of you to give out to-day, that you have granted me that Prince's Life. I promise to grant it you, answer'd the King; but it must not be made Publick yet. You know the Enterprize which is concerted upon *Oropese*; this Night the Inhabitants are to open the Gates to us; if this Design takes Effect, the Joy of such a Success may perhaps put the Army into a Temper from which we shall have less to fear: *Felima* will be in our Hands; and you may know from her, whether *Alamir* is lov'd. Make your own Destiny clear, before you decide that of the Prince, and place your self in a Condition of forming a Resolution of which you will not repent.

BUT,

BUT, Sir, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, perhaps *Felima* will not discover the Sentiments of *Zayde*. To oblige her to it, answer'd the King, send *Don Olmond* Word, that you will not do what she desires, unless you know the true Reasons of her being so concern'd in the Preservation of *Alamir*. It is *Don Olmond* who is order'd to take Possession of *Oropese*, and you will learn by him all that you have Occasion to know. I consent, Sir, said *Gonsalvo*, upon Condition you will permit me to make the Soldiers come to you to ask *Alamir's* Life themselves, at the same Instant that the taking of *Oropese* shall be known. As *Felima* will be a Prisoner, *Don Olmond* will have it in his Power to conceal from her the Favour you have granted me, till she has told him every Thing relating to the Prince: *Zayde* will see I obey'd her Orders the very Moment I receiv'd them; and will judge by this blind Obedience, that if I resign my Pretensions to her Heart I was not unworthy to possess it.

THE King agreed to all *Gonsalvo* propos'd, but oblig'd him at the same Time to write *Don Olmond* an Account of the Manner in which they had fix'd the Affair. He staid Part of the Night with his Favourite, who sunk under the Violence he had done himself, and sacrific'd to a severe Generosity, from which he expected no Glory, all the Hopes of a Passion which powerfully inflam'd his Soul.

THE next Day *Don Garcia* receiv'd News of the Enterprize at *Oropese*, which had succeeded according to his Wishes. He communicated it to *Gonsalvo*, and acquainted him also that he was at Liberty to try to save *Alamir*. *Gonsal-*

vo, with the same Ardor as if by executing this Design he were assur'd of the Conquest of *Zayde*, made himself be carry'd into the Camp, and with the same Looks and Voice with which he animated the Soldiers on so many Occasions to follow him, he set before them the Shame they wou'd bring upon him in taking away the Prince of *Tarsus's* Life, who was under Confinement only for attacking him. He told them, that by his Death, which wou'd always be imputed to himself, they wou'd make him lose the Honour he had acquir'd with them in so many Engagements; that he wou'd at the same Minute lay down his Command, and go out of *Spain*: And it must be their Choice, either to see him take Leave of the King, or go with him immediately to beg the Prince's Life. The Soldiers scarcely suffer'd him to finish his Speech, and throwing themselves round him in Crouds, as if to prevent his leaving them, they follow'd him to *Don Garcia*, and were so spirited by their General's Words, that it had been as dangerous now to refuse them *Alamir's* Safety as it wou'd have been a few Days before to deny them his Execution.

DON OLMOND in the mean while, amid all the Cares he had upon his Hands by becoming Master of the Town, did not neglect to consider *Gonsalvo's* Interest requir'd him to have a Conversation with *Felima*. He ask'd to be admitted to her with as much Respect as if the Right of War had not given him an absolute Liberty. He found her in a deep Sadness; what had pass'd during the late Action, and a troublesome Indisposition her Mother had been under

under for some Days, seem'd to be the Occasion of it.

As soon as they cou'd speak without being over-heard, Well, *Don Olmond*, says she, have you solicited *Gonsalvo*? and will you save *Alamir*? That Prince's Destiny, answer'd he, Madam, is in your Hands. In my Hands! cry'd she; alas, how shou'd I be able to do any Thing for his Safety? I will be answerable to you for his Life, reply'd he; but to enable me to keep my Word, I must know the Reasons why you interest your self so warmly in his Preservation. I must know them with a punctual Truth, and every Thing also relating to *Alamir's* Adventures. Ah! *Don Olmond*, said *Felima*, what do you ask me? At these Words she stood silent for a time, and then breaking out at once, But don't you know he is Kinsman to *Osmin* and *Zulema*? that we have been long acquainted with him, and that his Merit is uncommon? And is not this enough to make one concern'd for his Life?

YOUR Concern for it, Madam, return'd *Don Olmond*, proceeds from more pressing Reasons; if it will cost you too dear to declare them, it lies with you not to do it; but you will also allow me then to revoke the Promise I made you. Ah! *Don Olmond*, cry'd she, is *Alamir's* Life to be purchas'd only at this Price? why is it you wou'd know what you ask of me? I am sorry, answer'd *Don Olmond*, that I cannot tell you. But, Madam, once more, I can do nothing unless upon this Condition, and you must make your Choice.

FELIMA stood a long Time with her Eyes turn'd down in so profound a Silence,

that *Don Olmond* was surpris'd; but presently resolving, I am going, said she, to do that very Thing which I least imagin'd I cou'd prevail on my self to do. The good Opinion I have of you, and my Confidence in your Friendship, undoubtedly assist to determine me to it, as well as the Preservation of *Alamir*. Keep the Secret, added she, inviolably, and hear with Patience the Story I am to relate, which will unavoidably be something tedious.



The HISTORY of Zayde and Felima.



C I D R A H I S, Brother of *Caliph Osman*, who cou'd have disputed the Empire with him by Right of Birth, was so unfortunate, and so deserted of all those who gave him Hope of their declaring for him, that he was forc'd to renounce his Pretensions, and consent to be exil'd to *Cyprus*, under Pretence of going Commander of the Place. *Zulema* and *Osmin*, whom you know, were his Sons; they were young and handsome, and had given several Proofs of their Valour. They fell in Love with two Persons of extraordinary Beauty, and of great Quality; who were Sisters, and were descended from several Princes, who had govern'd that Island before it became subject to the *Arabians*. One of them was nam'd *Alasinthia*, and the other *Belenia*.

As *Osmin* and *Zulema* knew the *Greek* Language, they easily made themselves understood by the Ladies, who were Christians; but the Difference of their Religion produc'd none in their Sentiments. They lov'd the two Brothers, and as soon as their Father's Death had left them at Liberty, *Zulema* marry'd *Alasintba*, and *Osmin* marry'd *Belenia*. They allow'd them to bring up their Children in the Christian Religion, and gave them Hope that in a little Time they wou'd embrace it themselves. I was born of *Osmin* and *Belenia*, and *Zayde* of *Zulema* and *Alasintba*.

ZULEMA's Passion and that of *Osmin* oblig'd them to pass several Years in *Cyprus*; but at length a Desire of finding some favourable Juncture to revive their Father's Claim, call'd them thence to *Africa*. At first they had great Expectations, and, contrary to the Rules of State, the *Caliph* who succeeded *Osman* put them into such considerable Employments, that *Alasintba* and *Belenia* cou'd not blame their Absence: But after it had lasted five or six Years, they began to be uneasy and complain. They knew indeed they had other Engagements, beside the War, and heard frequently from them; but as they did not return, they thought they had forsaken them. *Alasintba* therefore had nothing upon her Mind but *Zayde*, who deserv'd all her Application; and *Belenia*'s Thoughts were wholly employ'd on educating me very carefully.

JUST as we were pass'd our Infancy, both our Mothers retir'd to a Castle near the Coast, where they led a Life agreeable to their Affliction, tho' their Regard to their Children oblig'd them to keep up a Grandeur

and Magnificence which by their own Inclination perhaps they wou'd have omitted. Several young Persons of Quality resorted to us, and there was nothing wanting which might contribute to our Improvement, and to the Diversions which were consistent with the Privacy in which we were bred. *Zayde* and I were no less united by Friendship than by Blood; I was two Years elder than she; and there was some Difference also in our Tempers; mine was the less gay and spritely; this was easily perceiv'd by seeing us, as well as the Advantage *Zayde's* Beauty had over mine.

Not long before the Emperor *Leo* sent to attack the Island of *Cyprus*, we were one Day by the Shoar; the Sea was calm, and we begg'd our Mothers to give us Leave to go upon the Water in a Barge. We took several young Persons with us, and row'd towards the Ships which lay in the Road; as we drew near them, we saw some Sloops put off, and thought they were *Arabians* going on Shoar. The Sloops advanc'd towards us, as we made up to them. In the first were several Men magnificently habited; and among them one who by his noble Air and the Gracefulness of his Person was distinguish'd from all about him. This Encounter surpris'd us; we were sensible it became us to proceed no farther, nor give those who were in the Sloop room to think it was a Curiosity to view them which had brought us toward them. We stood off to the right, and the Sloop we endeavour'd to shun did the same, but the others steer'd directly to Land. That which follow'd us, came near enough for us to discern that the Man whom we had distinguish'd

distinguish'd from the rest, look'd on us earnestly, and desir'd to make us observe, that he took a Pleasure in following us.

ZAYDE lik'd the Incident, and caus'd our Barge to tack about in order to try whether the other wou'd still keep us Company. For my Part, I was embarrass'd, I knew not why. I view'd him who appear'd to be the Master of the others in the Sloop with Attention, and at a nearer Sight, found something so fine and so agreeable in his Aspect, that I thought I had never beheld any one so engaging. I told *Zayde* we ought to return, and that undoubtedly when *Alasinthia* and *Belenia* allow'd us to go upon the Water, they did not imagine we shou'd have met with such an Adventure. She obey'd my Advice, and we made to Shoar; the Vessel which follow'd us pass'd on, and went to disembark near the other Sloops which were arriv'd before.

WHEN we were come ashore, the Person whom we had taken Notice of, accompany'd with a large Train of Attendants, came forward to give us his Hand, with an Air which made us believe he had learn'd who we were, of the People upon the Water. My Astonishment and *Zayde's* was past Expression; we were not us'd to see our selves address'd so freely, and especially by the *Arabians*, towards whom we were inspir'd with a strong Aversion. We expected the Gentleman wou'd be startled when he found we did not understand his Language, but were our selves confounded, to hear him speak ours with all the Politeness of ancient Greece.

I know, Madam, said he, applying himself to *Zayde* who walk'd foremost, an *Arabian* ought not to be so daring as to approach you, without having ask'd your Permission; but what wou'd be a Crime in another, I believe is pardonable in a Man who has the Honour to be related to the Princes *Zulema* and *Osmin*. Having a Desire to see the Rarities of *Greece*, I thought I cou'd not satisfy my Curiosity better than by beginning at the Island of *Cyprus*. And my good Fortune has presented to me at my Arrival, that which I shou'd have sought in vain in all other Parts of the World.

As he spoke, he fix'd his Eyes sometimes upon *Zayde* and sometimes upon me; but with so many Marks of a sincere Admiration, that we cou'd scarcely doubt he thought what he said. I can't tell whether I was already touch'd, or whether the Solitude in which we liv'd render'd this Adventure the more agreeable, but I own I had never known any Thing so amusing. *Alasintba* and *Belenia*, who were a pretty way off, advanc'd towards us, and sent to inquire the Name of the Stranger. They were inform'd he was *Alamir*, Prince of *Tarsus*, Son of that *Alamir* who held the Rank of *Caliph*, and whose Power was so formidable to the Christians; and knowing the Relation there was between him and *Zulema*, the Respect which was due to him for his Birth, added to their Impatience to hear some News concerning their own Affairs, made them receive him with less Repugnance than they commonly express'd towards the *Arabians*. *Alamir* also by his Words dispos'd them to give him a favourable Reception; he spoke to them of *Zulema* and *Osmin*, whom

whom he had seen not long since, and blam'd them for being able to abandon two Persons so deserving of their Company.

THE Conversation upon the Shoar was so long, and *Alamir* seem'd so agreeable even in the Eyes of *Alasinthia* and *Belenia*, that, contrary to their Custom of shunning all Commerce, they cou'd not forbear offering him a Lodging in the Castle where they dwelt. *Alamir* let them see he was sensible he ought in Civility to decline it; but shew'd them also he had not the Power to refuse it, for the Pleasure of not being parted from a Company who had fill'd him with such Admiration. He went with us, and introduc'd to us likewise a Man of Quality, for whom he had an extraordinary Regard, call'd *Mulziman*. *Alamir* continu'd the same in the Evening, as we found him when we met him first. I was surpris'd at all his Motions, and at the Charms of his Person and his Wit, and this Wonder seiz'd me so strongly, that from that Time I ought to have suspected there was something more in it than Surprise. I thought he ey'd me very attentively, and gave me to see by certain Praises he bestow'd on me, that my Person was as pleasing to him at least as that of *Zayde*.

INSTEAD of leaving us the next Day, as in Appearance he was to have done, he induc'd *Alasinthia* and *Belenia* to detain him. He sent for some beautiful Horses he had brought with him, and caus'd several of his People to ride them before us, and rode them himself with the Dexterity which is peculiar to those of his Nation. He found means to stay there three or four Days, and ingratiated himself so with our Mothers, that they consented to his visiting us

while he continu'd in the Island. At going away, he let me understand that if his Presence had been troublesome to me, and if it shou'd prove so hereafter, I ought to accuse my self. His Looks, however, I observ'd were fix'd on *Zayde* ; but I had also discern'd them frequently turn'd on myself in a manner which seem'd so natural and sincere, that joining the Language of his Eyes to several Things he had told me, I was persuad'd I had made an Impression in his Heart. O Heavens ! that which he made in mine was real.

As soon as he was out of Sight, I felt a Sadness I did not understand. I left *Zayde*, and retir'd to think. My Thoughts, I found, were all confus'd, and I was weary of myself ; I return'd to look for *Zayde*, and wanted her, I thought, to talk about *Alamir*. She was employ'd with her Women in making Festoons of Flowers, and seem'd not to remember she had seen the Prince. I was amaz'd to see her so busied about her Flowers, and had so little Heart to amuse myself with them, that I snatch'd them from her by Force. We walk'd out, and I spoke to her about *Alamir* : I told her I thought he had view'd her earnestly ; she answer'd, she had not perceiv'd it. I try'd to discover whether she had observ'd the Tendernefs he express'd towards me ; but she seem'd not to have had the least Surmise of it, and I was so astonish'd and confounded at the Difference between what the Sight of *Alamir* had produc'd in *Zayde* and in me, that I heap'd Reproaches on myself which were but too just.

SOME Days after, *Alamir* made us a Visit ; when he came, *Alasintba* and *Belenia* were gone out

out to a Place, from whence they were not to return 'till the Evening. He appear'd to me more amiable than ever. As *Zayde* was not in the way, it was my ill Fortune to see him, when he had no other Object to engage his Attention but myself; he express'd so much Affection, that the Inclination I had for him made me firmly believe I pleas'd him as he did me. He went away before *Zayde* came in, and in a manner which gave me ground to flatter myself he did not desire to see her. A great while after, *Zayde* return'd, and I was amaz'd when she and *Alasintba* said, they had found him very near our Castle, and that he brought them as far the Gate. By the Time he had been gone, he must in all likelihood have been got a great Way off, when they came home, and cou'd never have met them, unless he had waited for them. This Thought made me uneasy; yet I fancy'd what I imagin'd might have happen'd only by Accident, and expected the next Visit of *Alamir* with an Impatience I had not experienc'd before. In a few Days he came to bring *Alasintba* News of the War which the Emperor *Leo* intended to make in *Cyprus*. This News, which was so very important, furnish'd him with a Pretence to see us frequently; and still when he came, he continu'd to express to me the same Sentiments he had at first declar'd. I stood in need of all my Reason not to let him see the Disposition I had to him; and my Reason perhaps wou'd have been ineffectual; if the Concern I perceiv'd in him sometimes for *Zayde*, had not assisted to restrain me. However I imputed all he did to please her, to his natural Politeness, and his artful Conduct hid

from me that which wou'd have given me another Opinion.

WE were inform'd that the Emperor's Navy was near our Coast; upon which *Alamir* persuaded our Mothers to remove; and tho' our Religion made us apprehend nothing from the Imperial Troops, our Alliance to the *Arabians*, and the usual Disorders of War, prevail'd on us to follow his Counsel, and go to *Famagusta*. I rejoyc'd at it, because I expected to be in the same Place with *Alamir*, and that *Zayde* and I shou'd not be together in one Lodging. Her Beauty was so formidable to me, that I was extremely pleas'd *Alamir* had seen me without seeing her. I believ'd I shou'd now satisfy my self entirely concerning his Sentiments to me, and discover whether I ought to surrender my self to those which I had for him. But to dispose of my Heart had long been beyond my Power: However, I fancy if I had understood *Alamir's* Temper then, as well as I have done since, I shou'd have been able to preserve my self from the Inclination I had to him; but as I was sensible only of his beautiful Qualities, and he seem'd to have a Tenderness for me, it was difficult to resist a Passion which was so violent and so natural.

THE Day we arriv'd at *Famagusta*, he came to us; *Zayde's* Charms shone out so illustriously, that she appear'd the same to *Alamir's* Eyes, as he appear'd to mine, that is, the only Object of Love. I perceiv'd the extraordinary Attention with which he look'd at her. *Alasinthia* and *Belenia* withdrew, and *Alamir* follow'd *Zayde*, without so much as framing a Pretence for leaving me. I was pierc'd thro' with a Grief till then

then unknown, the Violence of which convinc'd me of the real Affection I had for that Prince. This Discovery augmented my Sorrow, and I had in View the dreadful Calamity, into which I was plung'd by my own Fault; but after I had lamented severely, some Ray of Hope broke in upon me; I flatter'd myself, like all Persons in Love, and suppos'd this displeasing Accident might arise from some Reasons of which I was not aware. This feeble Hope did not continue long; *Alamir* chose to let *Zayde* and me believe for a time that he lov'd us both, in order to determine himself according to the manner in which either of us treated him; but the Beauty of *Zayde*, unassisted by any Encouragement, master'd him entirely. He forgot now that he had affected to make me believe he had a Passion for me; I scarcely saw him after this, and he visited me only for the sake of visiting *Zayde*; he lov'd her ardently, and in short I saw him become the same to her, as I shou'd have been to him, if Decency wou'd have allow'd me to declare my Thoughts.

I don't know whether it is necessary to tell you what I suffer'd, and the different Motions which agitated my Heart. I cou'd not bear to see him with *Zayde*, and so deeply enamour'd; and on the other hand, I cou'd not live without him. I had rather therefore see him with her, than not see him at all. His Behaviour to her, instead of lessening my Affection, encreas'd it. All his Words and Actions were so adapted to please me, that if I had been to instruct a Lover in his Conduct, I shou'd have prescrib'd him that of *Alamir* to *Zayde*. There is also such a Contagion in Love, that it is dangerous to see it,

it, tho' it is not address'd to one's self. *Zayde* told me the Passion he had for her, and how far she was from returning it. Several times when she was talking of it, I was on the Point to open my Condition to her, in order to engage her thereby not to suffer the Prince to continue his Amour; but I was afraid of endearing him to her, by letting her see how well I lov'd him. However, it was my fix'd Resolution to do him no Disservice; and I was so sensible of the Misery of not being lov'd, that I wou'd not contribute to make him feel it, whom I lov'd so dearly. And the Coldness of *Zayde* toward him, perhaps might assist to support me in this Resolution.

THE Emperor's Troops were so strong, that it was not question'd but *Cyprus* wou'd soon fall into his Hands. Upon the Report of the Siege, *Zulema* and *Osmin* awaken'd out of the deep Oblivion in which they had lain so long. The Caliph began to fear them, and seem'd to have a Design to send them out of the Way. They agreed to prevent him, and ask'd to command the Succours which were to be sent to *Cyprus*; and arriv'd, when we least expected them. This was a sensible Joy to *Alasintba* and *Belenia*; and wou'd have been to me, if I had been capable of it; but I was overwhelm'd with Grief, and *Zulema's* Arrival gave me new Trouble, lest he shou'd approve *Alamir's* Designs. What I apprehended happen'd; for *Zulema*, who by his residing in *Africk* was become more fix'd in his Religion than ever, was extremely desirous *Zayde* shou'd change hers; he left *Tunis* with an Intention to carry her thither, and marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, of
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the House of the *Idri's*; but the Prince of *Tar-*
sus seem'd so worthy of his Daughter, that he
allow'd his Addresses. I then clearly perceiv'd,
if I did not take Measures to prevent *Zayde*
from loving him, the Thing I most dreaded
wou'd befall me, to see him happy by possessing
her.

HIS Passion proceeded to that Violence,
that all who knew him cou'd not admire at it
enough. *Mulziman*, whom I mention'd be-
fore, and whom I convers'd with sometimes,
because he was *Alamir's* Friend, made me fan-
cy by the Amazement he express'd at it, that the
Prince had never been subject to the like till
now. *Alamir* acquainted *Zulema* with his
Thoughts concerning *Zayde*; and *Zulema* let
Zayde understand it was his Desire she shou'd
marry him. She had been under some Appre-
hension of this, and the Moment she knew it,
she told it me with the highest Tokens of Un-
easiness. I confess, I cou'd not see what Rea-
son she had to be troubled, and thought it im-
possible it shou'd be such Affliction to be ap-
pointed to pass her Life with *Alamir*.

THIS Infidel had so perfectly forgot his Pro-
fessions to me, that when *Zulema* inform'd him
of the Aversion *Zayde* express'd for him, he
came to me to complain, and to implore my
Assistance. All my Reason and Constancy
were ready to desert me, and I felt a Grief and
Emotion, which he wou'd have easily discern'd,
if he had not been himself assaulted with the
same Passion as tortur'd me. After a Silence,
which perhaps spoke but too much, I am ex-
tremely amaz'd, said I, at the Repugnance *Zayde*
shews to *Zulema's* Choice, and am the unfittest
Person

Person in the World to try to change her Mind; for I shou'd speak against my own Judgment, and I know the Misfortune of being engag'd with one of your Nation so well, that I can never advise *Zayde* to run the Hazard. *Belenia* convinc'd me of the Misery of it, soon after I was born, and I believe *Alasimtha* has set it before her Daughter so clearly, that it will be very difficult to bring her to consent to what you desire; and for my Part, I assure you once again, that I am more incapable of undertaking it than any one.

ALAMIR was highly troubled to find me so little dispos'd to serve him, and hop'd to prevail by shewing me all his Anguish, and the Fulness of his Passion for *Zayde*. What he said threw me into Despair, and yet I cou'd not forbear condoling him, through the Conformity of our Distresses: It was a perfect War in my Thoughts. *Zayde's* Dislike of him gave me a certain Joy from the Pleasure of Revenge, which I tasted very strongly; and it abash'd my Triumph, to see her despise a Man whom I ador'd.

I resolv'd to declare the Condition of my Heart to *Zayde*: Before I did it, I press'd her to consider, whether she shou'd be able always to resist *Zulema's* Intention of marrying her to *Alamir*. There was no Extremity, she told me, which she wou'd not embrace, rather than consent to marry a Man whose Religion was so opposite to her own, and whose Law allow'd him to take as many Wives as he pleas'd; but she did not believe *Zulema* wou'd think of forcing her to it, and if he shou'd, her Mother wou'd find Means to prevent it. This Answer
of

of *Zayde* fill'd me with all the Gladness I was capable of, and I began to have a Mind to acquaint her with what I design'd; but I found more Difficulty in it than I imagin'd; at length I surmounted all the Motives of Pride and Shame which stood in my Way, and with a Flood of Fears inform'd her of my Case. She was astonish'd, and seem'd as intimately touch'd with my unhappy State, as I cou'd wish. Why, said she, have you conceal'd your Sentiments so studiously from him who occasion'd them? I don't question if he had discover'd them at first, but he wou'd have plac'd his Affection upon you, and I am perswaded, if he knew any thing of the Matter, the Hope of being lov'd by you, and my Treatment of him, wou'd very soon induce him to relinquish me. Are you willing, added she, embracing me, that I shou'd endeavour to convince him he wou'd do better to address himself to you than to myself? Ah! *Zayde*, reply'd I, do not take from me the only Circumstance which prevents my dying of Grief: I shou'd not survive what I suffer, if *Alamir* were to know my Thoughts; I shou'd be inconsolable on Account of my Honour, and shou'd be more so for the sake of my Love. As I am, I can flatter my self that if he knew I lov'd him, he wou'd love me: I am sensible indeed, that one is not always lov'd for loving; yet it is a kind of Hope, and slender as it is, I wou'd not part with it, for it is all I have left me. I added also so many other Reasons, to shew her that I ought not to discover my Sentiments to *Alamir*, that she came into my Opinion; and I felt a great Relief by having unbosom'd myself to her, and made my Complaints.

IN

IN the mean Time the War proceeded, and it was plain that it cou'd not continue long. The flat Country was all conquer'd, and *Famagusta* was the only Town which was not surrender'd. *Alamir* expos'd himself perpetually with a Valour which border'd upon Despair. *Mulziman* spoke of it to me with extreme Concern: He so frequently testify'd his Surprise at the Prince's ardent Fondness of *Zayde*, that I cou'd not but ask him the Cause, and urge him to tell me, whether *Alamir* had ever been in Love, before he saw *Zayde*. He was very backward to own the Reason of his Wonder; but I conjur'd him so earnestly, that at last he related that Prince's Adventures. I will not give you the Particulars of them, because it wou'd be tedious. I will only apprise you of what is necessary to make you understand *Alamir*, and my Misfortune.



The HISTORY of Alamir Prince of Tarsus.



Have already told you this Prince's Birth; and what I have said of his Person, and my Sentiments concerning him, may satisfy you that he is as amiable as a Man can be. It was his Ambition also even from the first opening of his Youth, to make himself be lov'd; and tho' the manner in which the *Arabian* Women live admits not of Gallantry,
Ala-

Alamir's Address, and the Pleasure of surmounting Difficulties, made that easy to him which wou'd have been impossible to another. As this Prince is not marry'd, and his Religion permits him to have several Wives, there was not a young Woman at *Tarsus* who did not flatter herself with the Hope of that Honour. This Hope readily dispos'd them to receive him favourably; but he was very far by his Temper from entering into an Engagement which he cou'd not break off. All he aim'd at was the Pleasure of being lov'd; as for that of loving, he knew it not. He never had any real Passion; but without feeling it, he understood the Art of feigning it so well, that he made all whom he thought worthy, believe he was sincerely smitten. It is true also that while he was striving to please, a Desire of procuring himself to be lov'd supply'd him with an Ardour which might easily be taken for a true Flame: But the Moment he had accomplish'd his Purpose, as his Wishes were fully answer'd, and he was not enamour'd enough to take any Delight in Love it self, separated from Difficulties and Amusements, his whole Care was to withdraw from her whom he had pursu'd, and apply his Courtship to another.

ONE of his Favourites, call'd *Selemin*, was the Confident of all his Amours, and was himself also concern'd in several as little in earnest as his Master's. The *Arabians* celebrate certain Festivals at different Seasons of the Year; this is the only Time in which the Women have any Liberty; they are permitted then to walk abroad in the Towns and Gardens; and are present, tho' always veil'd, at the publick Plays
which

which are perform'd during those Days. *Alamir* and *Selemin* expected this Season impatiently. It never arriv'd, but they discover'd Beauties they had not known before, and found means to speak to them, and establish a sort of Intelligence with them.

At one of these Feasts, *Alamir* saw a young Widow, call'd *Naria*, whose Beauty, Riches and Virtue were uncommon. By Accident he saw her unveil'd, as she was talking to one of her Slaves; the Charms of her Face surpris'd him, and the Sight of the Prince discompos'd her, and she stood still a while to look at him. He perceiv'd it; he follow'd her, and endeavour'd to make her observe that he did so; in a Word, the seeing so fair a Person, and the having had a Look from her, was sufficient to inspire him both with Love and Hope. The Account he receiv'd of her Virtue and her Wit, heighten'd his Ambition to gain her Love, and see her again. He sought after her diligently, and was perpetually passing to and fro by her Lodging, but without perceiving her, tho' not without thinking she might see him; at last he met her as she was going to the Baths. He was so happy two or three Times as to have a View of her Face, and every Time he saw it, it appear'd so enchanting, that he was wounded, and believ'd *Naria* was destin'd to put an End to his Inconstancies.

SEVERAL Days pass'd without his receiving any Token, by which he cou'd judge that *Naria* approv'd his Love; and he began to have an Uneasiness, which disturb'd his usual Joy. However, he did not abandon his Design of soliciting the Affection of two or three others, and

and especially of *Zoromade*, who was very considerable by her Father's Quality, and by her Beauty. The Difficulties of seeing her exceeded, if possible, those of seeing *Naria*; but he was certain *Zoromade* wou'd have surmounted them, if she had not been in the Power of a Mother, who watched her with the utmost Care. He was not therefore so eager to vanquish these Obstacles, as to conquer the Resistance of *Naria*, which proceeded wholly from herself. He had attempted several Times, in vain, to gain her Slaves, in order to know her Days of going out, and the Places where he might see her; but at length one of them, who had refus'd him the most obstinately, promis'd to inform him of all her Motions. Two Days after, he told the Prince she was going to a curious Garden she had out of the City, and that if he would walk round by the Garden-Wall, the rising Ground in some Places wou'd help him to a Sight of her. *Alamir* was not wanting to improve this Intelligence; he repair'd thither in Disguise, and stay'd all the Afternoon by the Garden.

TOWARD the Evening, just as he was ready to return, he saw a Door open, and the Slave, who was in his Interest, make him a Signal to approach. He fancy'd *Naria* was walking, and that he shou'd see her at the Door; he went up, and was brought into a noble Summer-House, which was furnish'd with the richest Ornaments; but nothing struck him like the Sight of *Naria*, who was sitting upon a Squab under a magnificent Canopy, like the Figure of the Goddess of Love, with two or three of her Women plac'd at the Corner of the

the Room. *Alamir* instantly threw himself at her Feet, with such an Air of Transport and Wonder, as increas'd the modest Confusion of this beautiful Woman.

I don't know, said she to him, causing him to rise, whether I ought to discover at once the Inclination I have had for you, after having conceal'd it so long. I believe I shou'd have hid it all my Life-time, if you had been less diligent to shew me that which you have for me. But I confess, I was not able to resist a Passion, which prevail'd on me so fiercely, tho' supported by so little Hope. You pleas'd me the first Moment I saw you, I have taken more Pains to see you without being seen, than you have us'd to meet with me: In brief, I have been desirous to know the Passion you have for me, and to be assur'd of it by your Words, as you have assur'd me of it by your Actions.

What Assurances, O Heavens! did *Naria* expect from the Words of *Alamir*! She little understood this deceiving Charmer. He exceeded all the Hopes she had conceiv'd of his Love, and by his flattering and insinuating Wit took full Possession of her unwary Heart. She appointed him to meet her again in the same Place. He return'd to *Tarsus*, with the pleasing Reflection of being the most happy Man in the whole World, and almost brought *Mulziman* and *Selemin* into the same Opinion. He visited *Naria* often, who express'd the greatest Tenderness and most sincere Affection possible; but she also appris'd him that she knew the Disposition he had to changing, and that she cou'd not bear to divide his Heart with another, and therefore if he wou'd retain hers, he must regard

gard that alone, and that she wou'd break with him upon the first Occasion of Jealousy he gave her. *Alamir* answer'd with so many Oaths and such Art, that *Naria* depended upon an eternal Fidelity. But the Thought of such a strict Engagement troubled him, and as he had now no Difficulty nor Hindrance to see her, his Love began to cool. However, he always declar'd the same Fondness. As she had no other Intention than to marry him, she so little expected any Objection on his Part, since she lov'd him, and he return'd her Love, that she began to talk to him about their Marriage. *Alamir* was surpris'd at the Discourse, but had the Cunning to hide it, and *Naria* believ'd in a few Days it wou'd be accomplish'd.

As his Love to *Naria* was declining, he doubled his Application to *Zoromade*, and by the Help of an Aunt of *Selemin*, who was engag'd by her Nephew to assist the Prince's Amours, he found means to write to her. The Impossibility to see her was still the same, and thereby his Flame was continually augmented.

ALL his Hope was in a Festival which was held at the Beginning of the Year; it was the Custom at that Time to make magnificent Presents, and nothing is seen in the Streets but Slaves carrying along all sorts of Rarities. *Alamir* sent Presents to several; as *Naria* was haughty and stately she resolv'd not to receive any which were of Value. He sent her Perfumes of *Arabia*, which were so rare, that no Body had any of them beside himself, and accompany'd them with all the Decorations which cou'd make them pleasing.

NARIA's

NARIA's Passion for the Prince was never more inflam'd, and if she had pursu'd the Dictates of her Heart, she wou'd have kept at Home to think of him, and have forsaken all Diversions where he was not present. Yet as *Zoromade*'s Mother press'd her to come to an Entertainment at their House during the Festival, she cou'd not refuse her. She went, and as she enter'd the Room, was surpris'd to smell the same Perfumes as *Alamir* had presented to her. She stopp'd with Astonishment to ask whence came that agreeable Scent; *Zoromade*, who was very young, and unpractis'd to conceal any Thing, blush'd and stood confounded. Her Mother, seeing she made no Answer, took the Word, and said it was a Present to her Daughter from an Aunt of *Selemin*. This Reply put *Naria* out of Doubt that it came from the Prince. It had the same Ornaments, she saw, as attended hers, and even more. This Discovery so pierc'd her Heart, that she pretended herself ill, and went Home as really disorder'd as she affected to seem to be. She was high spirited and of quick Sense; the Thought of being deceiv'd by a Man whom she ador'd, made her extremely miserable; but before she resign'd herself to Despair, she resolv'd to have plain Demonstration of his Treachery.

SHE sent him Word she was ill, and cou'd not go to any of the publick Diversions during the Festival. *Alamir* came to see her, and assur'd her he wou'd be at none himself, since she shou'd not be there; and spoke so that she almost believ'd she had been unjust to suspect him. Notwithstanding as soon as he was gone, she rose, and disguis'd herself so, that it was im-

impossible for him to know her. She went to the Places where she suppos'd he wou'd be; and the first Object she encounter'd was *Alamir* in Disguise; but he cou'd not disguise himself to her. She saw he follow'd *Zoromade*, and was inseparable from her while the Sports continu'd; the next Day she watch'd him again, and instead of seeing him attending on *Zoromade*, she found him in a different Disguise pursuing another Woman. At first she was not much griev'd, and took a Pleasure to think he might speak to *Zoromade* by Accident, or out of Amusement. She mix'd among the Women who accompany'd her whom he address'd, and came so near him, that as she pass'd by the Place where they stood, she heard *Alamir* talk to her with the same Air and the same Expressions, as had so smoothly drawn herself to believe his Love. Judge now what a Condition *Naria* was in, and the cruel Torture she suffer'd. She wou'd have been happy at that Moment, if she cou'd have believ'd *Zoromade* was the only Person he admir'd; she might then have imagin'd, his Inclination for that beautiful Person was the Cause of his Change, and have flatter'd herself that he had lov'd her before he fancy'd *Zoromade*: But when she saw him capable of using the same Affiduity and the same Words to two or three at one Time, she discern'd that she had engag'd his Wit, and not his Heart, and had only diverted him, without making herself happy.

THIS Discovery was so afflicting to one of her Temper, that she had not Strength to support it. She went Home overwhelm'd with Sorrow, and found there a Letter from *Alamir*,
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in which he protested he had not stirr'd abroad, and cou'd not bear to see any Thing since he cou'd not see her. This Deceit made her understand what Price to set upon all his past Actions, and she was ready to dye for Shame of having pleas'd herself so long in an Affair which was a mere Treachery. She presently concluded what to do; she writ to him in the pathetick Manner which Grief, Affection and Despair cou'd inspire, and without apprising him of her late Adventure, bid him Farewell for ever. He was amaz'd at the Letter, and even troubled; for *Naria's* Wit and Beauty were so great, that they made the Inconstancy of *Alamir* himself regret his Loss.

HE related the Matter to *Mulziman*, who reproach'd him for his Conduct; you deceive your self, said he, if you fancy the Manner in which you have treated the Women, is consistent with the Principles of true Honour. I desire, answer'd *Alamir* stung with the Reproof, to justify myself to you, and have too high an Esteem for you, to let you remain in so false an Opinion of me. Do you think I was to blame in not loving faithfully one who lov'd me with Sincerity? But do you think, interrupted *Mulziman*, to justify your self by accusing those you have lov'd? Has any of them deceiv'd you? And did not *Naria* love you with an undissembled and real Passion? *Naria*, reply'd *Alamir*, thought she lov'd me, whereas she lov'd my Rank, and the Dignity to which I cou'd exalt her. I have found nothing but Vanity and Ambition in all the Women; they have lov'd the Prince, and not *Alamir*. A proud Desire to make a shining Conquest, to raise them-

themselves, and escape from that uneasy State of Life to which they are subjected, has excited in them that which you call Love; as the Pleasure of being lov'd, and a Zeal to break thro' Difficulties, has produc'd that in me which in their Eyes seem'd a Passion.

I believe you wrong *Naria*, answer'd *Mulziman*, and that she truly lov'd your Person: *Naria* talk'd of marrying me, said *Alamir*, as well as the rest; but I don't know whether her Passion was more sincere. What, return'd *Mulziman*, you wou'd have a Woman love you then, and not think of marrying you. Yes, said *Alamir*, I wou'd not have them entertain such a Thought, since I am above those who pretend to such a Thing. I wou'd allow them to imagine it, if they did not know me for what I am, and thought it wou'd be a Fault in them to marry me. But while they regard me as a Prince, who can bestow both Promotion and a Degree of Liberty, I shall never think my self much oblig'd to them for forming such a Design, nor take it for Love. You wou'd see, added he, I am not incapable of loving sincerely, if I cou'd find a Person who lov'd me, without knowing who I am. You require an impossible Thing, reply'd *Mulziman*, in order to shew your Fidelity, and if you were capable of Constancy, you wou'd have it, without waiting for such an extraordinary Occasion.

ALAMIR's Impatience to know how Things stood with *Naria*, made him break off the Conversation; he went to her House, and was told she was set out for *Mecca*, and it was uncertain what Road she had taken, or when she wou'd return. This was sufficient to cause

him to forget *Naria*; he now thought only of *Zoromade*, who was guarded so strictly, that all his Invention was in a manner ineffectual. Being at a loss how to procure a Sight of her, he resolv'd to run the Hazard of the most daring Attempt in the World, namely, to conceal himself in one of the Houses where the Women go to bathe.

THE Baths are very splendid Buildings; the Women resort thither three or four times in a Week; they pride themselves in shewing their Magnificence, and in having an infinite Number of Slaves walking before and behind, to carry the Things they have occasion to use. The Men are forbidden to enter these Houses upon Peril of their Lives, and no Power can protect them, if they are caught. *Alamir's* Quality secur'd him from the ordinary Laws, but his Rank expos'd him to a Revolt and Sedition, which wou'd have cost him his Life and his Estate.

THESE important Reasons cou'd not restrain him; he wrote to *Zoromade*, and inform'd her what Hazard he was determin'd to run to see her, and beg'd her to instruct him what he shou'd do to speak with her. *Zoromade* cou'd hardly consent to his undertaking this dangerous Attempt, but at last being push'd on by the Passion she had for him, and forc'd to it by the insupportable Constraint in which the *Arabian* Women live, she sent him Word, That if he found Means to get into the Bathing-House, he shou'd take care to distinguish the Apartment she us'd, in which there was a Closet where he might conceal himself; that she wou'd not bathe, but that while her Mother was in the Bath, she
wou'd

wou'd talk with him. *Alamir* was overjoy'd at having so difficult an Enterpise to execute; he gain'd the Master of the Baths by noble Presents, and learn'd the Day when *Zoromade* wou'd be there; he went in by Night, and was led to the Apartment with the Closet, and waited there for the Morning with all the Impatience of a Man truly in Love.

NEAR the Hour when *Zoromade* was to come, he heard a Noise in the Chamber of several Persons coming in; and in a little while the Noise abated, and some Body open'd the Closet-Door. He expected to see *Zoromade*, but instead of her, he saw a strange Woman, richly dress'd, and whose Beauty was in all the Flower and Simplicity of Youth. She was as surpris'd at seeing *Alamir*, as he at seeing her. He was no less qualify'd than she, to create Wonder by the Amiability of his Person, and the Magnificence of his Habits; and it was such an extraordinary Thing to see a Man in that Place, that if he had not made a Sign to her not to speak, she had cry'd out, and brought in all the Company in the Chamber upon him. She went up to *Alamir*, who was charm'd with the Adventure, and ask'd him, by what Accident he came there. It wou'd be too long, he answer'd, to tell her; but he intreated her not to speak of it, nor ruin a Man who valu'd not the Danger he was in, since it had given him the View of the most beautiful Person in the whole World. She blush'd with an Air of Innocence and Modesty, sufficient to touch a Heart less sensible than that of *Alamir*. I shou'd be very sorry, answer'd she, to do any Thing which may hurt you; but you have run a great Risque by coming

ming in here, and I don't know how you will escape. I know it, Madam, said he, but this is not the greatest Danger with which I am threaten'd to-Day.

AFTER these Words, the Sense of which he well presum'd she understood, he beg'd her to tell him who she was, and how she happen'd to come to that Closet. My Name, said she, is *Elfiberi*; I am Daughter of the Governor of *Lemnos*; my Mother has been at *Tarsus* but two Days, and was never herebefore, no more than my self. She is now bathing; I chose not to bathe, and came to this Closet by chance. But I conjure you, added she, to inform me also who you are. *Alamir* was pleas'd to meet a young Woman who did not know him. He told her he was call'd *Selemin*; (this was the Name which first occur'd to his Mind;) as he spoke, he heard a Noise; *Elfiberi* went to the Closet-Door to keep any one from entering; *Alamir* follow'd her a few Steps, not heeding the extreme Hazard he run by it. May not one hope, Madam, said he, to see you again? I can't tell, reply'd she in much Disturbance, but I think it is not impossible. Thus saying, she went out, and shut the Door.

ALAMIR stood charm'd with his Adventure; he had never seen any Thing so beautiful and enchanting as *Elfiberi*; he believ'd he had not displeas'd her; she did not know him to be the Prince of *Tarsus*; in short, there was every Circumstance in her, which cou'd move him; and he stay'd in the Closet till Night, without reflecting that he came thither to see *Zoromade*, so full was he of the Idea of *Elfiberi*.

ZOROMADE was not so easy; she lov'd *Alamir* entirely, and the Hazard to which she knew he was expos'd, and her not being able to improve that Opportunity, gave her the highest Vexation: For her Mother not being very well did not care to bathe, and the Apartment she generally us'd was given to the Mother of *Elfiberi*.

AT his Return *Alamir* found a Letter from *Zoromade*, which inform'd him of what I have told you, and acquainted him also that there was a Talk of marrying her; but this she said gave her no Apprehensions, since he might hinder the Marriage, by discovering his Intention concerning her to her Father. He shew'd the Letter to *Mulziman*, to convince him that all the Women were act'd only by the Prospect of marrying him; he related the Adventure at the Bath, and magnify'd *Elfiberi*'s Charms, and express'd his Joy to think that without knowing he was the Prince, she admir'd his Person. He assur'd him he had at last met with that which deserv'd to engage his Heart, and it shou'd now be seen whether he had not a sincere Affection for *Elfiberi*. Finally, he resolv'd to forsake all Gallantries, and devote himself wholly to her. It was almost impossible for him to see her, especially since he wou'd not make himself known to be the Prince of *Tarsus*. The first thing he thought of therefore, was to conceal himself in the Bathing House; but he heard *Elfiberi*'s Mother was ill, and that her Daughter did not stir from her.

IN the mean time *Zoromade*'s Marriage advanced, and the Despair to see herself deserted by the Prince, induc'd her to consent to it. As

her Father was very considerable, and the Person she espous'd was not less, it was agreed to celebrate the Nuptials in great Form. *Alamir* understood that *Elfiberi* was to be there. The Manner in which a Wedding is perform'd among the *Arabians*, gave him no Ground to hope he shou'd be able to see her, the Women being plac'd a-part from the Men both at the Mosque and at the Feast. He resolv'd however to attempt a Thing as dangerous as what he had lately hazarded for *Zoromade*. He feign'd himself ill upon the Day, in order to excuse his assisting publickly at the Ceremony; and dressing in Women's Clothes with a large Veil over his Head, as they always wear when they go abroad, he went to the Mosque with *Selemin's* Aunt. He saw *Elfiberi* come in, and tho' she was veil'd, her Shape had something so particular, and her Habit was so different from the Habit of *Tarsus*, that he was confident he was not mistaken. He follow'd her just to the Place where the Marriage was perform'd, and stood so near *Zoromade*, that he cou'd not resist the sudden Impulse of his natural Temper, to discover himself, and tell her he had put on that Disguise only for the sake of seeing her. The Sight of him so discompos'd *Zoromade*, that she drew back, and turning toward *Alamir*, It is inhuman, said she, to trouble my Peace, by an Action which might perswade me you lov'd me, if I did not know the contrary too well; but I hope I shall not suffer the Evils you have plung'd me in, long. She cou'd say no more, and *Alamir* cou'd not make her an Answer. The Rites were finish'd, and the Women withdrew to their Apartment.

A L A-

ALAMIR minded not the Grief of *Zoro-made*; all his Concern was how to speak to *Elfiberi*. He kneel'd down by her, and began to make his Prayers aloud, after the Custom of the *Arabians*. Amidst the confus'd Murmurs of a Multitude of People who are all speaking at once, it is difficult to hear what any one says, unless one is close by. *Alamir* without turning his Head toward *Elfiberi*, or changing his Prayer-tone, call'd to her several times; she turn'd that way, and when he discern'd that she look'd at him, he let fall a Book, and as he took it up, he open'd his Veil a little, and discover'd to her a Face whose Youth and Beauty did not ill-become the Habit he had on. His Disguise, he perceiv'd, did not prevent her knowing him; however he ask'd her, whether he was so happy as to be known; *Elfiberi*, whose Veil was not brought quite over her Face, cast her Eyes toward him, and without moving her Head, I know you too well, said she, but I tremble at your Danger. There is nothing to which I wou'd not expose my self, answer'd he, rather than not see you. It was not to see me, said she, that you ventur'd into the Bathing-House, and perhaps it is not on my Account you are here. It is for you alone, Madam, reply'd he, and you shall see me run the same Hazard every Day, if you do not afford me the Means of speaking with you. To-morrow, said she, I go to the Caliph's Palace with my Mother, do you be there with the Prince; my Veil will be open, because it is the first time of my going. She said no more, lest she shou'd be heard by the Women who were near her.

ALAMIR was strangely embarrass'd at her appointing him that Place of Meeting. He knew very well, that the first time Women of Quality are had to the Caliph's Palace, if the Caliph, or the Princes his Children, enter the Room where they are, they do not let down their Veils; but after that, they are veil'd whenever they go thither. Thus was *Alamir* certain of seeing *Elfiberi*; but to see her, he must discover himself to be the Prince of *Tarsus*, which was what he cou'd not be willing to do. The Pleasure to be lov'd for his Person alone, was so sensible, that he wou'd not quit it; and yet it troubled him to lose an Opportunity of seeing *Elfiberi*, and an Opportunity which she herself had given him. The Jealousy she had intimated at finding him in the Bath-House, since he was not there on her Account, oblig'd him also to neglect nothing which might convince her of the Truth of his Affection. This Embarrassment made him stand a long time without answering, at last he ask'd, if he might not write to her. I dare not trust to any body, said she, but try if you can gain a Slave call'd *Zabelec*.

ALAMIR was satisfy'd with these Words; the Company left the Temple, and he went to change his Habit, and consider what to do the next Day. As difficult as it seem'd to hide his Quality from *Elfiberi*, and what Trouble soever it gave him, by obliging him to avoid her whom he had the greatest Desire to see; he resolv'd to undertake it, and discover whether he was really lov'd, without the Recommendation of his Birth. Having determin'd in what manner

ner to proceed, he wrote *Elfiberi* the following Letter.

Alamir's LETTER to *Elfiberi*.

IF I had any Merit to plead with you, or you had given me any Hope, I shou'd not perhaps request the Thing I am going to ask of you, tho' I think I shou'd have much more Reason to desire it. But, Madam, as you scarcely know me, I dare not flatter my self with having made any Impression in your Heart; you are engag'd to me neither by your Sentiments, nor your Words; and you will go To-morrow to a Place, where you will see a Prince, who never beheld a Beauty which he did not love. What ought I not to fear, Madam, from this Interview? I can have no Doubt of Alamir's loving you, and tho' it is fantastical, perhaps, to be afraid so much as I am, of your seeing the Prince, and of his being happy enough to please you, I cannot forbear intreating you not to see him. Why will you refuse it me, Madam? It is no Favour that I ask you; and it may be, I am the only Man who has ever su'd for such a Thing. I am sensible it must seem very odd to you; but it seems more so to my self. Do not deny this Kindness to a Man who has expos'd even his Life, to be able merely to tell you he loves you.

HAVING writ this Letter, he put on a Disguise in order to go himself with some in whom he confided, to find out the Slave *Elfiberi* had mention'd. He watch'd about the Governor of *Lemnos's* House so sharply, that at last he

met with an old Slave who undertook to bring *Zabelec* to him. He saw him coming at a Distance, and was surpris'd at the fine Shape of the Youth, and the Sweetness of his Aspect. *Alamir* had planted himself privately in a blind Corner of a Portico, and *Zabelec* made up briskly to him, as if he had been one of his Acquaintance. When he drew near, the Prince, without shewing himself in the Light, began to speak to him about *Elfiberi*. The Slave hearing a Voice he did not know, chang'd Countenance at once, and having fetch'd a deep Sigh, cast down his Eyes, and stood silent, in so sorrowful a Posture, that *Alamir* cou'd not forbear asking him the Reason. I thought, answer'd he, I had known the Person who sent for me, and did not imagine it was somebody who wanted to talk to me about *Elfiberi*: But make an End; for whatever relates to *Elfiberi*, touches me nearly. *Alamir* was embarrass'd at the Manner in which the Slave answer'd; however, he finish'd what he was going to say, and gave him a Letter, discovering himself to him only by the Name of *Selemin*. The Concern and Beauty of the Slave made the Prince fancy he was some Lover of *Elfiberi*, who was disguis'd in order to be near her Person. The Trouble he saw him in when he spoke of getting him to deliver a Letter, wou'd not let him doubt it; yet he thought if *Elfiberi* had known this Slave was her Lover, she wou'd not have chosen him to convey to her a Rival's Letter. In short, this Accident perplex'd him; and taking it in any View, this Slave appear'd too handsome, and had an Air too much above his
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Condition, for him to bear his being with *Elfiberi* without Uneasiness.

HE expected the next Day with Variety of restless Thoughts, and went early to the Apartment of the Princess his Mother; never had a Lover been so impatient to see his Mistress, as *Alamir* was now desirous not to see his, and never had a Lover so much reason to wish not to see her. If *Elfiberi* did not come to the Palace, he concluded it was in Compliance with his Request, and that it was a Sign also she had receiv'd the Letter he had put into *Zabelec's* Hands; and that if the Slave had deliver'd it, he cou'd not be a Rival; and her not accompanying her Mother, wou'd shew he had fix'd a good Intelligence with her, and had no Rival, and might hope she lov'd him. He was full of these Thoughts, when Word was brought him that *Elfiberi's* Mother was arriv'd, and he had the Pleasure to see she was not attended by her Daughter. Never was Transport equal to his. He withdrew, not being willing his Mistress's Mother shou'd know his Face, and went home to wait till the Hour came which he had appointed to speak with *Zabelec*.

THE handsome Slave return'd to meet him, with the same Sadness in his Aspect as he had shewn the Day before, and brought him *Elfiberi's* Answer. The Prince was charm'd with the Letter, which express'd a decent Modesty mingled with much Affection. She assur'd him she had the Complaisance for him not to see the Prince of *Tarsus*, and cou'd grant him such a Favour without any Reluctance; she pray'd him also to run no Risque to see her, because her Natural Fearfulness, and the Manner in which she

WAS

was guarded, wou'd render any thing he cou'd undertake ineffectual.

THO' *Alamir* was highly satisfy'd with the Letter, he cou'd not reconcile himself to the Beauty and Dejectedness of this Slave; he ask'd him several Questions concerning what Means he shou'd employ to see *Elfiberi*; but the Slave answer'd him very coldly. This increas'd the Prince's Suspicions; and as he found himself more touch'd with *Elfiberi*'s Beauty, than he had ever been with any other, he was afraid of falling into the same Condition, as that into which he had brought all those whom he had lov'd, and of being engag'd with one who had an Inclination to another. However, he wrote to her every Day, and oblig'd her to inform him of the Places whither she went; and his Love made him so careful to avoid her in Publick where she might know him for the Prince, that he was studious to contrive ways of seeing her in private. He view'd all the Avenues of the House where she lodg'd narrowly, and observ'd that at the Head of the Terrass there was a sort of Balcony over a little Street, which was so narrow that one might hold Discourse at the Balcony from a House on the other side of the way. He easily possess'd himself of that House; and wrote to *Elfiberi*, conjuring her that she wou'd be upon the Terrass at Night, and acquainting her he shou'd be able to talk with her there. She came, and *Alamir* convers'd with her without being overheard, and it was not so dark, but he had the Pleasure to distinguish those Beauties which so inflam'd his Heart.

THEY enter'd into a long Conversation about their mutual Sentiments for each other.

Elfi-

Elfiberi desir'd him to explain what Occasion had carry'd him to the Bathing-House. He confess'd the Truth to her, and told her all that had pass'd between *Zoromade* and himself. Young Persons are too much delighted with this sort of Treachery, to fear the Consequences of it for themselves. *Elfiberi* had a passionate Inclination for *Alamir*, and this Conversation took intire Possession of her, and they agreed to meet again in the same Place. Just as he was going away, he happen'd to turn his Head, and was strangely surpris'd to see in a Corner of the Balcony that handsome Slave, who had already given him so much Disturbance.

HE cou'd not conceal his Uneasiness, and resuming the Discourse, If I express'd a Jealousy, said he to *Elfiberi*, the first Time I wrote to you, shall I presume to shew it also, Madam, the first Time I talk with you? Persons of your Quality, I know, have always Slaves about them; but I think not of the Age and Air as he whom I see with you. I own that what I know of *Zabelec*'s Person and Wit, renders him as formidable to me as if he were the Prince of *Tarsus*. *Elfiberi* smil'd at his Words, and calling the handsome Slave, Come hither, *Zabelec*, said she, and cure *Selemin* of the Jealousy you give him; for I will not venture to do it without your Consent. I shou'd be glad, Madam, answer'd *Zabelec*, if you cou'd prevail on your self to leave him under it. I do not wish it for my own Interest, but for yours, and for Fear of those Misfortunes into which, I see clearly, you are plunging your self. But, Sir, continu'd the Slave, addressing himself to the Prince, taking him only for *Selemin*, it is not just to leave you in a Suspicion of *Elfiberi*'s Virtue. I

I am an unhappy Woman, who came into her Service by Accident. I am a Christian, a *Greek*, and of a Birth far above the Condition in which you see me. My Beauty, such as it was, of which perhaps there are no Tokens remaining, procur'd me several Lovers in my Youth; but I found in them so little Sincerity, and so much Deceit, that I regarded them with Contempt. One more faithless than the rest, who yet understood to dissemble better, engag'd my Love. I broke off, for his Sake, a Marriage very advantageous for my Fortune; my Relations persecuted us; he was oblig'd to withdraw; he marry'd me, and I disguis'd my self in a Man's Habit, and follow'd him. We embark'd, and in the same Vessel was a very handsome Woman, whom some extraordinary Occasions oblig'd likewise to go to *Asia*. My Husband fell in Love with her; we were attack'd by the *Arabians*, and taken; they divided the Slaves; and it was offer'd my Husband and one of his Relations, to be among the Slaves which fell to the Share of the Lieutenant of the Ship, or of the Captain. The Lot had given me to the last, and by an Ingratitude without Example, I saw him chuse to go with the Lieutenant, for the sake of accompanying the Woman whom he lov'd. Neither my Presence, nor my Tears, nor what I had done for him, nor the Condition in which he left me, was able to move him. You may imagine my Grief: I was brought hither; and my good Fortune put me into the Hands of *Elfibi's* Father. Tho' I had seen my Husband's Faithfulness, I cou'd not quite lay aside the Hope of his returning, and it was this which caus'd those Alterations you observ'd in
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my Countenance, the first Day I talk'd with you. I was in hope it was he who sent for me; and as groundless as my Hope was, I was not able to lose it without Sorrow. I do not oppose the Inclination *Elfiberi* has for you, knowing by a bitter Experience how vain it is to contradict such sort of Sentiments; but I lament it, and foresee the sharp Trouble you will occasion her. She has never had a Passion, and is going to have for you an Affection as sincere and true, as any Man who has ever been lov'd, can deserve.

WHEN *Zabelec* had done, *Elfiberi* told *Alamir*, that her Father and Mother knew her Quality, her Sex and her Merit; but for Reasons which she had to keep herself unknown, they caus'd her to be treated in Appearance, as a Slave. The Prince was surpris'd at *Zabelec's* Wit and Virtue; and was overjoy'd to understand his Jealousy was thus without Foundation. He perceiv'd also so many Charms, and such Sincerity in the Sentiments of *Elfiberi*, that he was persuaded she was the only Person who had lov'd him. She lov'd him with no other Design than to love him, and without thinking what wou'd be the End of her Passion. She did not inform herself of his Fortune or his Intention; and put all to hazard to see him, and blindly did whatever he cou'd wish. To another Person the Conduct he desir'd of her wou'd have been a Constraint; for as he design'd she shou'd still take him for *Selemin*, he was forc'd to hinder her being at some Publick Feasts, where he was oblig'd to appear as the Prince: but she thought nothing difficult to please him.

ALA-

ALAMIR was happy for a Time in being lov'd merely for his own Sake; at last it came into his Mind that tho' *Elfiberi* had lov'd him without knowing he was the Prince of *Tarsus*, she wou'd not scruple perhaps to leave him for a Man who shou'd appear under that Quality. He resolv'd to put her Heart to this Tryal, and to make the true *Selemin* personate the Prince, and profess Love to her, and to see with his own Eyes after what Manner she wou'd treat him. He imparted his Intention to *Selemin*, and they concerted the proper Means to execute it. *Alamir* made a Horse-Race, and told *Elfiberi*, that in order to give her some Part of that Diversion, he wou'd get the Prince to pass along with the whole Troop before her Window; that they wou'd both have on the same Habit, and ride Side by Side, and tho' he was always apprehensive of her seeing *Alamir*, he thought himself too sure of her Heart to fear the Prince's drawing her Eyes, especially when he shou'd be near enough to share them with him.

ELSIBERI was persuaded hereby, that he whom she shou'd see with her Lover, was the Prince of *Tarsus*; and the next Day seeing the real *Selemin* with *Alamir*, she made no Question of his being the Prince: She discern'd also that her Lover had abus'd her in representing *Alamir* as such a formidable Man, and thought he was not so agreeable as he whom she believ'd to be his Favourite. She did not forget to tell *Alamir* her Opinion; but this was not sufficient to satisfy him; and he resolv'd to try whether this sham Prince wou'd not win her Heart, if he seem'd to be in Love with her, and propos'd to marry her.

AT one of the Feasts of the *Arabians*, where the Prince was not oblig'd to appear in Publick, he told *Elfiberi* that *Alamir* wou'd disguise himself in order to come into her Company; he did so literally, and took *Selemin* with him. They drew near *Elfiberi*, and *Selemin* call'd to her twice or thrice. As she was thinking of *Alamir*, she concluded this was he, and taking a Time when no Body minded her, she lifted up her Veil, to let him see her, and to talk to him; but she was surpris'd to find at her Elbow the Man who, she thought, was the Prince of *Tar-sus*. *Selemin* appear'd extremely touch'd with her Beauty, and wou'd have spoke to her, but she wou'd not hear him; and made up close to her Mother in great Disturbance, so that *Selemin* cou'd not fall in with her again all that Day.

AT Night *Alamir* met her at the Terrass, and she told him all that had happen'd with so exact a Truth, and such a wonderful Fear lest he shou'd suspect she had contributed to it, that he ought to have been entirely easy. Nevertheless he was not contented; he engag'd the old Slave, whom he had found very obnoxious to Presents, to deliver her a Letter from the Prince. When the Slave wou'd have put it into her Hand, she rejected it, and reprimanded him severely. She gave *Alamir* an Account of it, who knew it before, and rejoic'd exceedingly in his Deceit. To finish what he had design'd, he brought *Selemin* to the Terrass, where he us'd to meet *Elfiberi*, and hid himself, so that she cou'd not see him, while he cou'd hear all they said. *Elfiberi*'s Surprise was incredible, when she saw upon the Terrass him whom she believ'd to be the
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the Prince. Her first Inclination was to retire, but a Suspicion that her Lover made a Sacrifice of her to the Prince, and a Desire to discover it, kept her there a few Moments. I will not say, Madam, cry'd *Selemin*, whether it is by my own Artifice, or the Consent of him whom you expected to find here, that I supply the Place appointed for him; nor will I say whether he is ignorant of the Sentiments I have for you, or not; you may judge of that by the Probability of it, and by the Power which the Quality of the Prince is able to give me over him. I shall only say, that by one View alone you have done that in me which the longest Passions have not been able to effect. I was always against entering into any Engagements, and propose to myself no other Happiness at present than that of prevailing on you to accept the same Dignity as I possess. You are the only Person to whom I will offer it. Consider it, Madam, before you refuse me; and think that in refusing the Prince of *Tarsus*, you refuse the only Thing which can deliver you from that eternal Captivity to which you are destin'd.

ELSIBERI did not hear all the imaginary Prince said to her; but as soon as he gave her Ground to believe her Lover had sacrific'd her to his Ambition, without replying to what he had said, I don't know, Sir, cry'd she, what Accident brought you hither; but however it happen'd, I can converse with you no longer; and I desire you will not take it ill that I leave you. At this she quitted the Terrass immediately, with *Zabelec*, who had attended her, and withdrew to her Chamber, not less disturb'd, than *Alamir* was delighted and pleas'd. He saw with Joy,
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that she despis'd the Offer of so exalted a Fortune, at the same Time as she had Reason to conclude, he had deceiv'd her; and he cou'd no longer doubt she was proof to the Impressions of Ambition which he had suspected. On the Morrow he attempted again to get a Letter deliver'd to her from the Prince, to see whether she had not alter'd her Mind, but the old Slave who went to give it her, was rebuff'd as smartly as before.

ELSIBERI pass'd the Night with inexpressible Grief; in all Appearance her Lover had betray'd her; nobody else cou'd have communicated their Intelligence, and the Places of their Meeting; yet the Tenderness she had for him, wou'd not suffer her to condemn him without a Hearing. She saw him the next Day, and he knew so well how to make her believe he had been betray'd by one of his Servants, and that the Caliph, at his Son's Desire, had detain'd him Part of the Night to prevent his being at the Terrass, that he justify'd himself compleatly, and persuaded her he was extreamly concern'd at the Prince's Passion. But the beautiful Slave was not satisfy'd so easily as *Elfiberi*; her Experience of the Deceitfulness of Men wou'd not let her give Credit to the Words of the pretended *Selem*. She endeavour'd in vain to shew *Elfiberi* that he impos'd on her; but a little after, Chance furnish'd her with an Opportunity to accomplish it.

THE true *Selem* was not so busy'd with the Prince's Amours, as to have none of his own. The Person with whom he was in Love, had for her Confident a young Female Slave, who was violently impassion'd of *Zabelec*, whom she took

took for a Man. She told *Zabelec* the Intrigue of *Selemin*, and her Mistress, and the Manner of their Interviews. *Zabelec*, who knew *Alamir* by no other Name than that of *Selemin*, inform'd her self by this Slave of all which might convince *Elfiberi* of her Lover's Unfaithfulness, and went to acquaint her with it the same Moment. No Affliction cou'd exceed that of *Elfiberi*; whose Grief, as pungent as it was, did not carry her into a Rage against him who caus'd it. *Zabelec* did all he cou'd, to make her see *Alamir* no more, and not to listen to his Justifications, which wou'd be only so many new Delusions; and *Elfiberi* wou'd willingly have follow'd her Council, but she was not able.

ALAMIR met her the same Evening upon the Terrass, and was astonish'd when *Elfiberi* began their Conversation with a Torrent of Tears, and then with such tender Reproaches as wou'd have pierc'd even one who did not love her, to the Heart. He cou'd not conceive what she cou'd accuse him of, nor to what fantastical Accident it was owing, that as he had never been faithful unless to herself, she was almost the only Person who had tax'd him with Falshood. He defended himself with all the Force of Truth; but as much inclin'd as *Elfiberi* was to believe him innocent, she cou'd not trust his Words. He press'd her to name the Woman with whom she accus'd him of being in Love. She did, and related the Circumstances of their Correspondence at large. *Alamir* was surpris'd when he found it was only the Name of *Selemin* which made him appear culpable, and was exceedingly embarrass'd after what manner to clear himself. He cou'd not resolve upon the
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Spot, and only affirm'd his Innocence with new Oaths, without entering into any other Excuses. His Perplexity, and such general Expressions, left *Elfiberi* fully persuaded of his Treachery.

IN the mean time the Prince went to report his Misfortune to *Selemin*, and consult the Measures with him to vindicate his Innocence. I wou'd for your sake, said *Selemin*, break off with the Person I love, if it wou'd do you any Service; but tho' I shou'd forbear to see her, *Elfiberi* will always believe you was once unfaithful, and will accordingly distrust you. If you wou'd cure her absolutely of her Suspicions, I am of Opinion, you must own to her who you are, and who I am. She has lov'd you, and your Quality has had no share in her Passion; she has believ'd me to be the Prince of *Tarsus*, and has despis'd me for your Sake: and this, I think, is all that you desir'd. You are in the right, my dear *Selemin*, cry'd the Prince, but I know not how to declare my Birth to *Elfiberi*; I shall lose by it that which has charm'd me, and shall hazard the only real Pleasure I have ever had; and I can't tell whether the Passion I have for her will not entirely vanish. Consider also, Sir, reply'd *Selemin*, that by continuing to pass under my Name, you will lose *Elfiberi*'s Heart, and in losing that you will certainly lose all the Pleasure which your mistaken Imaginations make you idly fear you shall not know again.

SELEMIN spoke with so much Strength of Argument, that *Alamir* agreed to declare the Truth of the Case to *Elfiberi*. He inform'd her of it the same Evening; and never did any one pass in a Moment from a Condition so deplorable

ble to one so happy; she perceiv'd the Marks of a very sincere and delicate Passion in all those Things which had seem'd Deceits, and had the Pleasure to demonstrate the lov'd *Alamir* sincerely, without knowing he was the Prince; in a word, her Heart cou'd scarcely contain her Joy; She shew'd it all to *Alamir*; but he suspected it, and fancy'd the Prince of *Tarsus* had some Part in it, and that her Gladness to find she had him for her Lover, was what transported her so much. However he hid it from her, and visited her constantly. *Zabelec* was surpris'd to see her self mistaken in distrusting the Love of Men, and envy'd *Elfiberi*'s good Fortune in meeting with one who was faithful.

SHE had not Reason to envy her long. It was impossible but such extraordinary Things as *Alamir* had done for *Elfiberi*, shou'd give a new Vivacity to her Passion: The Prince perceiv'd it; this Increase of Love appear'd fallacious to him, and occasion'd him the same Uneasiness as an Abatement of it wou'd have done. In short, he was so perswaded that the Prince of *Tarsus* was better lov'd than *Alamir* had been under the Name of *Selemín*, that his Affection began to cool, tho' he had no new Object to divert it. He had been in so many Amours, and the present had at first something so engaging in it, as made him regardless of all others. *Elfiberi* insensibly put an End to his Love, and tho' she endeavour'd to deceive herself, she was not able to doubt of her Misfortune when she understood the Prince was going to travel over *Greece*, and heard of his Design before he told it her. The Disquiet he met with at *Tarsus*
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inspir'd him with this Resolution, nor cou'd the Intreaties and Tears of *Elfiberi* prevail on him not to execute it.

THE beautiful Slave now saw that her Destiny was not more unhappy than that of *Elfiberi*, and all the Consolation *Elfiberi* had was to mingle Complaints with her. *Zabelec* heard that her Husband was kill'd, and notwithstanding his horrible Falshood to her, she was heartily concern'd. As her Reasons for concealing herself ceas'd with his Death, she beg'd *Elfiberi*'s Father to give her the Freedom he had offer'd her so often. He did, and she resolv'd to return, and pass the Remainder of her Life in her own Country, withdrawn from all Conversation with Men. She had talk'd several times to *Elfiberi* of the Christian Religion; and *Elfiberi* being mov'd with what she said, and with *Alamir*'s Inconstancy, for which she expected no Relief, determin'd to become a Christian and follow *Zabelec*, and live with her in a profound Forgetfulness of all Earthly Passions. Accordingly she went away, giving her Relations no other Notice, than by a Letter which she left behind.

ALAMIR had begun his Travels, and understood by a Letter from *Selemin* what I have told you about *Elfiberi*. In what Place soever she is, it would perhaps be a Comfort to her to know how well she is revenged of *Alamir*'s Treachery, by the violent Passion the Beauty of *Zayde* has given him.

HE arriv'd in *Cyprus*, and fell in Love with that Princess, as I told you, after he had been wavering for a while between her and me: He lov'd her with a Passion so different from any
he

he experienc'd before, that he was beside himself. He had always declar'd his Love the very Moment it began, and was never in fear of offending by it those whom he address'd; but he scarcely dar'd to let *Zayde* even conjecture this which he had for her. This Alteration amaz'd him; but when the Vehemence of his Love forc'd him to own it to her, and he perceiv'd her Indifference serv'd only to enrage it, and saw this Treatment made him desperate, without extinguishing his Love, and that he had no Prospect it wou'd ever cease, he felt a Sorrow not to be describ'd.

LOVE, said he to *Mulziman*, never had any Power over me, farther than I allow'd it; and tho' it possess'd me entirely, it was constantly attended with Joy in every Instance; and now by the only Person in the World in whom I have met with Resistance, it Tyrannizes over me with so absolute a Dominion, that I cannot subdue it. I was not able to love those who lov'd me; *Zayde* despises me, and I adore her. Is it her admirable Beauty which produces this strange Effect, or is it possible that the only Way to entangle me was, not to love me? Ah! *Zayde*, will you never put me into a Condition to know it is not your Severity which engages my Heart?

MULZIMAN was so surpris'd at his Case, that he was at a Loss how to answer him; he endeavour'd to comfort him, and soften his Inquietude. After *Zayde's* Father arriv'd, and she had so strongly declar'd her Resolution not to marry him, his Despair augmented, and put him upon seeking after Death with Joy.

THIS

THIS is the Sum, continu'd *Felima*, of what I learn'd from *Mulziman*: perhaps I have been too particular; but you will forgive me, remembering the Pleasure which Persons in Love find in talking of those they love, tho' at the same time the Subject may be disagreeable. *Don Olmond* assur'd her she was so far from standing in need to excuse the Length of her Story, that he was under great Obligations to her for informing him of *Alamir's* Adventures; and desiring her to proceed, she thus resum'd the Discourse.

YOU may believe that what I knew of the Actions and Temper of *Alamir* gave me no Hope, since I understood the only Way to be lov'd by him was not to love him. Yet I did not love him the less for it; the Dangers to which he expos'd himself every Day, troubled me excessively; I fancy'd every Blow wou'd fall upon his Head, and that no body was in Hazard but he. I was so overwhelm'd, that I thought my Miseries cou'd receive no Addition; but Fortune overtook me with a Calamity more terrible than all I had already suffer'd.

SOME Days after *Mulziman* had told me *Alamir's* Adventures, I spoke of them to *Zayde*, and reflected so deeply on my wretched Destiny, that my Face was bath'd in Tears. One of *Zayde's* Women pass'd thro' the Room where we were, and, unperceiv'd by me, left the Door open. I must own I am very unhappy, said I to *Zayde*, in being fond of a Man who is in all Respects so unworthy of the Sentiments I have for him. As I finish'd these Words, I heard some body in the Chamber, and thought it was the

Woman who went thro'; but how was I surpris'd and troubled when I saw it was *Alamir*, and that he was so near me that I cou'd not doubt his overhearing my last Expressions! My Concern, and the Tears which ran down my Cheeks, depriv'd me of the Means of preventing his perceiving that what I had said was true. My Spirits fail'd me; I lost my Speech; I wish'd to dye, and was in a Disorder not to be utter'd. To compleat my Distress, the Princess *Alasimtha* enter'd the Room accompany'd with several Ladies, who all went up to *Zayde*, so that I was left alone with *Alamir*.

THE Prince look'd on me with an Air which shew'd he was afraid to increase the Confusion in which he saw me; I am very sorry, Madam, said he, that I came in at a Time when I believe you wou'd have been heard only by *Zayde*. But, Madam, since it has happen'd otherwise, suffer me to ask whether it is possible a Man who is happy enough not to displease you, can provoke you to say he is in all respects unworthy of the Kindness you have for him. I am very sensible, there is no Man who can deserve the least Degree of your Favour, but is there any one who can give you Reason to complain of his Sentiments? Be not displeas'd, Madam, that I have enter'd into some Part of your Confidence; you shall not find me unworthy of it; and as careful as you have been to conceal what I have now discover'd, I shall be highly thankful for a Thing which I owe wholly to Chance.

ALAMIR wou'd have spoke long enough, if he had waited till I had Strength to interrupt him: I was so beside myself, and so assail'd with the Fear of letting him know it was he of whom

I complain'd, and with Grief to have him think I lov'd another, that it was impossible for me to answer him. You will believe, perhaps, that having conceal'd my Passion from him so studiously, and seeing him so attach'd to *Zayde*, it must have been indifferent to me, if he judg'd it was any other Man who had gain'd my Heart; but it was such a Violence to my Love to cover itself thus far from the Person who caus'd it, that I cou'd not bear the cruel Pain of letting him suppose it was kindled by another. *Alamir* imputed all my Embarrassment to my Uneasiness at his imagining I was in Love. I see, Madam, reply'd he, that you are much concern'd at my being your Confident, but you do me Injustice. Can any one have more Respect for you than I have, or be more interested to please you? You have an absolute Power over the beautiful Princess, on whom my Destiny depends: Let me know, Madam, who he is you complain of; and if I have as much Influence over him, as you have over her I adore, you shall see whether I shall not make him understand his own Happiness, and render him worthy of your Goodness.

ALAMIR's Words heighten'd my Trouble and Disorder; he press'd me again to tell him of whom I complain'd; but all those Reasons which made him earnest to know it, made me think him very unworthy to be inform'd. At last, *Zayde*, who guess'd what a Perplexity I was in, came up and interrupted us, nor had I the Power to say so much as a single Word to *Alamir*. I went away without looking at him. My Body not being able to support the Agitation

tion of my Spirit, I fell ill the same Night, and my Indisposition lasted a long Time.

AMONG the Number of Persons of Quality who dwelt in the Island, it cou'd scarcely be but some one had a Kindness for me, and was concern'd for my Life. I heard they inquir'd after me carefully; I consider'd the little Effect their Love had produc'd, and when I thought that if *Alamir* had known my Affection, it wou'd not have made a greater Impression upon him, than the Passion of my Lovers had done upon me, I rejoyc'd that he was ignorant of my Sentiments; but at the same time I must confess this was a Satisfaction which was relish'd only by my Reason, and in which my Heart had no Share. Tho' I began to be well enough to admit Company, I avoided as much as I cou'd all Occasions of seeing *Alamir*; when I saw him, I perceiv'd he observ'd me strictly, to discover by my Actions who was the Person I spoke of. The more I saw he observ'd me, the worse I treated those who lov'd me. Tho' there were several whose Quality and Merit I ought not to have been asham'd of, there was not one whom my Vanity did not despise. I cou'd not bear that *Alamir* shou'd believe I lov'd without having my Love return'd, for by this I shou'd have seem'd less worthy of him.

THE Emperor's Troops press'd *Famagusta* so hard, that the *Arabians* were universally of Opinion they must abandon it. *Zulema* and *Osmin* resolv'd to put us on board with the Princesses *Abasintba* and *Bellenia*; *Alamir* also determin'd to leave *Cyprus*, both in order to follow *Zayde*, and to quit a Place where he cou'd be no longer serviceable. He had still a restless Curiosity to know who the Person was
he

he heard me speak of, and when we were just ready to depart, and he saw my Concern did not increase, Tho' you forsake *Cyprus*, said he, without shewing new Marks of Affliction, it is not impossible, Madam, but your Departure must affect you; do me the Favour then to acquaint me who it is you have at Heart. There is not a Man here whom I cannot easily engage to go to *Africk*, and you will have the Pleasure to see him, without his knowing that you have desired it. I have not been solicitous, answer'd I, to remove an Opinion which you embrac'd upon Appearances probable enough; but I assure you notwithstanding, that those Appearances are deceitful. I leave no Person behind me at *Famagusta* whom I regard; nor does this arise from any Change which has happen'd in my Heart. I understand you, Madam, reply'd *Alamir*, he who has been so happy as to please you, is not here; I shou'd in vain look for him among your Admirers; for he left *Cyprus* undoubtedly before I had the Honour to see you. It was neither before you saw me, nor since you came hither, answer'd I shortly, that any one has been happy enough to please me; and I beg you will speak to me no more about a Thing which offends me.

ALAMIR observing I answer'd him in Anger, said no more of it, and assur'd me he wou'd not mention it again; and I was very glad to put an End to a Conversation in which I was always in Danger of letting that be seen which I so ardently desir'd to conceal. We embark'd, and our Voyage was so prosperous at first, that we had no Reason to expect it wou'd end in a Wreck so unhappy as that which we suffer'd

upon the Coast of *Spain*, as I shall tell you presently.

FELIMA was going on in her Story, when Word came that her Mother was worse than ordinary. Tho' I have much more to tell you, said she to *Don Olmond* at leaving him, I have told you enough to make you sensible that my Life is involv'd in *Alamir's*, and to engage you to keep the Promise you have given me. I will keep it exactly, Madam, reply'd he, but I desire you will remember also that you are to relate to me the rest of your Adventures.

THE next Day he went to the King; who the Moment he saw him, being willing to satisfy the Impatience and Uneasiness which appear'd in *Gonsalvo's* Face, took them both into his Closet, and order'd *Don Olmond* to say if he had seen *Felima*, and whether she had told him what Interest she had in saving *Alamir*. *Don Olmond*, without seeming to enter into the Reasons of the King's Curiosity after that Prince's Adventures, made an exact Recital of all he had learn'd by *Felima* of her Passion for *Alamir*, and of *Alamir's* for *Zayde*, and of what had befallen them till their leaving *Cyprus*. When he had done, he judg'd rightly that his Presence wou'd be a Constraint upon the Conversation between the King and *Gonsalvo*, and in order to leave them at Liberty, he pretended he was oblig'd to return to *Oropeze*.

As soon as he was gone, the King looking on his Favourite with an Air which express'd the Sentiments he had for him, Do ye think now, said he, that *Zayde* loves *Alamir*, and that it was she who made *Felima* write? Don't you see how groundless your Fears were? No, Sir, answer'd *Gonsalvo* sorrowfully; all *Don Olmond* has related, does not satisfy me that I have not
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Reason to be afraid. *Zayde* perhaps did not love *Alamir* at first, or conceal'd it from *Felima*, seeing the Love she had for him; but whom shou'd she lament, when she was shipwreck'd on the Coast of *Spain*, unless it was *Alamir* who she believ'd was dead? Whom can I resemble, but this Prince? *Felima* has mention'd no other in her Story: *Zayde* has deceiv'd her, Sir, or has not own'd to her the Sentiments she had for him till since she was at *Alphonso's*. What I have heard does not change my former Opinion, and I am afraid what I have yet to hear will confirm it, rather than alter it.

It was so late when *Gonsalvo* left the King, that he ought to have gone to Rest, but his Concern wou'd not permit him. *Felima's* Relation inflam'd his Curiosity, and left him still in that cruel Uncertainty, under which he had been so long. Toward the Morning an Officer of the Army, who was come back from *Oropeze*, brought him a Letter from *Don Olmond*, which he open'd, and found as follows;

Don Olmond's LETTER to Gonsalvo.

FELIMA has kept her Word, and told me the rest of her Adventures. It is only her Love of *Alamir*, which has made her so anxious for his Life. *Zayde* does not interest herself in it; and if anyone has an Interest in *Zayde*, *Alamir* is not the Man of whom he ought to be jealous.

THESE Lines threw *Gonsalvo* into a new Embarrassment, and made him think he was mistaken only in believing she lov'd *Alamir*, but
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not

not in judging that she was in Love. The Letter he saw her write at *Alphonso's*, and what he had heard her say at *Tortosa* concerning a first Inclination, and the Note he had now receiv'd from *Don Olmond*, wou'd not suffer him to doubt it; and since *Zayde's* Heart was engag'd, he thought he shou'd be equally unhappy; however, as he cou'd not conceive the Person, it gave him some Comfort, to learn it was not the Prince of *Tarsus*.

IN the mean time the *Moors* made Proposals of Peace, which were too advantageous to be rejected. Commissioners were nam'd on each Side to settle the Articles, and a Truce was granted. *Gonsalvo* had a Share in all the Counsels; yet as deeply employ'd as he was by the important Affairs which the King committed to his Care, his Mind ran more upon discovering who was this secret Rival whom he had never heard mention'd. He waited for *Don Olmond* with the most restless Impatience, and at last desir'd the King either to send for him to the Camp, or allow him to go to him at *Oropeze*. *Don Garcia*, who was curious to hear the Sequel of *Zayde's* Adventures, was willing to be present when *Don Olmond* made his Rehearsal, and sent him Orders to attend him immediately. When *Gonsalvo* saw him arrive, and consider'd him as a Man who was going to inform him of the true Sentiments of *Zayde*, he was almost on the Point of hindering him from speaking, so much afraid was he of the Certainty of his Misfortune, tho' he wish'd to be resolv'd. *Don Olmond*, with the same Prudence as he had observ'd before, not appearing to take Notice of *Gonsalvo's* Embarrassment, related by the King's Di-

Direction, what he had learn'd of *Felima* in their last Conversation



*The Sequel of the HISTORY of
Felima and Zayde.*



RINCE *Zulema* and *Osmin* having left *Cyprus* with a Design to go to *Africk*, and land at *Tunis*; *Alamir* follow'd them. Their Voyage was smooth enough at first, when an impetuous Wind drove them toward *Alexandria*. *Zulema* seeing they were very near it, had a Mind to go on Shoar to see *Albamazar*, the great Astrologer so celebrated over all *Africk*, whom he had known long ago. The Princesses not being us'd to the Fatigues of the Sea, were glad to get to Land and repose themselves; and the Wind continuing contrary, kept them long in Port.

ONE Day as *Zulema* was shewing *Albamazar* several Rarities he had collected in his Travels, *Zayde* spy'd in a Case a Picture of a young Man of extraordinary Beauty, and a very agreeable Air. The Habit, which was equal to that of the *Arabian* Princes, made her fancy it was the Picture of one of the *Caliph's* Sons. She ask'd her Father, whether she was mistaken; who answer'd he did not know whose Picture it was; that he had bought it of some Soldiers, and preserv'd it for its Beauty. *Zayde* seem'd surpris'd at the Gracefulness of it, and *Albama-*

zar observing how earnestly she look'd at it, rally'd her, and told her he saw clearly that the Man who was like that Picture might promise himself to please her. As the *Greeks* have a wonderful Opinion of Astrology, and young People are fond of knowing future Events, *Zayde* beg'd that famous Astrologer several Times to tell her something of her Destiny; but he always refus'd it: The little Time he spar'd out of his Study, he spent with *Zulema*, and seem'd to decline shewing his extraordinary Knowledge. At last, finding him one Day in the Chamber with her Father, she press'd him more strongly than usual, to consult the Stars about her Fortune. It is not necessary that I consult them, Madam, said he smiling, to assure you that you are destin'd to him whose Picture *Zulema* has shewn you. Few Princes in *Africk* can equal him: You will be happy if you marry him; take Care therefore you do not let another engage your Heart. *Zayde* took these Words of *Albumazar* only as reflecting upon the Attention with which she had view'd the Picture; but *Zulema* told her with all the Authority of a Father, that she ought not to doubt of the Truth of the Prediction; that he did not doubt it himself, and by his Consent she shou'd marry no other than him for whom that Picture was drawn.

Zayde and *Felima* cou'd scarcely believe *Zulema* spoke his real Sentiments; but they were convinc'd of it, when he told his Daughter, he had no farther Thought of espousing her to the Prince of *Tarsus*. *Felima* felt no little Joy in finding *Zayde* was not destin'd to *Alamir*; she
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expected a wonderful Pleasure in telling him of it, and flatter'd herself that if he had no Hope of winning *Zayde*, he wou'd return to her. She pray'd *Zayde* to allow her to acquaint *Alamir* with *Albumazar's* Prediction, and *Zulema's* Intention. There was no Difficulty in getting her Permission; *Zayde* readily yielded to every Thing which might cure him of the Passion he had for her.

FELIMA sought an Opportunity of speaking to him, and without shewing how glad she was at what she had to tell him, she advis'd him to disingage himself from *Zayde*, since she was destin'd to another, and *Zulema* was against him. She inform'd him then of what had made *Zulema* change his Mind, and shew'd him the Picture, which was to determine the Fortune of *Zayde*. *Alamir* seem'd overwhelm'd at *Felima's* Words, and being surpris'd at the Beauty of the Picture, stood silent a long Time: At last lifting up his Eyes, with an Air which testify'd his Grief, I believe, Madam, said he, that he whom I see is destin'd for *Zayde*: He is worthy of her by his Beauty; but he shall never possess her and I will have his Life sooner than he shall pretend to take her from me. If you undertake, answer'd *Felima*, to fight all who may resemble this Picture, you may fight a great many without meeting with him, whose it is. I shall not be so happy, said *Alamir*, as have a Chance to be mistaken; the Beauty of it is so great and so particular, that there are very few who can be like it. But, added he, these agreeable Features may conceal a Temper so offensive, and Manners so opposite to those which will be pleasing to *Zayde*, that as handsome as this pretended

tended Rival is, perhaps *Zayde* may not love him: And as much as she and *Fortune* and *Zulema* may be dispos'd to favour him, if he does not touch her Heart, I shall not be altogether miserable. I shall be less desperate to see her in the Arms of a Man she does not love, than to see her love another she can never possess. In the mean Time, Madam, continu'd he, tho' this Picture has made an Impression on my Mind, which will not be easily effac'd, I conjure you to leave it with me a little, that I may consider it at Leisure, and imprint the Idea of it more strongly upon my Memory.

FELIMA was so troubled to see that what she had said cou'd not lessen *Alamir's* Hopes, that she let him take the Picture with him: And he restor'd it in a few Days, as desirous as he was to keep it from *Zayde's* Sight for ever.

AFTER some Stay in *Alexandria*, the Wind came fair for sailing. *Alamir* receiv'd News from his Father, which oblig'd him to return to *Tarsus*; but as he believ'd he shou'd not have Occasion to tarry there many Days, he told *Zulema* he shou'd be at *Tunis* almost as soon as he. *Felima* was as much concern'd at his going away, as if he had lov'd her. She had been accus'd to all the Sorrows of Love, but was a Stranger to that of Absence; which wounded her so deeply, that she perceiv'd it was the Pleasure alone of seeing him she lov'd, which had given her Strength to support the Misfortune of not being lov'd again.

ALAMIR went to *Tarsus*, and *Zulema* and *Osmin* sail'd in different Ships to *Tunis*; *Zayde* and *Felima* did not care to separate, but went both on board *Zulema's* Vessel. After some

some Days sailing a terrible Storm arose, and scatter'd all the Ships; that in which *Zayde* was, lost the Main-Mast, and *Zulema* thought there was no Hope. As he knew they were near Land, he resolv'd to throw himself into the Boat; he made his Wife and Daughter and *Felima* get into it, and took with him what was of most Value; but as he was just going to get down to it himself, a Gust of Wind broke the Rope, which held it to the Ship, and the Boat was beat to Pieces by the Waves. *Zayde* was cast upon the Coast of *Catalonia* half dead; and *Felima*, who was supported upon a Plank, was driven upon the same Shore, after having seen the Princess *Alasinthia* perish. When *Zayde* came to her Senses, she was astonish'd to find herself among Persons she did not know, and whose Language she did not understand.

Two *Spaniards*, who liv'd near the Coast, had found her in a Swoon, and carry'd her home; the Fishermen did the same by *Felima*. *Zayde* was overjoy'd to see her again, but was extremely griev'd when she acquainted her with the Death of the Princess her Mother. After she had shed a Flood of Tears at her Loss, she thought of leaving the Place where she was, and made Signs that she desir'd to go to *Tunis*, where she hop'd to find *Ossin* and *Belle-nia*.

As she look'd at the youngest of the *Spaniards*, who was call'd *Theodoric*, she perceiv'd he resembled the Picture she was so fond of. This Resemblance surpris'd her, and made her look at him with greater Attention. She search'd along the Beach for the Case, in which the
Picture

Picture was, and which she believ'd she had taken with her in the Boat. Her Labour was in vain, and she was very much fretted that she cou'd not find it. In a few Days *Theodoric* seem'd to have a Passion for her; and tho' she cou'd not judge of it by his Words, he had such an Air in his Actions, as made her suspect it; and this Suspicion did not displease her.

SOME time after, she fancy'd she was mistaken; she saw him Melancholic without having given him any Cause for it, and he often left her to go and muse by himself; by which she imagin'd he had some other Love which render'd him unhappy. This gave her an Uneasiness, which made her as Melancholic as *Theodoric* appear'd to be. Tho' *Felima* was busy'd enough with Thoughts of her own, she knew Love too well not to perceive that which *Theodoric* had for *Zayde*, and the Inclination *Zayde* had for him. She often spoke to her of it, and as unwilling as she was to own it, she cou'd not avoid confessing it to *Felima*.

IT is true, said she, I have Sentiments for *Theodoric* which I cannot controul; but, *Felima*, is not he the Person *Albumazar* spoke of to me; and was not the Picture we had, drawn for him? There is no Appearance of it, answer'd *Felima*; *Theodoric*'s Fortune and Country have no Relation to *Albumazar*'s Words. Consider, Madam, you never believ'd this Prediction before, and are going to believe it, by imagining *Theodoric* may be he who is destin'd for you, and judge by that what are the Sentiments you have for him. I never took *Albumazar*'s Sayings, reply'd *Zayde*, for a true Prophecy

phesy 'till now; but since I have seen *Theodorick*, I own they begin to make an Impression upon my Mind. There is something extraordinary, I think, in finding a Man who resembles that Picture, and in feeling one's self have an Inclination for him. I am surpris'd when I reflect that *Albumazar* forbid me to let my Heart be engag'd; he seems to have foreseen the Sentiments I have for *Theodorick*; and his Person pleases me so much, that if I am destin'd for another who is like him, that which ought to be the Happiness will be the Misfortune of my Life. My Inclination is deceiv'd by this Resemblance, which disposes me to him who is not to possess me, and perhaps thereby prevents me in such a manner, that I shall not be able to love him whom I ought to love. There is no way, continu'd she, to avoid all these Misfortunes, but to leave a Place where I am in so much Danger, and where Decency itself does not allow us to remain. We have it not in our Power to leave it, answer'd *Felima*, we are in a strange Country, where our Language is not understood. We must wait for Shipping, and remember, that as concern'd as you are to leave *Theodorick*, you will not easily efface the Impression he has made in your Heart. I see in you the same Things which I felt when I began to love *Alamir*, and I wish to Heaven I had seen the same Things in him, as you see in *Theodorick*. You are mistaken, said *Zayde*, in fancying he has an Inclination for me: he has one undoubtedly for another, and the Sadness I see him in, proceeds from a Passion of which I am not the Cause. Yet I have this Comfort in my Unhappiness, that the Impossibility of talking
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with him, keeps me from the Weakness of telling him I love him.

A few Days after this Conversation, *Zayde* saw *Theodoric* at a Distance, looking very attentively upon something he had in his Hands. Jealousy made her imagine it was a Picture. She resolv'd to know, and approach'd him as silently as possible; this cou'd not be done so quietly, but he heard a Noise, and looking behind him, conceal'd that which was in his Hand, so that she only saw some Jewels glitter. She made no doubt that it was a Picture-Case, and tho' she had suspected it before, the Certainty she believ'd there was of it now, so troubled her, that she cou'd not hide her Grief, nor look at *Theodoric*. She was pierc'd to the Heart at having so strong an Inclination for a Man who was fighting after another. By Chance, *Theodoric* dropp'd the Thing he had convey'd out of Sight, and she saw it was a Buckle of Diamonds which was fasten'd to a Bracelet of her Hair, which she had lost some Days ago. Her Joy at being mistaken, wou'd not suffer her to shew any Anger; she took the Bracelet, and gave *Theodoric* back the Jewels, who immediately threw them into the Sea, to let her understand, that he despis'd them when they were divided from her Hair. This Action convinc'd *Zayde* of the Love and Magnificence of the *Spaniard*, and had no little Effect upon her Heart.

AFTERWARDS, he inform'd her by means of a Picture, where he had caus'd a beautiful Woman to be drawn weeping over a dead Man, that he believ'd her Neglect of him proceeded from the Affection she had for another Man whom she lamented. This was a sensible Grief

Grief to *Zayde*, to see that *Theodoric* thought she lov'd another; she in a manner doubted of his Love no longer, and lov'd him with a Tenderness which she did not endeavour to overcome.

THE Time for her Departure drew near; and being at a Loss how to leave him without letting him know that she lov'd him, she told *Felima* she was resolv'd to put her whole Mind into Writing, and not to give him the Paper till the Moment when she embark'd. I will not apprise him, added she, of the Inclination I have for him, 'till I am certain not to see him again. It will be a Consolation to me, that he will know I thought only of him, when he imagin'd I was only calling another to Mind. There will be an infinite Pleasure in explaining to him all my Actions, and in telling him without Reserve how well I have lov'd him. I shall have this Pleasure without being wanting to my Duty: He does not know who I am; he will see me no more; and what signifies his knowing he has touch'd the Heart of the Stranger whom he sav'd from Shipwreck? You have forgot, said *Felima*, that *Theodoric* does not understand your Language, so that what you write will be useless to him. Ah! Madam, reply'd *Zayde*, if he has a Passion for me, he will find means at last to interpret what I write; if he has not, I shall have the Comfort that he does not know I love him. I am resolv'd also to leave him with the Letter the Bracelet of my Hair, which I took from him so cruelly, and which he deserves but too well.

THE next Day *Zayde* began to write what she design'd to impart to *Theodoric*: He surpris'd her

her as she was Writing, and she perceiv'd the Letter gave him Jealousy. If she had follow'd the Motions of her Heart, she had immediately made him sensible that she was writing only to himself; but her Prudence, and the little Knowledge she had of his Quality and Fortune, oblig'd her not to do any Thing which he might construe as an Engagement, and to conceal from him that which she wish'd him to know when he shou'd see her no more.

A little before she was to depart, *Theodoric* left her, and gave her to understand he wou'd come back again the next Day. The Day following she went to take a Walk with *Felima* upon the Sea-Shoar, not without being impatient for *Theodoric's* Return. This Impatience made her more thoughtful than ordinary, so that seeing a Sloop approach the Shoar, instead of being curious to know who were in it, she turn'd her Steps another way, but was much surpris'd when she heard herself call'd, and knew it was the Voice of the Prince her Father. She ran towards him with a great deal of Joy; and he was as much transported in meeting her. After she had inform'd him how she had escap'd the Wreck, he told her in few Words that his Ship was stranded on the Coast of *France*, from whence he had not been able to get away 'till within a few Days, and that he was come to *Tarragona* to wait for the Ships that were to Sail for *Africk*. In the mean time he had determin'd to traverse the Coast where *Alasinthia*, *Felima* and she had been shipwreck'd, to see if by Chance some one of them might not have been sav'd. At the Name of *Alasinthia*, *Zayde* cou'd not forbear crying; her Tears gave

Zulema

Zulema to understand the Loss he had sustain'd; and after having employ'd some Time in bewailing it, he commanded these young Princesses to go on board his Sloop in order to go with him to *Tarragona*. *Zayde* was very much embarrass'd how to persuade her Father not to take her away that Moment; she told him the Obligations she had to the *Spaniards* who had entertain'd her in their House, in order to get him to consent that she might first bid them adieu; but whatever Reasons she was able to use, he thought it was not proper to venture her in the Power of the *Spaniards* again, and made her go on board in spite of all her Resistance. She was so touch'd with the Opinion *Theodoric* wou'd have of her Ingratitude in leaving him, or to speak more justly, she was so touch'd with leaving him without Hope of seeing her again, that not being able to command her Grief, she was forc'd to say she was ill. The only Comfort she had in her Affliction was, to see her Father had sav'd from the Wreck the Picture she had so much fancy'd, and which prov'd to be that of her Lover. But this Consolation was not strong enough to enable her to bear *Theodoric's* Absence; she cou'd not support it, and fell dangerously ill, and *Zulema* was in fear a long Time of seeing his lovely Daughter dye in the early Bloom of her Youth and Beauty. At length her Life was out of Hazard; but she was too weak to bear yet a while the Fatigue of the Sea. She apply'd her self wholly to learn the *Spanish* Tongue, and as she had Interpreters, and saw none but *Spaniards*, she easily learn'd it during the Winter she stay'd in *Catalonia*. She wou'd needs have *Felima* understand it also, and took Pleasure in speaking no other Language.

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IN the mean time the large Vessels sail'd from *Tarragona* for *Africk*; and tho' *Zulema* was ignorant of what had befallen *Osmín*, when the Tempest separated them, he had wrote to inform him of his Wreck, and other Reasons which detain'd him in *Catalonia*. The Ships were return'd from *Africk* before *Zayde* had recover'd her Health. *Osmín* sent Word to the Prince, his Brother, that he was happily arriv'd at home, and found the Caliph was still in the Design of keeping them at a Distance, and that *Abderame*, King of *Cordova*, having sent to him for Generals, he had appointed them to go to *Spain*, and had dispatch'd Orders to the King accordingly. *Zulema* readily judg'd it wou'd be dangerous not to obey the Caliph; he resolv'd to take a Brigantine to sail directly to *Valentia* and join the King, and as soon as the Princess his Daughter was better, he convey'd her to *Tortosa*. He stay'd there several Days to give her some Repose, but she was far from finding it. While she lay ill, and since she began to mend, a Desire to let *Theodoric* hear of her, and the Difficulty of doing it, had kept her very uneasy. She cou'd not forgive her self, that the Day she came away she had the Letter she writ for him about her, and had not left it in a Place where it might have happen'd to fall into his Hands. The Evening of her Departure from *Tortosa*, she cou'd not resist her Impatience to send it him; she trusted it to one of *Zulema*'s Squires, and made him apprehend the Place where *Theodoric* dwelt, by naming the Port which was near it. She enjoin'd him not to tell who had given him the Letter, and to take Care that No-body follow'd him, and that he was not discover'd. Tho' she had
no

no Hope of seeing *Theodoric*, she felt a fresh Grief in leaving the Country where he liv'd, and spent Part of the Night in the fine Gardens of the House where she lodg'd, in lamenting herself with *Felima*. The next Day as she was ready to embark, the Messenger, who had set out before Break of Day, came back, and told her he had been at the Place she describ'd, and heard *Theodoric* went thence the Day before, and wou'd not return. *Zayde* was sadly affected with this unhappy Accident, which depriv'd her of the only Consolation she had sought after, and her Lover of the only Favour she had ever done him. She went on board with the utmost Sorrow, and arriv'd at *Cordova* in a few Days. *Osmin* and *Belenia* waited for her there, and the Prince of *Tarsus* was there also; he had heard she was in *Spain*, and made use of the Pretence of the War to go in Search of her. *Felima* upon the Sight of *Alamir*, did not find that Absence had extinguish'd her Passion; *Alamir* perceiv'd his was increas'd by the Severities of *Zayde*, and *Zayde* perceiv'd her Aversion for him was doubled.

THE King of *Cordova* put into *Zulema's* Hands the General Command of his Troops, with the Government of *Talavera*, and that of *Oropeze* he gave to *Osmin*. Not long after, both those Princes had an Occasion of Complaint against *Abderame*, and not being willing to let their Resentments appear, they retir'd to their Governments under Colour of viewing the Fortifications. *Alamir* follow'd *Zulema* in order to be near *Zayde*, but the War soon call'd him back to *Abderame*. I set out at the same time to look after *Gonsalvo*; I was taken Prisoner
by

by the *Arabians*, and was carry'd to *Talavera*. *Belenia* and *Felima* went to *Oropeze*, and *Zayde* refus'd to leave the Prince her Father.

AFTER *Gonsalvo* had taken *Talavera*, and while the last Truce was propos'd, *Alamir* inform'd *Zulema* he design'd to improve the Opportunity of the Truce to make him a Visit, and that he wou'd take *Oropeze* in his Way. *Zayde* hearing this from her Father, wrote *Felima* Word she had found *Theodoric*, and wou'd by no means have him think it was the Prince of *Tarsus*, whom he suspected she lamented at *Alphonso's*, and therefore she desir'd she wou'd from her forbid that Prince to come to *Talavera*.

FELIMA had no Reluctance to deliver this Injunction to *Alamir*. The next Day after the Truce, *Belenia*, who was indispos'd, was willing to use the Liberty then allow'd her of going out of the Town, and went to take the Air in a large Wood not far off. As she was walking there with *Osmin* and *Felima*, they met the Prince of *Tarsus*, and were over-joy'd to see him, and having talk'd together a long time, *Felima* found Means to speak with him apart.

I am very sorry, said she, I am to acquaint you with a Thing which will prevent the Journey you intended; but *Zayde* desires you will not go to *Talavera*, and desires it in such a Manner as amounts to a Command. By what an Excess of Cruelty, cry'd *Alamir*, wou'd *Zayde* take from me the only Joy her Severity had left me, which is to see her? I believe, said *Felima*, she is willing to put an End to the Passion you
express

express for her. You know her Aversion to marry a Man of your Religion, and that she has Ground also to believe she is not destin'd for you, and that *Zulema* has alter'd his Mind. All these Obstacles, reply'd *Alamir*, will not alter mine, no more than the Continuance of *Zayde's* Unkindness; and notwithstanding a Destiny, and the Manner in which she treats me, I will never abandon the Hope of being lov'd by her. *Felima* was more than ordinarily mov'd at the Obstinacy of *Alamir's* Passion, and argu'd with him against it for a long time upon the Reasons he had to suppress it; but seeing all she offer'd was ineffectual, she fell into a Rage, and cou'd not at the first Heat command herself. If the Decrees of Heaven, and *Zayde's* Severities, said she, do not make you cease to hope, I know not what will. This, answer'd the Prince, to see that another had touch'd her Heart. Then you will hope no longer, return'd *Felima*; there is a Man who has the Happiness to please *Zayde*, and who loves her vehemently. Who is this fortunate Man, cry'd *Alamir*? A *Spaniard*, answer'd she, who resembles the Picture you have seen; he is not probably the Person it was drawn for, and whom *Albumazar* mention'd; but as you are afraid only of one who is able to please *Zayde*, and not of one who is to marry her, it is sufficient to tell you, that *Zayde* loves him, and that it is her Fear to give him Jealousy, which makes her refuse to see you. What you say, reply'd *Alamir*, is impossible; *Zayde's* Heart is not so easily touch'd. If any one had really touch'd it, you wou'd not have told me; *Zayde* wou'd have engag'd you to Secresy, and you have no Reasons which cou'd have oblig'd
you

you to reveal it to me. I have too many, said *Felima*, hurry'd away by her Passion, and you---- She was going to proceed, but recollected herself in an Instant: She reflected with Amazement on all she had said; she was troubled; and was sensible of it, and this increas'd her Confusion; she stood speechless for a while, and like one distracted; at last she cast her Eyes upon *Alamir*, and fancying she perceiv'd by his he had discover'd Part of the Truth, she exerted all her Power, and putting on a Countenance which shew'd more Tranquility than she had within, You are right, said she, to believe that if *Zayde* lov'd any one, I wou'd not tell it you; I only meant to frighten you. It is true we have met with a *Spaniard*, who is in Love with *Zayde*, and is like the Picture, and you have convinc'd me it was a Fault in me to let you know it, and I am exceedingly fretted lest *Zayde* shou'd take it amiss.

There was something so natural in what *Felima* said, that she imagin'd her Words had in some measure produc'd the Effect she wish'd; yet her Embarrassment had been so great, and what she had said was so remarkable, that there was nothing but the Trouble she saw *Alamir* was in, to encourage her to hope he had not found out her Sentiments. *Osmin* came up this Moment and broke off their Conversation; and *Felima* not being able to restrain her Sighs and Tears, went into the Wood to hide her Sorrow, and relieve her self by relating it to one in whom she had an entire Confidence. The Princess her Mother sent to her to return; she did not dare to lift her Eyes upon *Alamir*, lest she shou'd see in him too great a Grief at what she had told

told him of *Zayde*, and too much Knowledge of what she had mention'd about her self: She observ'd however he took the Road to the Camp, and it was some Joy to her to think he did not go to visit *Zayde*.

HERE the King cou'd not forbear interrupting *Don Olmond*. I no longer wonder, said he to *Gonsalvo*, at the Sadness you found *Alamir* in, when you meet him after he had parted from *Felima*. It was she with whom the Horsemen saw him talking in the Wood; what she had said to him, made him know you, and now I understand his Words to you at drawing his Sword, which you thought so obscure, and which gave me so much Curiosity. *Gonsalvo* answer'd the King only with his Eyes, and *Don Olmond* thus pursu'd his Discourse.

IT is easy to judge in what a Condition *Felima* pass'd the Night, and with what Variety of Sorrow her Heart was divided. She consider'd she had betray'd *Zayde*, and was afraid she had thrown *Alamir* into Despair, and in spite of her Jealousy she was griev'd she had made him so miserable. She wish'd, notwithstanding, to have him know *Zayde*'s Inclination was plac'd on another, and fear'd she had too well remov'd the Opinion she had first given him of it; and above all she was apprehensive she had discover'd her own Passion for him. The next Day a new Distress effac'd all the former; she heard of *Alamir*'s Duel with *Gonsalvo*, and was overwhelm'd with fear of losing him. She sent every Day to the Castle where he was, to enquire after him; and when she began to have some Hope of his Recovery, she understood the King had appointed his Execution, in Revenge of

the Death of the Prince of *Galiccia*. You have seen the Letter she wrote me some Days ago, to get me to try to save him; I have inform'd her of what *Gonsalvo* did at her Request; and have nothing more to add, but that I never saw in the same Person so much Love, so much Sense, and so much Sorrow.

DON OLMOND here finish'd his Story, and while it lasted, *Gonsalvo* felt that which cannot be express'd. To understand that *Zayde* lov'd him, and to find Marks of Tenderness in every Thing which he had constru'd as a Token of Indifference, was such an Excess of Happiness as put him beside himself, and made him taste in one Moment all the Pleasures which other Lovers enjoy by Interruption and at several Times.

THE King was going to tell *Don Olmond* that *Gonsalvo* was *Theodoric*, when Word was brought that the Deputies who treated the Peace, desir'd Audience. He left the two Friends together, and *Don Olmond* began, I might complain with Justice, that I owe the Knowledge of *Theodoric* only to my self; since our Friendship made me capable of hoping I might have known him by you. I wonder you cou'd think it was possible to conceal him, while you shew'd such an eager Curiosity about every Thing relating to *Zayde*. I perceiv'd you lov'd her the first Day you spoke to me about her, and was astonish'd that the first View, as I thought it, had produc'd in you a Passion which seem'd so violent. What I learn'd from *Felima*, convinc'd me that the Man she describ'd for *Theodoric*, cou'd be no other than *Gonsalvo*. All the Revenge I had a Mind to take on you for keeping this Secret from me, was only to write you the Letter I
sent

sent you, in order to ruffle you; my Vengeance is satisfy'd, and the Pleasure I have given you by my Story, makes me forget all that had offended me. But I wou'd not have you fuller of Joy than you ought to be, and must acquaint you that unless the last Sight of you has produc'd a great Alteration in *Zayde's* Mind, she is resolv'd to resist the Inclination she has for you, and comply with her Father's Will.

GONSALVO was transported with too lively a Joy, to admit of Fear; and what *Don Olmond* said cou'd not startle him: After he had assur'd him that it was Shame alone which made him conceal his Amour from him, he withdrew to reflect upon all he had heard, and compare it with the Actions of *Zayde*. He was no longer at a Loss to comprehend what he had heard her say at *Tortosa* about the Oddness of her Destiny, and saw he ought in Reason to be satisfy'd with her having wish'd it were possible for him to be the Person he resembled.

THE Certainty of being lov'd, inspir'd him with so earnest a Desire to see *Zayde*, that he beg'd the King wou'd give him Leave to go to *Talavera*. *Don Gracia* gladly assented, and *Gonsalvo* set forward, in Expectation of having from the beautiful Eyes of *Zayde* a Confirmation of all he had heard from *Don Olmond*. When he arriv'd, he understood that *Zumela* was ill; *Zayde* met him at the Entrance of the Apartment of the Prince her Father, and acquainted him how concern'd he was at not being in a Condition to see him. *Gonsalvo* was so surpris'd and entranc'd at her Charms, that he stood still, and cou'd not forbear shewing his Astonishment. She observ'd it, and blush'd, and

was in a modest Confusion which brighten'd all her Graces. He led her home, and spoke to her of his Love with less Fear than in their first Conversation ; but as he perceiv'd she answer'd him with a Prudence and Reserve which wou'd have conceal'd the Sentiments of her Soul, if he had not learn'd them by *Don Olmond*, he resolv'd to let her know he was partly appriss'd of them.

WILL you never explain to me, Madam, said he, the Reason which made you wish I cou'd be the Person I resemble? Don't you know, answer'd she, it is a Secret not in my Power to tell you? Is it possible, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, looking upon her, that the Passion I have for you, and the Obstacles which you are sensible withstand my Happiness, do not make you pity me enough to let me see you are desirous at least that my Destiny were fortunate? It is only a mere Wish for my Repose which you conceal from me. Ah! Madam, is this too much for a Man who has ador'd you from the first Moment he saw you, to prefer him even by Wishes alone to some *African* whom you never saw?

ZAYDE was so surpris'd at *Gonsalvo*'s Discourse that she cou'd not answer. Do not be amaz'd, Madam, said he, fearing she shou'd accuse *Felima* of discovering her Sentiments, be not amaz'd, that I have happen'd to know what I have told you: I overheard you in the Garden the Evening before you left *Tortosa*, and understood from your self that which you have the Cruelty to conceal. How, *Gonsalvo*! cry'd *Zayde*, did you overhear me in the Garden at *Tortosa*? You were near me then, and never spoke to me. Ah! Madam, answer'd *Gonsal-*

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vo, throwing himself on his Knees, what a Joy do you give me by this Reproach! and what a Charm is it to me to see you forget my having overheard you, to call to mind that I did not speak to you! Do not repent, Madam, added he, seeing how she was troubled at having let the Sentiments of her Heart appear, do not repent of having given me some Joy, and suffer me to believe that I am not altogether indifferent to you. But to justify my self from the Reproach you have cast on me, I must acquaint you, that I overheard you at *Tortosa* without knowing it was you, and my Imagination was so full of being separated from you by whole Seas, that tho' I heard your Voice, as it was Night and I did not see you, and you spoke the *Spanish* Tongue, I never suspected I was so near you. I saw you the next Day in a Barge; but tho' I saw you, and knew you, I was not in a Condition to speak to you, for they whom the King had sent to search after me, had me in their Power. Since you overheard me, answer'd *Zayde*, it will be in vain to go to give my Words another Turn, but I beg you wou'd ask no more, and that you will allow me to leave you; for I own that the Shame of what you heard without my Knowledge, and of what I have told you without designing it, puts me into such a Confusion, that if I have any Interest in you, I conjure you to retire. *Gonsalvo* was so pleas'd with what had pass'd, that he wou'd not press her to make a more open Declaration of her Thoughts. He left her as she desir'd, and return'd to the Camp full of the Hope of inducing her very soon to change the Resolution she had taken.

DON GARCIA's Forces, and the Valour of *Gonsalvo* were become so formidable, that the *Moors* agreed to all the Articles of Peace, as readily as the King cou'd wish. The Treaty was sign'd on either Side; and as some remote Places were to be given up, it was resolv'd that *Don Garcia* shou'd keep all the Prisoners who were in his Hands, for his Security, till the whole was executed. The King in the mean time chose to visit the Places he had conquer'd, and went to *Almaras*, which had been yielded to him by the *Moors*. The Queen, who lov'd her Husband passionately, had hardly ever left him since the War began; during the Siege of *Talavera*, she abode at a small Distance, and was detain'd there by a light Indisposition; but as she was to meet him very soon, *Gonsalvo*, who was impatient to see *Zayde*, begg'd the King to order the Queen to go to *Talavera*, under Pretence of viewing the new Conquest, and to take with her all the *Arabian* Ladies who were Prisoners. The Queen knew how much her Brother interest'd himself in *Zayde*, and was very willing, by serving him in that Passion, to make him amends for the Disappointment she had occasion'd him with *Nugna Bella*. She went to *Talavera*, and the Ladies were all very well pleas'd to spend the Time they were to stay in *Spain*, with her. *Zulema*, who was Prisoner at *Talavera*; cou'd hardly agree to *Zayde*'s leaving him, and the Rank he always held, gave him great Uneasiness to see the Princess his Daughter oblig'd to follow the Queen, like the other Women. However he consented, and *Gonsalvo* had the Joy to know he shou'd shortly behold that exquisite Beauty which had so inflam'd

flam'd his Heart. The Day the Queen arriv'd, the King went out two Leagues to meet her; he found her on Horseback with all the Ladies of her Train. As soon as she was come near enough, she presented *Zayde* to him, whose Charms were augmented by the Care she had taken to adorn herself, which was owing perhaps to an Ambition of appearing in *Gonsalvo's* Eyes with all her Lustre. The Graces of her Person, the Agreeableness of her Wit, and her Modesty surpris'd every one. She was treated as befitting a Princess of her Birth, Merit and Beauty, and in a few Days she became the Delight and Admiration of the Court of *Leon*. *Gonsalvo* look'd on her with Transport, and the Assurance of being lov'd made him forget all the Obstacles which oppos'd his Happiness. If he had lov'd her merely by seeing her Beauty, the Knowledge of her Wit and Virtue fir'd him with higher Raptures. He sought an Opportunity of talking with her in private, as studiously as she avoided it. At last meeting her one Evening in the Queen's Closet, with hardly any Company, he conjur'd her so ardently and with so much Respect, to tell him the Sentiments she had for him, that she cou'd not refuse it.

IF it were possible for me to conceal my Mind from you, said she, I wou'd do it, as much as I esteem you; and I wou'd spare my self the Shame of shewing an Inclination to a Man, to whom I am not destin'd. But since you have, in spite of me, discover'd my Thoughts, I am willing to own them, and explain to you that which you have known very confusedly. She told him then all he had

learn'd from *Don Olmond* of the Prediction of *Albumazar*, and *Zulema's* Resolutions. You see, added she, that all I am able to do, is to lament you, and afflict my self; and you are too reasonable to ask me not to follow my Father's Will. Allow me, Madam, said he, at least to believe, that if he were capable of altering his Mind, you will not oppose it. I can't say, whether I shou'd oppose it, answer'd she, but I think I ought to do it, since it concerns the Happiness of my whole Life. If you believe, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, the making me happy will make you miserable, you do right to persist in the Resolution you have embrac'd; but I dare affirm, if you have those Sentiments for me, with which you permit me to flatter my self, there is nothing which can give you Cause to imagine you can be unhappy. You deceive your self, Madam, when you think you have any good Will for me; and I deceiv'd my self at *Alphonso's*, when I imagin'd I saw in you a favourable Disposition towards me. Speak no more, answer'd *Zayde*, about what either of us had Ground to believe, while we were in that Solitude; and do not make me call to Mind those Things which afford me Reason to conclude, you were then possess'd with other Sorrows than those which cou'd arise from me. I have understood, since I saw you at *Talavera*, what it was which oblig'd you to leave the Court; and I doubt not but you employ'd all the Time you were in my Company, in thinking on *Nugna Bella*.

GONSALVO was well enough pleas'd that *Zayde* gave him an Opportunity to satisfy all her Scruples about his Passion. He inform'd

form'd her of the real Condition his Heart was in, when he knew her first, and of all he had suffer'd by not understanding her Language, and of his whole Affliction. I was not altogether mistaken, added he, when I fancy'd I had a Rival, and have since been appris'd of the Prince of *Tarsus's* Passion for you. It is true, said *Zayde*, *Alamir* has declar'd he loves me, and my Father had resolv'd to give me to him before he saw the Picture, so strongly is he persuaded that my Happiness depends upon my marrying him for whom that Picture was drawn. Very well, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, you are resolv'd to consent to it, and yield your self to him whom I resemble. If you have in truth no Aversion to me, you ought to believe, you will have none for him: Thus, Madam, the Assurance I have that I do not displease you, is a Demonstration to me, that you will marry my Rival without Reluctance. This is a sort of Misfortune no Man beside my self ever felt, and it is unaccountable my Condition does not provoke your Pity. Don't complain of me, said she; complain of your being a *Spaniard*. Tho' I were for you as much as you can desire, and tho' my Father were not prepossess'd, our Country wou'd always be an invincible Obstacle to your Wishes, and *Zulema* wou'd never consent to my being yours. At least permit me, Madam, said *Gonsalvo*, to declare my Mind to him. The Dislike you have express'd of *Alamir*, ought to make him lay down all Expectation of marrying you to a Person of his Religion; perhaps also he is not so devoted to *Albumazar's* Words, as you imagine. In short, Madam, allow me to try every

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Thing

Thing to compass a Happiness without which it is impossible for me to live. I consent to what you mention, answer'd *Zayde*, and wou'd also have you believe that I am afraid all your Attempts will be in vain.

GONSALVO waited directly on the King, to intreat him to assist him in his Design to discover *Zulema's* Sentiments, and endeavour to engage him in his Favour. They resolv'd to give it in Commission to *Don Olmond*, whose Address and Friendship for *Gonsalvo* render'd him more capable of succeeding in it than any Man. The King writ by him to *Zulema*, and ask'd *Zayde* of him for *Gonsalvo*, in the same manner as if he had ask'd her for himself. *Don Olmond's* Journey, and the King's Letter, were to no purpose. *Zulema* answer'd, that the King did him too much Honour; that his Daughter was indeed in his Hands, and he was able to dispose of her; but by his Consent she shou'd never marry a Man of a Religion so contrary to his own. This Answer gave *Gonsalvo* the utmost Grief; as *Zayde* lov'd him, he wou'd not let her know it, as much as it troubled him, lest her being assur'd it was impossible for her to be his, might alter the Disposition she had express'd toward him: He only told her, he did not despair of gaining *Zulema*, and obtaining from him what he wish'd with so much Ardor.

THE Princess *Belenia*, *Felima's* Mother, was taken ill at *Oropeze*, and dy'd soon after the Peace. *Osmin* was sent to *Talavera* with *Zulema*, to stay till the Time came which was fix'd for releasing the Prisoners, and *Felima* was carry'd to Court. She did not appear there
in

in the Perfection of her Charms; for the Indisposition of her Mind so affected her Body, that it impair'd her Beauty. But it was easy to perceive, that the bad State of her Health was the Cause of the Change. She was extremely surpris'd to find that *Gonsalvo*, whom she did not think she knew, and whom she cou'd not hear nam'd without Anguish, because of the Condition into which he had brought the Prince of *Tarsus*, was that *Theodoric* she had at seen *Alphonso's*, and whom *Zayde* admir'd. It inflam'd her Affliction to reflect that what she had told *Alamir* in the Wood at *Oropeze*, had made him know *Gonsalvo* so as to occasion their Duel.

THE Prince was carry'd to *Almaraz*; she had the Comfort of hearing from him every Day, and of giving Vent to her Sorrow, which was imputed to the Death of her Mother. *Alamir*, whose Youth had prolong'd his Life for a time, was at length so weak, that the Physicians despair'd of his Life. *Felima* was with *Zayde* and *Gonsalvo*, when News came that a Gentleman of this unhappy Prince desir'd to speak with *Zayde*. She blush'd, and after a short Confusion sent for him in, and ask'd him aloud what the Prince of *Tarsus* wanted. My Master, Madam, said he, is just expiring, and begs the Honour of seeing you before he dies, and hopes the Condition he is in will prevent your refusing him this Favour. *Zayde* was mov'd with his Words, and surpris'd, and cou'd not presently make an Answer; when turning her Eyes toward *Gonsalvo*, as if to ask him what he wou'd have her do, and observing he was silent, and concluding by the Air of his Countenance, that he was against her seeing *Alamir*,

I am exceeding sorry, said she to the Gentleman, that I cannot gratify your Master's Desire. If I thought my Presence cou'd contribute to his Cure, I wou'd visit him gladly; but as I am perswaded it will signify nothing, I beseech him not to take it ill that I do not see him, and conjure you to assure him, I am heartily griev'd at his Condition. At this the Messenger withdrew, and *Felima* stood overwhelm'd with a Consternation, which she testify'd only by her Silence. *Zayde* shar'd in her Sadness, and also pity'd the wretched Fortune of the poor Prince of *Tarsus*, and *Gonsalvo* was divided between his Joy to see the Regard *Zayde* had to his Sentiments tho' he had not declar'd them in Words, and his Grief in having depriv'd the unhappy *Alamir* of the Sight of her he so dearly lov'd.

As the whole Company was engag'd with such different Thoughts, *Alamir's* Gentleman came back and told *Felima* that his Master desir'd to see her, and she had no Moments to lose, if she wou'd vouchsafe him that Favour. *Felima* rose up from the Place where she was sitting, and had just Life enough in her to walk. She gave the Gentleman her Hand, and went to the Prince of *Tarsus*, accompany'd by her Women. She sat down by his Bed-side, and saying Nothing, look'd at him without making the least Motion. I am very happy, Madam, said *Alamir*, that *Zayde's* Example has not taught you the Cruelty of denying me the Consolation of a Visit. This is the only Satisfaction I can hope for, since I am depriv'd of that which I presum'd to desire. I beg, Madam, you will be pleas'd to tell *Zayde*, that she has rightly judg'd me unworthy of the Honour *Zulema* wou'd

wou'd have done me. My Heart has burnt with such various Flames, and been deprav'd with so many false Passions, that it did not deserve her Regard. But if an Inconstancy, to which the Sight of her immediately put an End, may be repair'd by a Passion which has made me perfectly another Man, and by an Affection which is attended with the greatest Veneration that ever was, I believe, Madam, I have aton'd for all my former Crimes. Assure her, I conjure you, that I dye not so much by the Wounds I receiv'd by *Gonsalvo*, as by the Sorrow of knowing she loves him. You told me the Truth in the Wood at *Oropeze*, when you inform'd me that her Heart was touch'd. I believ'd it too well, tho' at first I told you I did not believe it. I had just parted from you, and was full of the Idea of that happy *Spaniard*, when I met *Gonsalvo*. His Resemblance of the Picture I had seen, and what you had then told me, struck me presently, and I made no Hesitation to conclude he was the Person you spoke of. I gave him to understand I was *Alamir*. He attack'd me with the Fierceness of one who knew I was his Rival. I have understood since, that I was not mistaken in believing him to be the Man who had been so successful as to please *Zayde*; he deserves her Favour; and I envy him his Happiness, without thinking him unworthy of it. I dye overwhelm'd with my Misfortunes, and do not murmur; if I did, I shou'd complain only of the Inhumanity of *Zayde* in refusing a Sight of herself to a Man, who is going to lose her for ever.

It is easy to imagine with what mortal Sorrow *Alamir's* Words wounded the Heart of *Felima*;

lima; twice or thrice she went to speak to him, and was hinder'd by her Sobblings and her Tears; at last, transported by a Tenderneſs which ſhe cou'd not command, Believe me, ſaid ſhe with a Voice interrupted by Sighs, if I had been in *Zayde's* Place, no other Man wou'd have been preferr'd to the Prince of *Tarfus*. Notwithſtanding her Grief, ſhe was ſenſible of the Force of theſe Words, and turn'd her Head away, to hide the Abundance of her Tears, and avoid *Alamir's* Eyes. Alas, Madam, reply'd the expiring Prince, is it poſſible that what you intimate is true! I own that the Day I talk'd with you in the Wood, I believ'd Part of what I preſume to believe at preſent; but I was ſo troubled, and you had the Skill to put another Senſe upon your Words ſo dextrouſly, that they made but a light Impreſſion on me. Forgive me, Madam, what I dare to think, and pardon my having been the Cauſe of a Miſfortune, which has been heavier to me than to you. I did not deſerve to be happy; I ſhou'd have been ſo too much, if -----

HIS Weakneſs wou'd not let him proceed; he loſt his Speech, and turning his Eyes toward *Felima*, as if to bid her Adieu, he clos'd them for ever, and expir'd almoſt in a Moment. *Felima's* Tears were ſtopp'd, ſhe was thunderſtruck with Sorrow, and look'd on *Alamir* as he expir'd with immoveable Eyes. Her Women ſeeing her keep fix'd in the Place where ſhe ſate, led her out of a Room where there were only Objects of Death. She let them remove her, without pronouncing a Word; but when ſhe came into her own Chamber, the Sight of *Zayde* inrag'd her Grief, and gave her Power
to

to speak. You are satisfy'd, Madam, said she with a very feeble Voice, *Alamir* is dead. *Alamir* is dead, continu'd she, as if she were telling it to herself; then I shall never see him more. I have lost for ever the Hope of being lov'd by him. It is not in the Power of Love to make him like me: My Eyes shall meet his no more: His Presence, which sweetned all my Sufferings, is a Blessing I cannot enjoy again. Ah! Madam, said she to *Zayde*, is it possible any one shou'd be able to please you, and that *Alamir* did not do it? What an Inhumanity was yours? Why did you not love him? He ador'd you: What was wanting in him to make him amiable? But you know, answer'd *Zayde* very gently, I shou'd have increas'd your Trouble, if I had lov'd him; and that it was the Thing you most dreaded. It is true, Madam, reply'd she, it is true, I was unwilling you shou'd make him happy, but I did not desire you shou'd take away his Life. Ah wherefore did I so cautiously conceal my Passion from him? Perhaps he wou'd have been touch'd by it; perhaps it might have given some Diversion to the fatal Love he had for you. What did I fear? Why was I unwilling he shou'd know that I ador'd him? The only Comfort which is left me, is that he conjectur'd something of it. Yet if he had known it, he wou'd only have feign'd to love me, and wou'd have deceiv'd me: And what if he had deceiv'd me, as he did at the Beginning? those precious Moments in which he affected to let me imagine he lov'd me, are still dear to my Memory. Is it possible, that after so many Evils as I have suffer'd, there shou'd yet remain such severe ones for me to en-

endure? I hope at least my Grief will be so great, that I shall not have Strength to bear it.

As she was thus speaking, *Gonsalvo* shew'd himself at her Chamber-Door: He thought she was in another Room, and came to inquire in what Condition she had found *Alamir*. He step'd back immediately, that he might not intrude her Sorrow by his Presence; but he was not nimble enough to prevent her perceiving him; she shriek'd out so piteously at the Sight of him, as wou'd have pierc'd the hardest Hearts. Dear Madam, said she to *Zayde*, take Care I may not see *Gonsalvo*. I cannot bear to look upon a Man from whose Hand *Alamir* has receiv'd his Death, and who has depriv'd him of what he valu'd beyond his Life.

THE Violence of her Grief took away both her Speech and Understanding, and as her Health was already extremely broken, she was evidently in very great Danger. The King and Queen hearing of her Illness, came to see her, and procur'd her all the Assistance they cou'd. After she had lain in a kind of Lethargy for five or six Hours, the Force of Medicines brought her to her Senses: But she knew no Object about her but *Zayde*, who wept over her with the utmost Anguish. Do not grieve for me, said she to her, with so low a Voice that she cou'd scarcely be heard, I shou'd have been worthy of your Friendship no longer, for I cou'd never have lov'd one who had caus'd the Death of *Alamir*. She cou'd speak no more, but relaps'd into her Fits; and the next Day at the same Hour as she saw the Prince of *Tarsus* expire, she finish'd a Life which was made miserable by Love.

THE

THE Death of two Persons of such extraordinary Merit, drew such Compassion, that the whole Court of *Leon* was afflicted. *Zayde* was overwhelm'd; she lov'd *Felima* tenderly, and the Manner in which she dy'd, added to her Sorrow. Several Days pass'd, before the Care and Intreaties of *Gonsalvo* were able to moderate her Grief: At last the Fear of going from *Spain*, and leaving *Gonsalvo*, made her put some Stop to her Tears, and gave her a Concern of another Kind. The King return'd to *Leon*, and there was so little wanting to the full Execution of the Peace, that, in all Appearance, *Zulema* wou'd very shortly pass over to *Africk*. However he was not in a Condition to travel; he was dangerously ill at the Time of *Felima's* Death, and they had conceal'd the Hazard of his Case from *Zayde*, that she might not be oppress'd with two many Distresses at once. *Gonsalvo* was inexpressibly uneasy, and consider'd nothing, but how to bring *Zulema* to consent to his Happiness, or induce *Zayde* to continue in *Spain* with the Queen, since Decency did not permit her to follow a Father, who seem'd resolv'd to make her change her Religion. Some Days after their Arrival at *Leon*, *Gonsalvo* went one Evening into the Queen's Closet; *Zayde* was there, but so engag'd in looking upon a Picture of *Gonsalvo*, that she did not see him come in. I may well be destin'd, Madam, said he, to be jealous of a Picture, since I am so of my own, and envy the Attention with which you view it. Your Picture? answer'd *Zayde*, in the highest Astonishment: Yes, Madam, reply'd *Gonsalvo*, my Picture; I perceive you can scarcely believe me, because of its Beauty, but I assure

sure you, this was painted for me. *Gonsalvo*, said she, was there not another done for you like this I have? Ah! Madam, cry'd he, with the Trouble which arises from uncertain Joy, can I believe that which you give me Ground to imagine, and which I dare not presume to mention to you? Yes, other Pictures like this you look on, have been drawn for me; but I dare not venture to believe what I am sensible you really think, and what I shou'd myself have thought long since, if I had suppos'd myself worthy of the Prediction which was made you, and if you had not always told me that the Picture I resembled was an *African's*. I judg'd so, answer'd *Zayde*, by the Habit, and *Albumazar's* Words confirm'd me in the Opinion. You know, how much I wish'd you cou'd be the Person you resembled; but what amazes me is, that having wish'd it so much, my Prepossession has hinder'd me from believing it. I spoke of it to *Felima*, as soon as I saw you at *Alphonso's*: When I saw you again at *Talavera*, and knew your Birth, the same Thought reviv'd in my Mind, and I esteem'd it merely as the Effect of my own Wishes. But how difficult will it be, added she, sighing, to persuade my Father of the Truth of this! And how am I afraid that those Predictions which have appear'd true to him when he thought they belong'd to a Man of his own Religion, will seem false when they relate to a *Spaniard*!

As she was speaking, the Queen came into the Closet; *Gonsalvo* imparted his Joy to her, and she wou'd not delay a Moment to declare it to the King. She went to tell him this Discovery, and the King came the same Instant to
know

know of *Gonsalvo* what remain'd to perfect his Happiness. After having consulted a long time in what Manner *Zulema* might be gain'd, they resolv'd to send for him to *Leon*. An Express was immediately dispatch'd to *Talavera*, to acquaint him the King desir'd he wou'd appear at Court; and as his Health was perfectly recover'd, he arriv'd there very soon. The King receiv'd him with the greatest Marks of Esteem, and led him into his Closet. You have not been willing, said he, to grant me *Zayde*, for the Man whom I most value; but, I hope, you will not refuse her to him who owns this Picture, and to whom, I know, she is destin'd by *Albumazar's* Prediction.

AT these Words, he shew'd him the Picture of *Gonsalvo*, and presented to him *Gonsalvo* himself, who was at a small Distance. *Zulema* look'd upon one and the other, and seem'd in a profound Trance. The King thought his Silence proceeded from his Uncertainty. If you are not satisfy'd, said he, by the Likeness, that this Picture is *Gonsalvo's*, I will give you so many other Proofs of it, that you shall not be able to doubt it. The Picture which you have, and which is just such an one as this, must have fallen into your Hands, since the Battel which *Nugnez Fernando*, the Father of *Gonsalvo*, lost against the *Moors*. He had it done by an eminent Painter, who had travell'd over all the World, and fancy'd the *African* Habits made such a handsome Appearance, that he drew all his Pictures in them. It is true, Sir, reply'd *Zulema*, I met with that Picture after the Time you mention; and by what you say, and by the exact Resemblance, I cannot doubt its being *Gonsalvo's*; but
this

this is not what causes my Silence and Amazement. I admire the Decrees of Heaven, and the Effects of its Providence. I never had any Prediction made me, and the Words of *Albuzmazar*, which I see you have heard mention'd, have been taken by my Daughter in another Sense than they ought. But since you have the Goodness to interest your self in her Fortune, suffer me, Sir, to inform you of what you can know only by my self, and to acquaint you with the Beginning of a Life, the Happiness of which at present depends upon you alone.

The just Pretensions of my Father to the Caliph's Empire, occasion'd him to be banish'd to *Cyprus*. I went thither with him; and fell in Love with *Alasintba*, and marry'd her. She was a Christian, and I resolv'd to embrace her Religion, which I esteem'd the only one which ought to be follow'd; but the Austerity of it frighten'd me, and delay'd the Execution of my Design. I return'd to *Africk*, where Pleasures and Dissoluteness of Manners fix'd me more than ever in my own Religion, and gave me a new Aversion to the Christians. I forgot *Alasintba* for several Years; but having a Desire at last to see her again, and *Zayde*, whom I had left in her Infancy, I resolv'd to go and look after her in *Cyprus*, in order to make *Zayde* change her Religion, and marry her to the Prince of *Fez* of the House of the *Idris*. He had heard of her, and had a Passion for her, and his Father had an intimate Friendship for me. The War in *Cyprus* oblig'd me to hasten my Design. When I arriv'd, I found the Prince of *Tarsus* in Love with *Zayde*; I thought him handsome, and did not doubt but she lik'd him,
and

and believ'd she wou'd readily agree to marry him. I was not absolutely engag'd to the Prince of *Fez*. Her Mother being a Christian, I was afraid she wou'd be a Hindrance of my Intention to make *Zayde* change her Religion. I consented therefore to *Alamir's* Addresses, but was greatly surpris'd at the Aversion she express'd to me for him, and while the Siege of *Famagusta* lasted, all the Endeavours I us'd cou'd not prevail on her to accept of him for her Husband. I did not care to undertake to conquer an Aversion which seem'd to be in-born, and resolv'd to give her to the Prince of *Fez*, as soon as we were in *Africk*. He wrote to me after I was in *Cyprus*; and I understood his Mother was dead; so that there was nothing to delay the Marriage. We left *Famagusta*, and landed at *Alexandria*, where I found *Albumazar*, whom I had known a long Time. He observ'd that my Daughter look'd with great Attention and Pleasure upon a Picture, the Fellow of this before us. The next Day I was speaking to him of her Aversion to *Alamir*, and the Resolution I had to marry her to the Prince of *Fez*, how much soever she might be against it.

I fancy she has no Prejudice against his Person, said *Albumazar*; the Picture she seems so pleas'd with, is so like that Prince, that I believe it was drawn for him: I can make no Judgment of it, said I, because I have never seen him. It is not impossible but it may be his; but I don't know whom it was done for, and obtain'd it by Accident. I wish *Zayde* may fancy him, and tho' she shou'd not, I shall not shew her the same Complaisance, as I did with respect to the Prince of *Tarsus*. A

A few Days after, my Daughter begg'd *Albumazar* to inform her about her Fortune. As he knew my Intention, and believ'd that Picture was the Prince of *Fez*'s, he told her, without any Design of making his Words pass for a Prediction, that she was destin'd for the Man whose Picture she had seen. I pretended to believe that *Albumazar* spoke by a particular Knowledge of Futurity, and have always seem'd to *Zayde* to be of the same Opinion. When I left *Alexandria*, *Albumazar* assur'd me I shou'd not succeed in my Design relating to my Daughter; yet I cou'd not despair of it. During my late Illness, the Thought I once had of embracing the true Religion, came back so strongly upon my Mind, that it has been my whole Application since my Recovery, to confirm my self in that Resolution. I freely own this pious Intention was not so firm as it ought to have been; but I resign my self to what Heaven has done in my Favour; which by the same Means as I employ'd to marry my Daughter to a Man of my Religion, leads me to marry her to one of her own. *Albumazar*'s Words, which were spoken without Design, and concerning a Resemblance in which he was mistaken, have prov'd a real Prediction; and this Prediction is fulfill'd by my Daughter's Happiness in marrying a Man who is the Admiration of his Age. It only remains, Sir, that I ask the Grace of you to receive me into the Number of your Subjects, and permit me to end my Days in your Kingdom.

THE King and *Gonsalvo* were so surpris'd, and mov'd with *Zulema*'s Discourse, that they embrac'd him without saying any Thing, not being

being able to find Words to utter their Thoughts. After they had exprest'd their Joy, they wonder'd for a long Time at all the Circumstances of so strange an Adventure. *Gonsalvo* however was not so much surpris'd that *Albumazar* was deceiv'd by the Resemblance of the Prince of *Fez*; several Persons, he knew, had committed the same Mistake, and he inform'd *Zulema* that the Mother of that Prince was Sister to *Nugnez Fernando*, his Father, who was taken Prisoner in an Irruption of the *Moors*, and carry'd into *Africk*, where her Beauty rais'd her to be lawful Wife to the Prince of *Fez*.

Zulema went to give his Daughter an Account of what had pass'd; and by the Manner in which she receiv'd the News, it was easy to judge she was not insensible of *Gonsalvo's* Merit. A few Days after, *Zulema* embrac'd the Christian Religion publicly; and the Preparations were hasten'd for the Nuptials, which were celebrated with all the Gallantry of the *Moors*, and all the Politeness of *Spain*.

The E N D.



4 AP 54

THE
MARRIAGE
OF
BELPHEGOR.

Translated from the *Italian* Original of

NICOLAS MACHIAVEL.



Printed in the YEAR 1720.





T H E

Marriage of *Belphegor*.

THE antient Chronicles of *Florence* relate, that a Man, who was celebrated in his Time for Sanctity of Life, being in an Ecstasy one Day at Prayers, saw a Train of unhappy Souls descending in Multitudes to Hell; who, with one Voice, complain'd they were brought to that miserable Place only by their Wives. *Minos* and *Radamanthus*, and the other Infernal Judges who heard the lamentable Clamours, were surpris'd extremely, and thought such a terrible Accusation of the Female Sex must be an invidious Slander; but the Outcry continually increasing, and filling *Pluto's* Ears from every Quarter, he resolv'd to examine into it carefully with his whole Council, and consider of proper Measures for discovering the Truth. A Council was call'd accordingly, and *Pluto* spoke to this Effect;

T H O' I possess this Empire of mine by the irreverfible Appointment of the Fates, and am thereby fubject to no other Jurifdiction, either

Celestial or Earthly; yet as it is most prudent to proceed according to reasonable Laws, and to take the Advice of others, I am willing to consult you how it becomes me to conduct my self in a certain Affair, which threatens our Government with much Dishonour. Being inform'd that all the Men whose Souls arrive in our tremendous Dominions, charge their Ruin on their Wives, and impute their fatal Miscarriage to them; and this seeming an incredible Thing, we are in Doubt whether if we give Judgment according to the Tenor of this Report, we may not be reproach'd as too precipitate and severe; and if we do not, as too gentle, and negligent of Justice; an Imputation on either Hand which we wou'd carefully avoid: But being uncertain of the Method, we have assembled you here, to assist us with your Thoughts, that as our Reign has been hitherto unblemish'd, it may continue without a Stain in Time to come.

THE Council unanimously joyn'd with their Sovereign, that it was a Case of the highest Importance, and ought to be determin'd without Delay, tho' they cou'd not agree about the Means; for one Member was of Opinion that a single Emissary shou'd be dispatch'd, and another, that several shou'd be sent to the World above, to assume a Human Form, and from his Personal Knowledge inform himself certainly of the Fact; and others believ'd the Thing might be done with less Trouble, by forcing a Confession from some of the Mens Souls who made the Complaint, by Torture; but the greater Part inclining to the first Proposal, that Expedient prevail'd; and since no one voluntarily
offer'd

offer'd himself for the Service, it was resolv'd the Choice shou'd be decided by Lots. The Election fell upon *Belphegor*, a Principal Demon, who was very unwilling to undertake the Commission, but being over-rul'd by *Pluto's* Imperial Command, he prepar'd to execute the Resolution of the Board, and submitted to the Conditions they had thought fit to enjoyn him; which were, That he shou'd be immediately furnish'd with a hundred thousand Ducats, and repairing to the Earth, shou'd there personate a Man, and marry a Wife, and live with her ten Years; after which, pretending to dye, he shou'd return home, and from his own Experience inform his Superiors concerning the Point in Debate, and make an impartial Report of the Hardships and the Conveniencies of Matrimony. They told him also, that during this Time he shou'd be liable to all the Misfortunes and Calamities of Human Life, as Poverty, Imprisonment and Sickness, unless he cou'd preserve himself from them by his own Cunning and Wit.

BELPHEGOR humbly accepted the Terms, and having receiv'd his Ducats, and provided a Retinue out of the Demons who were under his Command, he set forward, and arriv'd in mighty State at *Florence*. He pitch'd upon that Town to reside in, as being most convenient for his Design of improving his Money by Usury. He took the Name of *Roderigo* of *Castile*, and hir'd a House in one of the chief Streets of the City; and, to conceal his Condition, gave out that he had made a Voyage very young into *Syria*, and got his Estate at *Aleppo*, from whence he was now

come into *Italy*, to chuse him a Wife in the most civiliz'd Country of the World, and whose Manners were most agreeable to his own. He was extremely handsome, and seem'd to be about thirty Years old, and having in a few Days shewn publick Demonstration of his Riches, and his Liberality and obliging Behaviour, he had Proposals of Marriage in Abundance from several noble Citizens, who had Plenty of Daughters, and little Money; among all who were offer'd him, *Roderigo* fix'd upon a very beautiful young Lady, call'd *Honest*a, the Daughter of *Amerigo Donati*, who had three other Daughters, and as many Sons, all grown up and marriagable. The Family was one of the noblest and best esteem'd in *Florence*, but reduc'd to low Circumstances, by a large Number of Children, and the Expences of their Quality. *Roderigo* made a splendid and magnificent Wedding, omitting nothing which was usual upon such Occasions, it being one of the Conditions impos'd on him, to be subject to all Human Passions. Accordingly he began to take Pleasure in Worldly Honours and Glory, and to love the Praises and Applause of Men; tho' his new Pleasures quickly cost him dear. Besides, he had not liv'd long with his dear Wife *Honest*a, when he became inamour'd of her to Extravagance; and if he saw her sad at any Time, or out of Temper, was just ready to expire; and she, on her Part, beside Nobility and Beauty, brought her Husband such an invaluable Portion of Pride, that *Lucifer* himself had not more; and *Roderigo*, who had made Tryal of both, absolutely gave his Wife's the Preference.

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She was not wanting to exert this Virtue, as soon as she perceiv'd *Roderigo's* Fondness; and imagining she might Lord it over him, as she pleas'd, she exercis'd her Supremacy without Compassion or Shame; and if he had the Weakness to refuse her any Demand, she instructed him with all the gracious Eloquence of scurrilous and taunting Expressions. So that poor *Roderigo* was in the utmost Distress, and knew not what to do. But his Father-in-Law, his Wife's Brothers and Relations, and his Matrimonial Vow, held him in due Obedience, and above all, the inexpressible Affection he bore her, enabled him to take it patiently. I pass over the immeasurable Cost he was at to furnish his good Lady with a convenient Ward-robe of decent Apparel, and supply her in new Fashions, which, according to the laudable Custom of *Florence*, were changing continually; and how he was likewise oblig'd to purchase his Peace, by assisting his Father-in-Law to marry off his other Daughters, which amounted to a considerable Sum. Beside all this, he was forc'd to make fair Weather with his Domestick Accommodation, by fitting out one of her Brothers for the *Levant* with a Cargo of Cloth, and another for the *West-Indies* with Silks, and to set up another in a Goldsmith's Shop in *Florence*; by which reasonable Contributions his Ducats were melted down a-pace, and above half his Estate wasted.

I N the Time of the *Carnevall* also, and the Festival of *St. John*, when the whole City, according to antient Custom, was feasting and revelling, and several Citizens of Quality and Fortune gave splendid Entertainments, Madam

*Honest*a, that she might not be inferiour to the other Ladies, begg'd her Husband to be generous, and exceed them all in his Treats. *Roderigo* comply'd with every Thing she ask'd, and as insupportable as it was, wou'd have thought himself happy, if by these Means he cou'd have liv'd tolerably easy till his ten Years expir'd. But this was a Blessing not to be obtain'd; for beside the Profusion of Expences, his Wife's invincible Insolence afflicted him beyond Imagination, and there was not a Male or Female Servant in the House, who cou'd bear it for a few Days. This was an infinite Addition to his Misfortunes, that he cou'd not keep one Servant about him who was in his Interest, not even his own Demons whom he had brought along with him under that Character, for they chole rather to go back to Hell and endure the Flames, than live under this Female Reign. In this wretched Condition, his Stock being totally exhausted, *Roderigo* comforted himself with the Hope of the Returns he expected from Foreign Parts; and as his Credit was good, he borrow'd Money in the mean time to keep up his Figure; and as he had frequent Recourse to this Expedient, he was soon known by the Creatures who practise that sort of Traffick. He was now upon his last Legs, when suddenly there came News from abroad, that one of *Honest*a's Brothers had lost all his Effects at Gaming, and the other had shipp'd his Goods on Board a Vessel without Insuring them, and was cast away with his whole Freight and drown'd. The first Moment this was divulg'd, his Creditors met, and concluded him a gone Man; but the Day of Payment not being yet
come,

come, they made no Noise, and resolv'd to watch him narrowly, lest if he discover'd their Design, he shou'd get the Start of them, and take his Flight. *Roderigo*, on the other Hand, finding his Case desperate, and remembring the Laws his infernal Masters had set him, was not asleep, but prepar'd to make his Escape, and getting on Horse-back one Morning, stole out at the Back-Door of his House, which open'd into the Fields. The Instant he was sally'd, the Report was carry'd to his Creditors Ears, who ran immediately to the Magistrates for Help, and not only detach'd a Band of Apparitors after him, but pursu'd him also themselves in a full Body. Poor *Roderigo* was scarcely got a Mile from the Town, when the Hue and Cry was rais'd at his Heels, and seeing himself under Chace, he left the Road and scour'd a-cross the Fields, in order to fly more privately. But being stopp'd by the Ditches, he quitted his Horse, and took to his Feet, rambling from Meadow to Meadow, under Covert of the Vines and Bushes, which were very thick in those Places, and arriv'd at last at *Peretola*, at the House of *John Mattheo del Brica*, a Labourer to *John del Bene*.

MATTHEO was going to fodder his Cattle; when *Roderigo*, sweating and out of Breath, begg'd his Protection, promising if he wou'd secure him from the Hands of his Enemies, who pursu'd him to lock him up to rot in a Jail, he wou'd make his Fortune for ever, and give him such Proofs of it before he left him as shou'd convince him; and if he fail'd, he wou'd be content to be deliver'd over to his Creditors Mercy. *Mattheo*, tho' a Clown, had

Brains enough in his Head, and considering he cou'd lose nothing by undertaking to save him, he agreed to the Bargain, and carrying *Roderigo* to a Dunghil before his House, cover'd him over with some Rushes and Faggoting which he had pil'd up there to burn. *Roderigo* was hardly hidden, when his Pursuers came up, and question'd *Mattheo* about him very roundly, but the Fellow was bluff, and with all their Threats cou'd not be brought to own he had seen any such Man. They left him therefore and pass'd on, and having in vain inquir'd from Place to Place, return'd heartily tir'd to *Florence*.

WHEN the Coast was clear, and all Things quiet, *Mattheo* releas'd *Roderigo* from his Confinement, and claim'd his Promise; Friend, said *Roderigo*, the Obligation you have laid on me is very great, and I will satisfy you to the full; and that you may believe I am able to do it, I will let you know who and what I am: Upon which he told him the whole Story of his Expedition from Hell, and of his Marriage; and acquainted him farther, by what Method he wou'd help him to grow rich; which in short was this; If you hear, says the *Demon*, of any Lady's being possess'd, depend upon it, it is by me; nor will I leave her till you come, and order me to depart; by which means you may have your own Price of her Relations, and get what Money you will: And having said this, he disappear'd.

IN a few Days it was spread all over *Florence*, that the Daughter of Signior *Ambrogio Amedei*, who was marry'd to *Buonajuto Tebalducci*, was possess'd. Her Parents neglected no Remedies usual upon such an Occasion; they apply'd to her

her the Head of *St. Zanobi*, and *St. John Gualberto's* Mantle; all which were turn'd to Ridicule by *Roderigo*. And to shew it was a real Possession, and no Illusion of Fancy, the Lady spoke *Latin* fluently, and disputed in Philosophy like a Professor, and discover'd several People's Sins; and among others the Transgressions of a Fryar, who had kept a Woman comfortably four Years with him in his Cloysters in the Habit of a Brother Franciscan; in so much that every one was amaz'd. *Ambrogio*, the Father, was extremely troubled, and having try'd every Expedient to no purpose, began to despair of Relief, when *Mattheo* waited on him, and provided he wou'd give him five hundred Florens. to purchase a Farm at *Peretola*, undertook to cure his Daughter. *Ambrogio* accepted the Offer, and *Mattheo* having first caus'd some Masses to be said, and several Ceremonies to be perform'd, to set the better Grace upon the Matter, went up to the young Woman, and whispering in her Ear; *Roderigo*, says he, I am come to see how you will keep the Promise you made me: Very well, answer'd the *Demon*; but since this will not be sufficient to enrich you, as soon as I am gone hence, I will enter into the Daughter of *Charles* King of *Naples*, and not stir out of her till I hear from you. Make what Demands then you please, and do your Business at once, but remember you never offer to dislodge me more. The very Moment he said this, he quitted the Possess'd, to the Joy and Wonder of the whole City.

BELPHEGOR was not worse there than his Word; for in a little while the News flew about that the King of *Naples's* Daughter was in

the same unhappy Condition ; and the Fryars with their Remedies and Relicks having no Success, the King, upon Information of *Mattheo's* Abilities, sent after him to *Florence*. He came to *Naples*, as desir'd ; and after a Preparation of fictitious Rites, perform'd the Cure. But before he took his Flight from the Lady, *Mattheo*, says *Roderigo* to him privately, you see I have kept my Promise to enrich you, and having thus answer'd my Engagement, I am under no farther Obligation to serve you. Be satisfy'd therefore, and presume not to insult me again ; for as I have done you Good hitherto, I will now do you all the Mischief I can. *Mattheo* return'd to *Florence* with above fifty thousand Ducats in his Pocket, which he receiv'd of the King, and design'd to enjoy the Riches he had got, and spend the Remainder of his Days in Peace ; and, as he intended honestly to obey *Roderigo's* Injunction, he did not suppose the other wou'd have the Wickedness to do him an Injury.

BUT his Pleasure was soon marr'd, by Advice that the Daughter of *Lewis* the Seventh of *France* was troubled with an evil Spirit. This Report allarm'd *Mattheo*, he expected to be summon'd, and consider'd the King's Authority, and *Roderigo's* farewell Words, and apprehending the Danger on either Hand, was very uneasy. As he fear'd, it happen'd ; for the King finding all Applications ineffectual, and having heard of *Mattheo*, sent a Messenger to fetch him ; but *Mattheo* pretending himself indispos'd and unable to travel, the King was oblig'd to demand him of the Magistrates, who forc'd him to comply. *Mattheo* set out to *Paris* with a heavy Heart, and being arriv'd, told his Majesty, that
it

it was true indeed, he had formerly cur'd a certain *Demoniac*, but this had not given him either the Skill or the Power to relieve all; for some *Demons* were of so turbulent a Nature, that they valu'd no Threats, nor Devotion, nor Charms; however he was ready to do his Duty, and hop'd his Majesty wou'd forgive him if he fail'd. To which the King answer'd very short, that unless he cur'd his Daughter, he wou'd hang him. This put *Mattheo* into a mortal Fright, but taking Heart at a Plunge, he caus'd the Lady to be brought before him, and laying his Mouth to her Ear, very humbly besought *Roderigo* to pity him; reminding him of the Service he had done him, and how ungrateful it wou'd be to abandon him in this his Necessity. Why thou unreasonable Rascal, cry'd *Roderigo*, hast thou the Impudence to follow me again? Do you think I will let you boast of Wealth you owe to my Assistance, and to no Cunning of your own? No; I will make you and every one know, I can give and take away at my Pleasure; and beside, before you leave the Place, for your Comfort, I will get you fairly hang'd. *Mattheo* seeing there was no Good to be done this Way, bethought himself of another Invention, and desiring the possess'd Person might be remov'd out of the Room; Sir, says he to the King, some *Demons*, as I told your Majesty, are so inveterate, that no ordinary Methods will prevail, and such is this we are concern'd with: Yet I will try one Experiment more; if it succeeds, your Majesty and I shall have our Design, and if it fails, I am in your Power; and your Majesty, I trust, will shew that Compassion to me which my Innocence deserves.

deserves. I desire therefore a large Scaffold may be erected in the Church-Yard of *Notre Dame*, sufficient to hold all the Barons, and the whole Clergy of the City, let it be cover'd with Silk and Cloth of Gold, and let an Altar be rais'd in the Middle: And next *Sunday* Morning I desire your Majesty with the Clergy and all the Princes and Barons will assemble there in the Pomp of State, and the richest and most magnificent Habits, and after a solemn Mass is perform'd, let the Princess be brought upon the Stage. Farther, I wou'd have twenty Persons at least, plac'd at a Corner of the Scaffold, with Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums, Bag-pipes and Cymbals and other Instruments, who when I throw up my Cap, may immediately begin playing, and advance towards the Place. These Solemnities, together with some secret Remedies I shall use, I believe, will vanquish this refractory Spirit, and force him to withdraw. The King gave Orders instantly for every thing; the Morning came, and the Stage and Church-Yard was fill'd with People, and Mass being celebrated, the Princess appear'd, led on by two Bishops, and follow'd by a Train of Lords behind. At the Sight of such an enormous Crowd, and the splendid Preparations, *Roderigo* stood amaz'd; What, says he to himself, does this Villain mean to do with all this Clutter? Does he think to chace me away with his Shew? Does not he know I have been us'd to the Pomps of Heaven, and the Uproars of Hell; and *Mattheo* stepping up and begging him to depart, An admirable Device! cry'd *Belphegor*; you are to persuade me to it, I suppose, by your Procession; and this Stratagem is to save you from
my

my Power and the Anger of the King? No, Rascal, Scoundrel, Vagabond, I will make you swing for it still. *Mattheo* intreated him over and over, and the other thundering out the same hideous Language, the Peasant thought there was no more Time to be lost, and giving the Signal with his Hat, the Instruments struck up in full Chorus, and with a Bellowing Heaven-high march'd on towards the Scaffold. *Roderigo* erected his Ears at the Noise, and not knowing what it was, seem'd perfectly amaz'd, and ask'd *Mattheo* hastily what was the Matter. The Matter, said *Mattheo* in a Hurry, why, my good Friend, it is your Wife come to look after you in *Paris*. The Alteration the very Mention of his Wife made in poor *Roderigo*, is scarcely to be imagin'd; he never staid to consider whether she was really there, or not; but without replying a word, slunk out of the Princess in a Consternation, and ventur'd rather to go back to Hell before the Time, and give an Account of his Errand, than to bear the Matrimonial State again with such Vexations, Insults and Danger. At his Return, *Belphegor* confirm'd the Husbands Complaint, and convinc'd the Infernal Council of the Mischiefs a Woman occasions in a Family; and the Peasant, who had craftily out-witted the Devil, went home in Triumph.

The E N D.

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THE
JEALOUS
ESTREMADURAN.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



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T H E

JEALOUS *Estremaduran*.

NOT many Years ago, a Gentleman of honourable Parentage in a Village of *Estremadura* made an Excursion, and, like another Prodigal, rambled over several Parts of *Spain*, *Italy* and *Flanders*, wantonly wasting his Age and his Estate together. After various Travels, his Parents being dead, and his Patrimony handsomely consum'd, he came to settle in the great City of *Seville*, where he soon found convenient Opportunities to squander away the little which remain'd. Seeing himself therefore exhausted of Money, and as destitute of Friends, he had Recourse to the Remedy to which the Wretches of ruin'd Fortunes in that noble City usually apply, a Voyage to the *Indies*, the Refuge and Protection of the *Desperado's* in *Spain*, the Sanctuary of Debtors, the Passport of Murderers, the Shelter of ingenious Gamesters, vulgarly stil'd Sharpers, the Lure of Ladies of Pleasure, the general Deception of many, and the particular Relief but
of

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of few. In a Word, arriving just at the Time when a Fleet was putting off for *Pernu*, he agreed with the Admiral, and furnishing himself with Provision and other Neecessaries, went on Board at *Cadiz*, and bid Adieu to *Spain*. The Fleet weigh'd Anchor, and with a general Joy spread out their Sails to the Wind, which blew a bucksome Gale, and in a few Hours lost Sight of Land, and enter'd on the wide and ample Plain of the great Father of the Waters, the mighty Ocean.

OUR Passenger fell now into a pensive Mood, revolving in his Thoughts the Variety of Dangers he had gone thro' in the many Years of his Wandrings, and the ill Conduct he had been guilty of in Times past; and summing up the melancholy Account, made a firm Resolution to change his Manner of Life, and if God shou'd send him any Riches again, to use them after another Fashion, and avoid his former Extravagancies with the Women. The Fleet was almost becalm'd, when *Philip de Carrizales*, the Gentleman who is the Subject of our Story, suffer'd these Agonies in his Mind; at length the Wind having, as it were, recover'd Breath, blew out amain, and push'd on the Ships with such Violence, that not a Man on Board cou'd keep his Seat; this rous'd *Carrizales*, and forc'd him to lay aside his Musing, and attend only to the common Dangers of the Voyage, which was so prosperous that without any Delays, they arriv'd safe at the Port of *Cartagena*.

To omit whatever is foreign to our Purpose; *Philip* was eight and forty Years old when he went to the *Indies*, and in twenty Years Time
he

he continu'd there, by his Industry and Diligence, became Master of a hundred and fifty thousand Pieces of Eight. Having possess'd himself of so noble a Fortune, he was touch'd with the natural Desire which all Men feel in them after their native Country, and rejecting the fair Prospect of extraordinary Advantages which he had before him, he left *Peru*, where he had acquir'd all this Treasure, and having put it into Bars of Gold and Silver, and register'd it, to avoid Inconveniencies, he embark'd for *Spain*, and landing at *St. Lucar's*, arriv'd at *Seville* full of Years and Riches. His Cargo was deliver'd him by the Officers without any Stop or Trouble; and inquiring after his Friends, he found they were all Dead, upon which he resolv'd to return to the Town where he was born, tho' he had already receiv'd News that not one of his Relations was living. If when he went to the *Indies* necessitous and poor, he was distracted with Multitudes of Imaginations, which wou'd not let him rest a Moment in the midst of the Sea, he was no less disturb'd with them now on Shoar, tho' on a different Account; for then he cou'd not sleep for Poverty, and now his Riches robb'd him of his Rest; Wealth being as much a Burden to him, who is not accusom'd to it, nor knows how to use it, as Poverty is to one who is always oppress'd by it. Gold brings Cares with it, and Cares attend the Want of it; but the last are prevented by having a moderate Quantity, whereas the other are increas'd by having too much.

CARRIZALES's Thoughts ran incessantly on his charming Ingots, not from the
wretched

wretched Principle of a Miser, for the few Years he had been a Soldier had taught him to beliberal; but his Concern was what to do with them: To keep them as they were, was of no Profit, and to hoard them in his House wou'd be a Bait for the Covetous, and a continual Invitation to Thieves. He had no Inclination to resume the busy Employment of Trading, and since, considering his Years, he had more than enough to supply him while he shou'd live, he was thinking to carry it down to the Place of his Nativity, and put it out to Interest, and pass his old Age there in Ease and Quiet, giving to God all he cou'd, since he had already given more than he ought to the World. On the other Hand, he reflected that the Country round about him was extreemly naked, the People very poor, and to settle there, wou'd be making himself the Mark of the Applications with which the Poor generally importune a rich Man who becomes their Neighbour; especially when there is no other on the Spot for them to resort to in their Distresses. He was very desirous also of having some Body to whom he might leave his Riches at his Death; and with this Design he examin'd the State of his Bodily Health and Constitution, and fancy'd himself yet able to sustain the Weight of Matrimony; but the Instant he thought of it, a violent Fear assail'd him, which startled him cruelly, and puff'd aside his new Project like a Cloud before the Wind; for by his Temper he was the most jealous Man in the World, and tho' he was yet unmarried, the Imagination of it alone began to allarm him terribly, and tortur'd him with
such

such hideous Apprehensions, that he was more and more determin'd not to marry

HAVING resolv'd thus far, but not being fix'd what Course of Life to pursue, it was his Fortune that as he was going along the Street one Day, he lifted up his Eyes and saw a young Creature at a Window, who seem'd to be about thirteen or fourteen Years old, of so agreeable an Aspect, and so beautiful, that not being able to defend himself, honest old *Carrizales* gave up the Weakness of his numerous Years to the budding Youth of *Leonora*, which was the Name of this lovely Maid. Immediately he fell into a Train of Discourse with himself very eagerly. This Girl, says he, is handsome; and by what the House she is in promises by its Looks, she cannot be rich; she is a Child, and her tender Years may prevent all uneasy Suspicions. I will marry her, and shut her up, and form her to my Hand; by which Means she will know no other Way of living than what I teach her. I am not so old neither, as to despair of having an Heir. Whether she has a Fortune or not, it signifies nothing, since Heaven has given me enough of my own for us both. A Man of Riches shou'd not marry for Riches, but to please himself, for this helps to add to his Life; whereas Discontent, matrimonial Vexation and Dislike shorten it. In a Word, the Dye is thrown, and this is the Lot which Heaven has put into my Hands.

IF he repeated this Soliloquy once, he repeated it a hundred Times; and some Days after he talk'd with *Leonora's* Parents, and understanding by them, that tho' they were poor, they were of an honourable Family; he acquainted

quainted them with his Intention, and with his Quality and Estate, and desir'd their Consent to his having their Daughter. They only ask'd a little Time to inform themselves of what he had said, and that he wou'd also inquire into the Truth of what they had told him concerning their Family. And thus they parted, and having made their mutual Inquiries, found Things to be as each Side had represented them. Upon which *Leonora* was espous'd to *Garrizales*, who first settled a thousand Ducats on her for a Dowry, so inflam'd was the Heart of this jealous old Man with the Passion of Love. He had scarcely made her his own, when a Swarm of furious Suspicions rush'd on him at once, and tho' no Occasion was offer'd, he began to tremble every Joint, and felt more Anxiety and Care than he had ever experienc'd before.

THE first Token he gave of his Jealous Disposition was, that he wou'd suffer no Man-Taylor to measure *Leonora* for the several Changes of Clothes he design'd to present her, but look'd out for some young Woman who was pretty near her Shape and Stature; and meeting at last with a poor Girl, who seem'd to be much of the same Size, he took the Measure of her Waste himself with a String, and comparing it with his Spouse's, found it answer'd tolerably well. By this Girl were the Cloths cut out and fashion'd, and the Suits were so many and so rich, that *Leonora's* Parents thought themselves very happy in having such a Son-in-Law, both for their own Sakes, and for their Daughter's. *Leonora* herself was amaz'd at her Finery, having never been us'd to any thing but a Serge Petticoat and a common Jacket of Taffety.

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THE next Sign of Suspicion which broke from him was, that he wou'd not bed with his Wife, till he had fitted up a House of his own to receive her, which he did in the following Manner. He purchas'd a House for twelve thousand Ducats in one of the principal Quarters of the City, which had a handsom Fountain belonging to it, and an Orange-Garden well planted and flourishing: all the Windows which look'd into the Street he block'd up, and made Sky-Lights only to every Room. In the Court-Yard he built a Stable for a single Mule, and over it a Hay-Loft, and a Lodging for his Servant who look'd after the Mule, who was a Negro both old and an Eunuch. He also rais'd the Terrass-Wall so high, that it was impossible for those who came in to see any thing but the naked Sky in a direct Line over their Heads. And there was a * Wheel at the Gate, to take things in from the Street. The House itself he furnish'd very richly, so that for Tapestries, † *Estrado's*, and stately Canopies, he seem'd a Lord of the first Rank. He likewise bought four white Female Slaves, whom he mark'd with a branding Iron upon the Forehead, and two Negra's who cou'd speak no Language but their own. He contracted with a Purveyor to supply him with Provisions of all sorts, but

* Spanish; Torno, a hollow Wheel or Box, which turns upon a Pin, by which the Nuns take in things from the Streets.

† A Part of the Floor rais'd higher than the rest, upon which the Women of Fashion in Spain generally sit.

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upon Condition not to sleep in the House, nor come any nearer than the Wheel, by which he was to deliver in what he had bought. After this he put out Part of his Money to Interest, in several Hands and upon good Security; and some of it he sent to the Bank, and some he kept by him for any Occasions. He had also a Master-Key made for the whole House, under which he lock'd up the Stores of every Kind which he bought in by the Great and in the Season, to serve the Family thro' the Year.

THINGS being thus duly dispos'd, he went to his Father-in-Law's and demanded his Wife; her Parents deliver'd her to him with Floods of Tears, as if they were sending her out to her Grave; the tender *Leonora*, who knew not yet what had befallen her, mingling Tears with her Parents, ask'd their Blessing, and took her Leave of them; and was led home by her Husband attended by her Slaves and Women. As soon as they enter'd the Door, *Carrizales* made a Speech to them, recommending *Leonora* to their Charge very strictly; and enjoining them upon no Account, nor under any Pretence whatever, to suffer any one to come within the inner Gate, no not even the Negro-Eunuch who look'd to the Mule. She to whom he chiefly entrusted the Guard and Entertainment of *Leonora*, was a venerable *Duenna* of much Prudence and Gravity, whose Office was to be a Governess for his Wife, and an Overseer of the whole Family, and to command the Slaves, and the young Girls whom he kept for Companions to his Wife, as being of an equal Age. He promis'd to use them all so well, that they shou'd not be sensible

sible of their Confinement, and that on Festival Days they shou'd constantly go out to hear Mass; but whenever he ventur'd them abroad, it was so early in the Morning, that the Light cou'd scarcely peep upon them when they went. On the other hand, the Slaves and Servants vow'd the utmost Fidelity, and to submit to all his Orders without the least Reluctance; and his new Spouse, shrinking up her Shoulders, and bowing down her Head, told him, she had no Will but that of her Lord and Husband, to which she shou'd ever pay a chearful Obedience.

THIS wary Regulation being fix'd, and the good *Estremaduran* thus happily settled in his House, he began to enjoy, as well as he was able, the Fruits of Matrimony, which to *Leonora*, who had never experienc'd any other, were neither pleasing nor offensive. She pass'd her Time with the *Duenna*, the Damsels and the Slaves; and they, to make it run off the merrier, were always junketing and sporting, and not a Day went over their Heads, but they feasted themselves with a thousand Sorts of Sweet-Meats; for honest *Carrizales* had provided them Honey and Sugar in great Plenty. They wanted for nothing; they abounded, and their Master was willing they shou'd, imagining that by his liberal Indulgence he shou'd keep them easy and busied, and leave them no room to think of their Imprisonment.

LEONORA did as they did, and was one among them in all their Games; and such was her Simplicity, that she even fell to making Babies and other Toys, which shew'd the Innocence of her Disposition and the Greenness of

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her Years. All which gave her Jealous Husband infinite Satisfaction, who thought he had chosen the happiest Life that cou'd be contriv'd, and that it was impossible for the Industry or Malice of Man by any way to violate his Repose. He was continually bringing home Rarities of one sort or another to his Wife, and begging her to let him know any thing she had a Mind to, and she shou'd have it immediately.

THE Days she went out to Mass, which, as I said, was at the first Blush of Dawn, her Parents met her at the Church, and talk'd with her there before her Husband, who heap'd his Gifts on them so generously, that tho' they pity'd their Daughter for the severe Restraint in which she liv'd, the valuable Presents *Carrizales* was continually making them, moderated their Sorrow.

HIS Custom was to rise very early, and wait till the Purveyor came, who had a Note left for him in the Wheel, of what Things he shou'd bring for the next Day. As soon as the Purveyor was gone, *Carrizales* went out, generally on Foot, locking the Street-Door and the Middle-Gate after him, between which the Negro had his Station. As he had but little Business, he soon dispatch'd it, and return'd in an Instant, and fastening up both the Gates, diverted himself in dallying with his Wife, and making merrry with his Servants, who lov'd him at their Hearts, for his mild and familiar Temper, and especially for his Generosity. Having accomplish'd a Year of Probation in this Course of Life, they were determin'd to continue in it all their Days; and wou'd have done so, if the cunning

ning Disturber of Mankind had not prevented them, as you shall now hear.

TELL me, he who thinks himself the most discreet and wary of Men, what greater Precautions cou'd antient *Philip* have us'd? No Male-Creature was admitted within the Walls; not so much as a He-Cat to chase the Mice, nor a Dog to scare the Thieves, but these Domestick Animals were all of the Feminine-Gender: In the Day, the good old Man was perpetually plodding and keeping his Wits at Work, and in the Night he scarcely slept; he was the diligent Centinel of his own House, and the quick-ey'd *Argos* who incessantly watch'd this darling Treasure of his Soul. The Thing call'd a Man, never shew'd his Head in the Place, no not even within the outer Door. He talk'd with his Friends in the open Street; and the Figures in the Hangings in the Halls and Chambers, were only Women and harmless Flowers and Groves. The whole House smelt of Honesty, Retirement and Circumspection; and in the Stories which the Servants told by the Fire-side in the long Winter Evenings, because he was present, nothing Lascivious or Immodest was ever mention'd.

As the first Love of Virgins makes an Impression in their tender Hearts, like a Seal in Wax, the Silver Hairs of *Carrizales* seem'd to *Leonora's* Eyes like burnish'd Gold; and his excessive Watchfulness of her appear'd a prudent Security. She thought, and verily believ'd, that all new-marry'd Women liv'd in the same Manner; and never was uneasy to go abroad, nor did her Inclination pursue any Thing, but what her Husband approv'd. She saw the Streets on-

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ly on those Days when she went to Mass, which was so early, that, unless at her Coming back, there was not Light enough to distinguish them. No Monastery was kept so close, nor were any Nuns or Golden Apples so severely guarded; yet with all this unutterable Vigilance and Care, the unfortunate *Carrizales* cou'd not possibly prevent his falling into the Mischiefe he dreaded, or at least believing it had caught him.

THERE is in *Seville* an idle dissolute Generation of spruce Fellows, commonly call'd Men of the Town, well-dress'd, useless, frivolous, and perfum'd; they abound in every Quarter, every Neighbourhood is infested with them, especially the Dwellings of the Rich; concerning which trivial Species of Animals, their Habits, Fashion of Life, and the Rules of laudable Conduct they observe among themselves, much might be said; but for sober Reasons I omit it. One of these pretty Gentlemen, who went among his Companions by the Name of *Smart*, a Libertine young Batchelor, (which is a dangerous Creature to new-marry'd Folks) cast his Eyes upon *Carrizales's* House, and observing it to be always shut up, had a strange Desire to know who liv'd there; his Curiosity push'd him on so eagerly, that he enquir'd incessantly, and by Degrees discover'd the whole Affair; and learn'd the old Man's Humour, his Wife's Beauty, and how scrupulously he watch'd her. All this set him on Fire, to try whether it were not possible by Force or Cunning to win a Fortress so cautiously defended. He imparted his Design to two or three of his Comrades, who agreed to lend him their Assistance; for in Enterprises of this Nature, Advisers and Aiders
are

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are never wanting. They were at a Loss by what Method to execute so difficult an Undertaking, but after holding frequent Consultations, they fix'd upon this:

LOAYSA, so was this fine Gentleman call'd, under Pretence of going out of Town for a few Days, was to absent himself from his Acquaintance and publick View, which he did accordingly, and then equip'd himself for his Expedition; he put on a Pair of white Linnen Drawers, and a lovely *Holland* Shirt, and over them such a patch'd and tatter'd Suit, that no Alms-Man in the whole City had one so shabby; he cut off Part of his Beard, and stuck a huge Patch over one Eye, ty'd up one Leg in a String, and resting on a Couple of Crutches, transform'd himself so compleatly into a Cripple, that no one really halt and lame cou'd exceed him. In this Condition he plac'd himself every Night to beg at *Carrizales's* Gate, which was always fast, and in the Court-yard between the two Gates was *Lewis* the Negro shut out upon Duty. *Loaysa* having taken his Post there one Evening, pull'd out a small greasy Guittar, which wanted several Strings, and as he was something of a Musician, began to play a Set of merry Tunes, and sing, altering the Tone of his Voice to avoid being known. After this he sung some facetious Ballads about the Moors and the Moorish Women, in so pleasant a Manner, and with so good a Grace, that all who were passing along the Street stopp'd to hear him, and the Boys and Girls stock'd about him in Heaps.

THE Negro prick'd up his Ears, and listning at the Key-hole, was in Transports, and wou'd freely have given an Arm to have been able to

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open the Gate, and hear his Fill, such an Inclination have all the Negroes to Musick. When *Loaysa* wanted to have his Audience leave him, he gave over singing, put up his Guittar, and took his Crutches and went off.

FOUR or five times *Loaysa* thus serenaded the Negro, to whom alone the Entertainment was address'd, because he judg'd it must be by him, that he was to make the first Breach in this Citadel; nor was he mistaken; for resorting thither one Evening, as usual, as he began to thrum his Guittar, he perceiv'd the Negro was listening very attentively; and going up close to the Gate, with a low Voice, Can you give me, dear *Lewis*, said he, (having heard his Name) a Draught of Water, for I am almost dead with Thirst, and cannot sing another Note, I am so dry. I cannot give you a Drop, answer'd the Negro, for I neither have the Key of the Gate, nor is there any Cranny thro' which to hand it out to you. Who keeps the Key then? reply'd *Loaysa*: My Master, said the Negro, who is the most jealous Man in the whole Creation, and if he shou'd know I was holding Discourse here with any Body, it wou'd cost me my Life: But pray, who are you that ask for Water? A poor Cripple, answer'd *Loaysa*; who get my Living by begging of good charitable Christians; besides which, I also teach some *Moors* and other poor People to play upon the Guittar; I have three Negro Slaves now among my Scholars, and have taught them so, that they are able to sing or play any Dance whatever, or to any Company in the best Taverns in the City; and they have pay'd me, Heaven blefs them, very well for my Pains. I wou'd pay you much better, cry'd
Lewis,

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Lewis, if I cou'd get an Opportunity to learn ; but that is impossible ; for my Master, when he goes out in a Morning, locks the Street-Gate after him, and so likewise when he returns, and leaves me shut out between that and the House. I protest, *Lewis*, answer'd *Loaysa*, if you cou'd find a Way to let me in sometimes in an Evening, to shew you a few Lessons, in less than a Fortnight I will bring you to handle the Guittar so well, that you need not be asham'd to play in any Street of the Town ; for you must know, I have an unusual Dexterity in teaching ; and besides, I have been told, you have an admirable Capacity ; and by what I find already, and can judge by the Pitch of your Voice, which is a Treble, you must certainly sing extremely well. I do not sing much amiss, that's true, cry'd the Negro ; but what am I the better for it ? since I know no Tune, but that of *Estrella de Venus*, and *Por un verde Prado*, and that which is now so much in Request, which begins, *Alos hierros de una rejala turbida mano asida*. These are all Trifles, answer'd *Loaysa*, to what I can teach you ; I know the Songs of the *Moor Abindarraez*, and his Lady *Xarifa*, and the whole History of *Sophy Tomunibeyo*, with these of the *Sarabanda*, which are so exquisite that the *Portugueze* themselves are in Raptures at them. And I teach all these so happily, and with so much Ease, that if you shou'd happen to be a little slow of Apprehension, before you have swallow'd half a Bushel of Salt, you shall be a first-rate Master upon the Guittar.

AT this the Negro drew a Sigh, And what does all this signify, said he, since I have no way to let you into the House ? That may easily be

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done, answer'd *Loaysa*; do you contrive to get your Master's Keys, and I will help you to a Piece of Wax, upon which you may take off the Impression of the Wards, and for the Love I bear you, I will procure a Lock-Smith of my Acquaintance, an ingenious Workinan, to make us a Set of Keys by which I can come in at Night, and teach you, my Boy, better than *Prefter John* of the *Indies*: 'Tis a thousand Pities I protest, such a Voice as yours shou'd be lost for want of being help'd by the Guittar; for I must tell you, Brother *Lewis*, the best Voice in the World loses its Grace, when it is not accompany'd by an Instrument, whether it be the Guittar, the Cymbal, the Organ, or the Harp. But that which fits your Voice best is the Guittar, and I wou'd advise you to that, as being the handiest and the cheapest of any. I am of your Opinion, cry'd the Negro; but your Project is impossible, because I never have the Keys in my Power; for my Master never lets them go out of his Hands, but lays them constantly every Night under his Pillow. Do this then, reply'd *Loaysa*, if you have a Mind to be a finish'd Musician, but if you have no Fancy for it, I have done, and shall trouble my self no farther. A Fancy for it! said *Lewis*; ay by the Mass I have, and such a strong one, that I will leave nothing unattempted that is in the Power of Man to do, if I were but sure of coming to twang the Guittar like a Master. Do this then, answer'd *Loaysa*, make a little Hole by removing some Earth near the Hinges, and I will give you in a Pair of Pincers and a Hammer, by which you may very easily draw the Nails of the Lock in the Night, and fasten it on again in a trice, so that
it

it will never be discern'd; and when I am shut up with you in your Hay-loft, or wherever you lye, I shall difpatch the Business I fpeak of fo expeditioufly, for the fake of my own Reputation, and of improving your admirable Genius, that you fhall find the Succels beyond what I have faid. As to Provisions, never trouble your felf, for I fhall bring enough with me to ferve us both for eight Days or better; for the Scholars and Friends I have will not let me want. Nay, cry'd the Negro, we need be in no Pain about Viſuals, for my Maſter's Allowance and the Fragments I have from the Slaves in the Houſe, will be fufficient to keep two more beſide our ſelves. Therefore only bring the Hammer and the Pincers, and I warrant you, I will open a Cranny to take them in, and fill it up again fo neatly with Clay, that it ſhall not be discern'd; and tho' I ſhou'd have Occaſion to ſtrike ſeveral Blows in getting off the Lock, my Maſter lyes at ſuch a Diſtance from the Gate, that it muſt be a Miracle, or ſome ſtrange ill Luck, if he hears.

WE will run the Riſque of that, ſaid *Loayſa*, and in two Days, *Lewis*, you ſhall have every thing neceſſary to put our noble Deſign in Execution; in the mean time, let me adviſe you to abſtain from all Phlegmatic Meats, for they are unwholeſome, and prejudice the Voice. There is nothing makes me ſo hoarſe, anſwer'd the Negro, as Wine, and yet I wou'd not leave it off for all the Voices in the World. I never meant you ſhou'd, ſaid *Loayſa*; far be it from me to hinder you; yes, drink, Son *Lewis*, drink on, and much Good may it do thee, for Wine moderately taken never did any Harm. I always

ways drink it by Measure, reply'd the Negro; I have a Pitcher which contains just three Pints, which the Slaves fill for me, without my Master's Knowledge, and the Purveyor helps me to a Runlet by stealth, which holds as many Quarts, and serves me when the other is out. Exactly my own way of living, answer'd *Loaysa*, and it is certainly right, for a dry Throat can neither Whistle nor Sing. Fare you well, said the Negro; but pray do not forget to come and sing here in an Evening till you have got the Tools for me to make your Way in, for my Fingers itch already to be thrumming the Guittar. I will certainly come, said *Loaysa*, and bring several new Tunes with me. Ravishing! cry'd the Negro, but do not leave me, I beg of you, before you give me one Song more; I shall sleep the sweeter for it; and as for paying you, troth Sir, as poor as I am, I will pay you better than many a one that is rich. I shall make no Words with you, said *Loaysa* about that; you shall pay me, as you come forward in Learning; but pray mind this Tune; tho' when I once get in, I will shew you some which are much better. With all my Heart, reply'd the Negro; and their long Dialogue being ended, *Loaysa* sung a pleasant Ballad, which so delighted the Negro's Fancy, that he was in Agonies till the Hour came for him to open the Gate.

LOATSA was scarcely gone from the Door, but he made more Haste than his Crutches promis'd, to give his Companions an Account of his fortunate Beginning, from which he prophecy'd the happy Conclusion he expected. He found them together, and told them the Measures he had fix'd with the Negro; and the next Day

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Day they furnish'd him with Instruments that won'd snap any Nail asunder, like a rotten Stick. Nor did he fail to serenade the Negro, nor the Negro to pick out a Cranny to take in the Tools his merry Master was to bring him, and to stop it up again so smoothly, that unless some malignant and suspicious Eye were to view it, it wou'd not be perceiv'd.

UPON the second Night, *Loaysa* brought *Lewis* the Tools, and *Lewis* fell to work immediately, and without much straining drew all the Nails, and opening the Door with the Plate of the Lock in his Hand, admitted his dear *Orpheus*; but when he saw him with his Crutches and his Rags, and his Leg dangling in a Sling, he stood amaz'd; but the Patch upon his Eye *Loaysa* had laid aside, as being no longer necessary: As soon as he enter'd, he embrac'd his lovely Disciple, and kissing his Cheek, deliver'd into his Hands a Bottle of Wine, a Box of Con-serves, and other Sweet-meats, of which he had brought good Plenty in his Wallet, and flinging away his Crutches, as if nothing ail'd him, he began to cut several Capers, at which the Negro was astonish'd; Brother *Lewis*, says *Loaysa* to him, my Lameness does not proceed from Infirmary, but Design; it maintains me as I beg for my Bread; and by the Help of this, and my Musick, I live the pleasaest Life in the World; whereas those who have not so much Industry and Wit are ready to famish, as I shall shew you in the Course of our Acquaintance. Time will shew, answer'd the Negro, but first let us see to put the Lock on again, so that we may not be discover'd. With all my Heart, said *Loaysa*, and pulling some Nails out
of

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of his Wallet, they fasten'd it to the Place as well as it was before; at which the Negro was wonderfully pleas'd; and *Loaysa* climbing up into the Lodging in the Hay-loft, accommodated himself as well as he cou'd.

LEWIS lighted a Wax-Candle immediately, and *Loaysa* taking out his Guittar, touch'd it so gently and so sweetly, that the poor Negro was in Ecstasies. Having play'd a little, he treated his new Scholar with a second Collation, who ply'd the Bottle so briskly with his Sweet-meats, that the Wine left him more transported than the Musick. This being over, it was agreed that *Lewis* shou'd begin a Lesson out of hand; and as the poor Negro's Brains were over-flown four Inches deep with Wine, he cou'd not hit one Fret, and yet *Loaysa* made him believe he had learn'd two Tunes at least, and play'd them to Perfection, and all Night-long he did nothing but fumble upon a Guittar, which was out of Tune, and wanted the principal Strings.

At last they fell a-sleep; and about Six a Clock in the Morning *Carrizales* came down, and open'd the House-Door, and the Gate next the Street, and stood waiting for the Purveyor, who soon came, and gave in the Provisions by the Wheel; after which *Carrizales* call'd up the Negro to take the Barley for the Mule, and his own Allowance, and then went out, leaving both the Doors lock'd after him, without perceiving what had been done to that of the Street; at which the Master and Scholar in the Loft were not a little rejoyc'd.

THE good Man's Back was scarcely turn'd, when the Negro snatch'd up the Guittar, and
twang'd

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twang'd it so vehemently, that all the Maid-Servants heard him, and calling to him thro' the Wheel, What is the Matter, *Lewis*? said they, how did you come by a Guitar? Who gave it you? Who gave it me, answer'd he? Why the finest Musician in the World, who promises to teach me in less than six Days above six thousand Songs. And where is this wonderful Musician? cry'd the *Duenna*; Not a great way off, answer'd the Negro; and if it were not for Shame, and the Fear I am in of my Master, I cou'd shew him you presently, and troth you wou'd be glad to see him. Where can he be, reply'd the *Duenna*, that we can have a Sight of him, since not a Man ever enter'd into this House, beside our Master. True, cry'd the Negro, but I shall say no more till you see what I have told you, for 'tis certain he has taught me in as short a Time as I said. Troth, answer'd the *Duenna*, unless you have got some Devil for your Master, I don't know who cou'd make you a Musician in so little a Time. D'ye think so? said the Negro; well, you shall one Day see and hear him your self. That can never be, cry'd another of the Wenches, for we have no Windows to the Street, by which to see or hear any Thing. No matter, reply'd the Negro, there is a Remedy for every Thing but Death; especially if you know how, or are able, to hold your Peace. Hold our Peace! quoth one of the Slaves; we will be more silent than Mutes themselves; I protest, *Lewis*, I am almost dead to hear a good Voice, for ever since we have been shut up here, we have not heard so much as the Chirping of the Birds.

LOATSA listned with much Satisfaction to this Conversation, which seem'd to open the Way

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Way to the Execution of his Desires, and was guided by some good Fortune to produce the Means he wanted. The Wenches retir'd, after the Negro had promis'd to call them when they least expected it, to hear an admirable Singer; and being afraid his Master shou'd come back, and catch him talking with them, he left them, and withdrew to his Apartment. His Fingers itch'd to thrum over a Lesson, but he durst not venture upon it in the Day, lest *Carrizales* shou'd hear him, who return'd soon after, and fastening the Gates according to his Custom, lock'd himself into the House.

WHEN his Dinner was given him out the next Day by the Wheel, *Lewis* told the Negra-Maid who brought it, that if they all came down that Night to the Wheel, as soon as his Master was asleep, they shou'd hear the Voice he had promis'd them, without fail. The Truth is, that before he mention'd this, he had begg'd his Guittar-Master with a World of Intreaties, to be pleas'd to sing and play that Night at the Wheel, that he might be able to keep his Word with the Maids, to let them hear a charming Voice, assuring him he wou'd win their Hearts by it. His Master consented at last to do that which was his own Desire, more than the Negro's; but told him, he did it purely to gratify him, and not for any Interest of his own. The Negro embrac'd him, and kiss'd his Cheek in Token of his Gladness at so extraordinary a Favour, and entertain'd him so well that Day, that *Loaysa* perhaps wou'd not have mended his Table if he had eat at home.

THE Night came; and in the Middle of it, or thereabout, there began to be a Whispering
in

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in the Wheel, by which *Lewis* presently understood his Company was met; and calling his Master, they came down from the Hay-loft with the Guittar, well strung, and in better Tune. *Lewis* ask'd, Who, and how many of them were there to hear? They answer'd, All, except their Mistress, who was in Bed with her Husband; at which *Loaysa* was heartily griev'd; however he resolv'd to set his Project on foot, and please his Scholar; and softly touching the Guittar he play'd so melodiously that the Negro was out of his Wits, and the Maids stood entranc'd to hear him: Who can express their Raptures, when he play'd, *With Grief I languish*, and concluded with the enchanting Tune of the *Sarabanda*, which was then new in *Spain*. The old ones cou'd not forbear shaking their Feet, and the Young fell gayly into a Dance, and the whole was manag'd with a deep Silence, and Centinels were planted and Spies set, to give Notice if the old Man happen'd to wake. *Loaysa* after this sung a Ballad extremely taking, with which he ended; his Auditors press'd the Negro very eagerly, to tell them who this miraculous Musician was; A poor Beggar, he said, but the most ingenious and genteel of all that wretched Society in *Seville*. They desir'd him to contrive that they might see him, and not to part with him under a Fortnight, and they wou'd let him want nothing. They ask'd him then how he had brought him in, to which *Lewis* made no Answer; and only said, if they had a Mind to see him, they shou'd bore a small Hole in the Wheel, which they might stop up afterwards with Wax; and that as to keeping him in the House, he wou'd undertake it.

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LOAYSA also spoke to them himself, and in so handsome a Manner, that they soon perceiv'd such Language cou'd not proceed from a Beggar. They intreated him to be at the same Place another Night, and they wou'd prevail on their Mistress to bear them Company, in spite of the Watchfulness of her Husband, which was not owing so much to his Years as to his Jealousy. *Loaysa* answer'd, that if they were willing to hear him without being interrupted by the old Man, he wou'd give them a Powder to put into his Wine, which shou'd keep him in a sound Sleep beyond his usual Time. Heavens! cry'd one of the Wenches, if this be true, what good Fortune is come within our Doors, without our perceiving or deserving it; this will not be a Powder of Sleep for my Master, but a Powder of Life for us all, and for my poor Mistress *Leonora*, his Wife, who is never from him by Day nor by Night, nor loses Sight of him for a Moment. Ah, gentle Sir, for Pity's sake, and as you value our Blessing on your Designs, bring the Powder you speak of, and lose no Time; bring it, I say, and I offer my Service to mix it in the Wine, and be his Skinker; and Heaven grant the old Gentleman may sleep three whole Days round with their Nights, that we may be merry as many. I will certainly bring it, said *Loaysa*, and the Nature of it is to do no Harm, but only to throw those who take it into a deep Sleep. They all conjur'd him to let them have it without Delay; and agreeing to pierce a Hole thro' the Wheel against another Night, and bring their Lady with them to see and hear him, they mutually took their Leave. The Negro, tho' it was almost Break of Day, wou'd strike up a Lesson

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Lesson *Loaysa* gave him, who persuaded him that he had never found a better Ear among all his Scholars, while the poor Creature did not understand, nor ever wou'd, how to raise one Note.

LOATSA's Friends were very careful to listen every Evening at the Street-Gate, in case he shou'd have any Thing to say to them, or shou'd want Assistance; and *Loaysa* perceiving by a Signal agreed upon between them, that they were there, inform'd them briefly thro' the Crevise, of the happy Success of his Affair, and intreated them to provide him something which wou'd cause Sleep, to give to *Carrizales*, for he had heard there were some Powders which wou'd produce that Effect. They told him they knew an Apothecary, who wou'd help them to the best Medicine of that kind he cou'd, and having encourag'd him to pursue his Enterprize, and promis'd to furnish him with the Prescription the next Night, they parted.

NIGHT came, and at the Call of the Guit-tar the whole Nest of Pigeons flock'd together, and with them came the innocent *Leonora*, fearful and trembling lest her Husband shou'd awake; the Terror of which was so great, that she was very unwilling to venture. Her Servants said so many Things to her of the Sweetness of the Musick, and the fine Behaviour of the Musician, especially the *Duenna*, who, without having seen him, extoll'd and prais'd him above *Abfolom* and *Orpheus*, that the harmless unwary Lady being over-rul'd by them, consented to do that to which she neither had nor ever wou'd have had an Inclination.

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THE first Thing they did, was to bore a Hole thro' the Wheel in order to see the Musician, who was not then in a Beggar's Habit, but with wide-knee'd Breeches of a Murrey-colour'd Taffety, a Doublet of the same lac'd with Gold, a Monteer-Cap of Sattin of the same Colour, with a Band curiously starch'd, and a clean Pair of Ruffles; all which he had taken Care to bring with him in his Wallet, imagining he might have an Occasion to change his Dress. He was young, handsome, and of a graceful Person; and as they had Time enough to survey him fully, and compare him with their old Master, he appear'd a perfect Angel in their Eyes. One peep'd at him thro' the Augar-Hole, and then immediately another, for they were all a-gog to gaze; and that they might see him the better, the Negro walk'd round him with a Wax-Taper lighted, and held it to him from Head to Foot. When every one, even the poor Negra-Wenches, had had a View, *Loaysa* took up his Guittar, and sung so ravishingly, that they were all astonish'd, from the aged Governante to the youngest Girl in the Company; and begg'd *Lewis* to contrive some Way to get this delicious Master of his into the House, that they might hear and see him more conveniently than at such a Distance thro' a narrow Hole in the Wheel; and that they might not be oblig'd to be so far off from their Master, who might surprise them on a sudden, and catch them in the Fact; which wou'd be impossible if they had the Musician among them privately in the House. *Leonora* oppos'd this warmly, and said there shou'd no such Thing be done, nor any Admittance allow'd; that they ought to be satisfy'd,

for

for they cou'd see and hear him from thence with Safety, and without Danger to their Honour. Honour! cry'd the *Duenna*; the King has enough for us all; pray shut up your Ladyship with your *Methusalem*, and leave us to make merry as we can. Besides, this Gentleman seems to have so much Honour in him, that he will desire nothing of us, but what we shall desire our selves.

- LADIES, said *Loaysa* upon this, I came hither with no other Intention than to serve you all to the utmost of my Power, pitying you at my Heart for this unparallel'd Confinement, and the Time you unprofitably lose in this severe sort of Life. I am a Man, by the Head of my Father, so harmless, so mild, of so gentle a Disposition, and so obedient, that I shall do only just what you bid me; and if any one of you shall say, *Friend sit here, Friend go thither, lie there, or keep here*, I shall do it as readily as the tamest best-train'd Dog, that dances for the King of *France*. If he will do thus, said *Leonora*, I think we may e'en let him in; but what Method is there to do it? An easy one, answer'd *Loaysa*: If you will take the Impression of the Key of the Middle-Gate in Wax, I will get one made by it against To-morrow Night, which shall serve our Purpose. In taking the Print of that Key, said one of the Wenches, we take all the rest in the House; for this is the Master-Key. It will not be the worse for that, reply'd *Loaysa*. True, said *Leonora*; but first let him swear, that when he is come in, he will do nothing else than sing and play, when we order him, and that he will submit to be shut up and confin'd, where we shall be able to lodge him.

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him. I swear it, answer'd *Loaysa*. That Oath signifies nothing, cry'd *Leonora*, he must swear by the Life of his Father, and by the Crucifix, which he shall kiss before us all. I swear, said *Loaysa*, by the Life of my Father, and by this Sign of the Cross, which I kiss with my unworthy Mouth; and making a Sign of the Cross with two Fingers, he kiss'd it three times. This being done, another of them pray'd him not to forget the Powder, for that was the principal Article.

WITH this ended the Conversation of the Night, both Parties resting highly pleas'd with the Agreement they had made; and Fortune, which conducted *Loaysa's* Affairs from good to better, brought his Friends into the Street about two Hours after Mid-night; who making the usual Signal, which was to play on a Jew's-Harp, *Loaysa* call'd to them, and acquainted them how Matters stood with him, and desir'd them to bring him the Powder or some other Medicine, to lay *Garrizales* to sleep: informing them also concerning the Master-Key. They told him, he shou'd have the Powder the next Night, or an Ointment, whose Virtue was such, that if it were smear'd upon the Wrists and the Temples, it wou'd cause so profound a Sleep, that a Man wou'd not be able to wake in two Days, unless the Parts which were anointed were wash'd with Vinegar; and that if he gave them out the Print of the Key he spoke of, they wou'd have one made immediately.

AFTER this they withdrew; and *Loaysa* and his Scholar slept the little Part of the Night which remain'd. *Loaysa* waited with the utmost Impatience for the Hour appointed, to see

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see if they wou'd keep their Promise with him about the Key. Tho' Time to People in Expectation seems slow and lingering, it makes no Halt, but moves on as swiftly as their Thoughts, and at last the Point desir'd arrives. Thus the Night came, and the wonted Hour of repairing to the Wheel, whither flock'd all the Servants of the House, great and small, white and black, for they were all desirous to see this charming Musician within their Seraglio; but *Leonora* was not with them; and *Loaysa* asking for her, they answer'd she was in Bed with her Husband, who had lock'd his Chamber-Door, and laid the Key under his Pillow; and that as soon as the old Man was a-sleep, she said she wou'd steal the Master-Key, and take it off in some Wax, which she had prepar'd and work'd to a proper Temper for that Design; and that they were to go in a little while, and receive it at the Hole which was left open for the Cat.

LOAYSA was amaz'd at the old Man's Caution; but was not at all discourag'd in his Attempt. At this Instant, he heard the Jews-Harp, and running to the Gate, found his Friends were there, who gave him a small Gally-pot of the Ointment they had mention'd. *Loaysa* was over-joy'd at the Present, and begg'd them to stay a Moment till he brought them the Master-Key; and returning to the Wheel, bid the *Dueña*, who was the most eager for his Entrance, to carry it to her Mistress, and acquaint her with its Properties, and persuade her to anoint her Husband with it so gently, that he might not perceive it, and she shou'd see Wonders.

THE *Dueña* did as she was requir'd, and coming to the Cat's-hole found *Leonora* was waiting

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waiting for her there, laid flat at her Length upon the Ground, with her Face to the Hole. The *Duenna* stretch'd her self along in the same Manner, and clapping her Mouth to her Mistress's Ear, inform'd her with a low Voice that she had brought her an Ointment, and how she was to use it. *Leonora* took the Ointment, but said, she cou'd by no means get the Key from her Husband, because he had not put it under his Pillow as usual, but between the two Quilts and as it were under the very Middle of his Body; but order'd her to tell the Musick-Master, that if the Ointment took Effect, as he represented, they cou'd easily command the Key whenever they pleas'd, and there was no Necessity to print it upon Wax; she charg'd her to deliver this Message presently, and come back to see how the Ointment work'd, for she wou'd anoint the old Man with it out of Hand. The *Duenna* executed her Mistress's Instructions to *Loaysa*, who then dismiss'd his Friends, who stood waiting for the Key.

LEONORA, trembling and scarcely daring to draw her Breath, began to anoint the Pulses of her jealous Husband, and then his Nostrils; but when she came to them, she thought he start'd, and was almost dead with Fear, lest he shou'd surprise her in the Fact. In a Word, she went thro' the Work as well as she cou'd, and anointed all those Places, which they said were necessary, and as it were embalm'd him for his Funeral.

It was not long before the Ointment gave manifest Tokens of its Virtue; for the old Man immediately began to snore so loud, that he might have been heard into the Street; which in her
Ears

Ears was sweeter Musick, than *Loaysa's* was to the Negro. Yet being not fully assur'd by what she saw, she went close to him, and jogg'd him a little, and then something more, and again more smartly, to try if he wou'd wake; and grew so bold at last, that she roll'd him from Side to Side; without breaking his Sleep. When she perceiv'd this, she hasten'd to the Hole, and with a Voice as gentle as before, calling to the *Duenna*, who was waiting there; Give me Joy, says she, *Carrizales* sleeps sounder than a Man in his Grave: Why don't you take away the Key then? cry'd the *Duenna*; the Musician has waited for it above an Hour. Stay I beg you, answer'd *Leonora*, while I look for it; and turning up the Bed-cloaths, she thrust her Hand between the two Quilts, and drew out the Key, the old Man being totally insensible; and holding it in her Hand, she fell to leaping for Joy, and in a trice unlock'd her own Chamber-Door, and the *Duenna's*, who receiv'd it with all the Transport imaginable.

LEONORA order'd them to let in the Musician, and carry him into the Gallery, because she durst not be far from thence, for fear of what might happen; above all, she charg'd them to make him ratify his Oath anew, to do nothing but what they shou'd bid him; and if he refus'd to confirm it, and swear over again, by no means to let him enter. It shall be so, cry'd the *Duenna*, and by my Troth he shall not set a Foot here, unless he first swears, and swears again, and kisses the Cross six times. Do not limit him, said *Leonora*, let him kiss it as often as he pleases; but see that he swears by the Life of his Ance-

stors, and by all he holds dear; for then we shall be safe, and have our Fill of hearing him sing and play, and on my Soul he does them both deliciously; go then, without farther Delay, that we may not spend the Night in talking.

THE honest *Duenna* tuck'd up her Train, and flew with an incredible Swiftneſs to the Wheel, where the whole Family was waiting; and having ſhewn them the Key, there was ſuch a general Joy that they liſted her up in their Arms, like a Profeſſor at his Election, crying, *Long live the Governeſs*; eſpecially when ſhe told them, they did not need to counterfeit the Key; for after the rate the old Man ſlept with his Ointment, they cou'd eaſily uſe it as often as they wou'd. Very well, cry'd one of the Wenchs, open the Door then, and let the Gentleman come in, who has danc'd Attendance ſo long, and let us make a merry Muſick-Bout, and have a Sight of him, ſince that is to be all. But there is ſomething more to be done, reply'd the *Duenna*, than to ſee; we muſt make him take an Oath, as he did the other Night. He is ſo good, anſwer'd one of the Slaves, that he will not ſcruple an Oath. At this the *Duenna* open'd the Door, and holding it a-jar, call'd to *Loayſa*, who heard all thro' the Hole at the Wheel; he came to the Door, and wou'd have enter'd at once, but the *Duenna* put him back with her Hand; Sir, ſaid ſhe, you muſt know, that all of us who are in this Houſe, are, upon my Conſcience, as good Virgins as the Mothers that bore us, except my Miſtreſs; and tho' by my Looks perhaps you may fancy I am forty Years old, I can aſſure you, I am not quite thirty; for I want two Months
and

and a half, as I am a Sinner; and if I happen to seem a little oldish, as 'twere, by my Face, 'tis all owing to Disappointments and Troubles and Grief, which, you know, Sir, alter one strangely, and clap several Years upon our Backs more than belong to us, according as we lay them to Heart. This being so, as in Truth it is, there is no Reason that in Exchange for hearing two or three Songs, we shou'd run the Risque of losing such a Stock of Virginity, as is shut up in these Walls; for even the poor Negra Devil here, call'd *Guimar*, is a Virgin; and therefore, sweet Sir of my Heart, before you enter within our Kingdom, you must take a very solemn Oath, to do nothing but what we shall order you; and if it seems a great Thing that is ask'd of you, consider the Hazard we run is great; and if your Worship comes here with a good Design, you need not be afraid to swear, *For a good Pay-Master never fears to venture his Pledge.*

OUR Mistress *Marialonsa*, cry'd one of the Wenches, has spoken mighty well, vastly well, i'fackins, and like a discreet Woman, who always does her Business to Perfection; and if this same Gentleman refuses to swear, why let him keep out, say I: Nay, for my Part, cry'd *Gusomar* the Negra in broken *Spanish*, d'ye see, I am for having him enter, in the Devil's Name, swear or not swear, for if he swears ever so much, as soon as he comes in, he will forget it all.

LOATSA listen'd to Madam *Marialonsa's* Harangue; and with great Sedateness, In Truth, answer'd he very gravely, much respected Ladies, my Intention neither was, is, nor shall be any

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other than to give you what Satisfaction and Entertainment my Abilities can furnish, and therefore I have no Objection to the Oath you require; but I had much rather you wou'd have trusted to my Word, because the Word of such a Person as I am is equal to the strictest Bond; and I desire you will remember, that Sackcloth may have something better beneath it, and a tatter'd Cloke may cover a good Drinker. But to assure you all of my just Design, I am resolv'd to swear like a sound Catholick, and an honest Man; I swear therefore by the most inviolable Obligations, whatever they are, by the Entries and Issues of the holy Mount *Libanus*, and by all that is contain'd in the Preface to the true History of *Charlemaign*, with the Death of the Giant *Firebras*, not to transgress the Oath I have taken, nor the Commands of the meanest and most despicable among you, upon Pain that if from now till then, and from then till now, I shall do, or desire to do otherwise, it shall be, and is hereby declar'd null, cancell'd, and of no Effect.

LOATSA was advanc'd thus far in his Oath, when one of the two Damsels, who had heard him very attentively, bawl'd out, This is an Oath enough to pierce the very Rocks; and hang me, if I ever desire thou shou'dst swear again, for what thou hast already sworn is sufficient to gain thee Admittance into the very Cavern of *Cabra*; and taking hold on the Skirts of his Doublet, she pull'd him in. The whole Troop of them presently gather'd round him, while one ran to carry the News to her Mistress, who stood Centinel to watch her Husband's

band's Sleeping. When the Messenger told her the Musician was got in, she was glad and sorry at once, and ask'd if he had sworn; and the other answering, he had, and with the strangest sort of Oath she had ever heard in her Life; Then, said *Leonora*, we have him fast; how prudently was it done of me, to insist upon his Swearing?

AT this they all came up in a Body, and the Musician in the Middle, the Negro and *Guiomar* lighting them along. *Loaysa* seeing *Leonora*, instantly threw himself at her Feet to kiss her Hands. She said nothing, but made Signs to him to rise, and they all stood mute, without daring to speak a Word, lest their Master shou'd hear them. *Loaysa* observing it, told them, they might safely talk aloud, for the Ointment with which the old Gentleman was anointed, had such a Vertue in it, that except the taking away Life, it laid a Man as good as dead for the Time. I believe it, cry'd *Leonora*; for if it were not so, he wou'd have wak'd twenty times before now; his many Indispositions never suffering him to sleep long; but since I have anointed him, he snores like a Mill-Horse. Why then, says the *Duenna*, let us go into the Front-Hall, where we may hear this Gentleman sing, and divert our selves a little. Agreed, said *Leonora*, but let *Guiomar* stay here to watch, and give us Notice if *Carrizales* awakes. Yes, cry'd *Guiomar* in a Passion, the poor Black must stay behind, and the Whites must take their Pleasure; Heaven help us all!

THE Negra stay'd, and the rest went into the Hall, where was a rich *Estrado*; and placing

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the Musician in the Middle, they all fate down. The good *Marialonsa* taking a Candle in her Hand, began to view him from Head to Foot: What a charming Head of Hair he has, says one; how finely it curls! Did you ever see such white Teeth, cries another; let me thirst, but they are purer than a blanch'd Almond. What large full Eyes are there, quoth a third, by the Age of my Mother they sparkle like an Emerald. One prais'd his Mouth, another his Feet, and all together made a short Anatomy of him; only *Leonora* was silent, but look'd on him, and thought he made a better Appearance than her antient Husband.

THE *Duenna* then snatch'd the Guittar from the Negro, and putting it into *Loaysa's* Hands, desir'd him to play on it, and sing a Song then in great Request in *Seville*, which begins, *Good Mother, if you please, you may*; *Loaysa* granted her Petition, and the Company rose up, and prepar'd themselves to dance; the *Duenna* knew the Words, and striking up with him, sung with a better Will than Voice; the Song was this;

S O N G.

*Good Mother, if you please, you may
Set Guards and Spies to watch my Way;
But if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching they may sleep.*

*'Tis said of old by Sayers Sage,
Restraint does Appetite enrage,
And Love by strict Confinement turns
More violent, and fiercer burns.*

'Tis

*'Tis better then to leave me free,
Than shut me under Lock and Key;
For if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may sleep.*

*Unless the Will it self restrain,
All threatned Dangers are in vain;
Thro' Death it self 'twill force its Way,
And find unthought-of Means to stray:
For if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may sleep.*

*When Love does once the Breast inspire,
As Flies invited by the Fire,
Thro' careful Guards and wakeful Spies
It rushes fearless to the Prize;
For if my self I do not keep,
Your wakeful Spies and Guards may sleep.*

*In spite of them my Thought will rove
On the dear Object of my Love.
For Lovers Hearts are melting Wax,
Their Wishes Fire, their ready Hand
No Diligence nor Cunning lacks,
Their Head does ev'ry Wile command,
Their Eyes have Voice, their Feet, believe me,
Are shod with Silence to deceive ye.
And if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may sleep.*

THE young Folks having ended the Song and the Dance, in both which the Jolly *Duenna* was their Leader, *Guimar* the Centinel arriv'd in a strange Consternation, and trembling Hand and Foot as if she had been going into a Fit, my Master is awake, Madam, says she, with a low

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Voice, my Master is awake; he is got up, and is coming. He who has seen a Flock of Pidgeons feeding without Fear in a Field, on what the Hands of others have sown, at the dreadful Discharge of a Fowling Piece, rise affrightned, and forgetful of their Food, and giddily scatter themselves thro' the whistling Air, such let him imagine this Company of Dancers to be at the unexpected Tidings *Guimar* denounc'd. Every one was studying her Excuse, and all their Security; one ran hither, another thither, and shelter'd themselves in Garrets and Corners, leaving the Musician alone, who quitted his Guittar, and his Singing, in a wild Surprise, and knew not what to do. *Leonora* wrung her beautiful Hands, and *Marialonsa* beat her Face, tho' very gently; in a Word, all was Amazement, Confusion and Horror. But the *Duenna* being more ingenious than the rest, gave Orders that *Loaysa* shou'd be put into her Apartment, and she and her Mistress shou'd be left in the Hall alone; undertaking to provide an Apology to their Master, if he catch'd them there.

LOAYSA fled to Sanctuary directly, and the *Duenna* went to listen whether her Master was coming; but perceiving no Noise, she took Heart, and gently Step by Step stole to his Chamber-Door, and hearing him snore as loud as ever, was convinc'd he was fast asleep; and tucking her Gown about her, ran to beg a Reward of her Mistress for the joyful News, who promis'd her one with a very good Will.

THE modest *Duenna* was not for losing the Opportunity which was offer'd her, to be the first

first Taster of those fine Accomplishments which she fancy'd the Musician certainly possess'd, and therefore desiring *Leonora* to stay in the Hall, while she went to call him, she made the best of her way to her own Chamber, where he was waiting in the utmost Terror for News about the old Man. He curs'd the Ointment for failing, and complain'd of his Friends Credulity, and his own Folly in not making the Experiment on another before he try'd it on *Carri-zales*. In that Moment, in came the *Duenna*, and assur'd him the old Man slept as soundly as before; this set his Mind at Ease; and observing several amorous Expressions she left fall to him, he perceiv'd her lewd Inclination, and resolv'd to make her the Angle to fish for her Mistress.

WHILE they were discoursing, the rest of the Servants, who had hid themselves in several Parts of the House, bolted out, one from one Corner and another from another, to see that their Master was really awake; and finding every Thing in a profound Silence, they went to the Hall where they had left their Mistress, by whom they understood their Master was asleep; and asking her for the Musician and the *Duenna*, she told them where they were; upon which, with the same Hushness as they came, they stole away to listen at the Door of the Room, where the precious Couple were conversing in private.

GUIOMAR the Negra was not wanting in the Company, but the Negro was; for as soon as he heard his Master was stirring, he snatch'd up his Guittar, and scour'd off to hide himself in his Hay-loft; and covering himself over Head

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and Ears in the Bed-cloaths, sweat thro' and thro' with Fear. Yet with all this, he cou'd not for the Blood of him forbear fingering the Strings of his Guittar, such a Passion (a Devil on him) had he for Musick.

THE young Wenches over-heard the Courtship of the venerable *Duenna*, and gave her their Blessing heartily; not one of them call'd her Old, but with the emphatical Addition of Witch, Bawd, liquorish Hagg, and some others, which out of Decency I omit: But what caus'd the greatest Laughter was the Language of *Guiomar* the Negra, who being a *Portugueze*, and knowing but little *Spanish*, curs'd her very gracefully in Gibberish. At last, the Conclusion of this amorous Interview was, that *Loaysa* shou'd condescend to her Will, when she had first deliver'd up her Mistress to his. What he requir'd was fore against the Grain with the poor *Duenna*; but in order to gratify this sportful Longing, which had got Possession of her Soul, and the Bones and Marrow of her Body, she wou'd have promis'd any Impossibilities imaginable. She left him, and return'd to solícite the Matter with her Mistress; and seeing all the Servants gather'd about the Door, she bid them retire to their Chambers, telling them another Night they shou'd have an Opportunity to enjoy the Musician with little or no Suspicion, for the Alarm they suffer'd had spoil'd their Mirth that Evening. They all knew very well the old Woman only wanted to be left alone; but as she had the Command of them, they durst not disobey her.

THE Servants withdrew, and she went to the Hall to persuade *Leonora* to yield to *Loaysa's* Desire,

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fire, and made such a long and methodical Harangue upon the Subject, that she seem'd to have study'd it several Days. She extoll'd his genteel Behaviour, his Valour, his Wit, and his Beauty. She represented how much sweeter the Embraces of a young Lover wou'd be than those of an old decrepit Husband; promising her to carry on the Affair with the utmost Secrecy; with other such like Arguments, which the Devil put into her Mouth, disguis'd with such artful Colourings, and so over-powering, that they wou'd have mov'd not only the tender Heart of the simple and unwary *Leonora*, but even a Breast of Marble. O ye *Duennas*, born into the World, and employ'd for the Destruction of a thousand innocent and virtuous Intentions! O ye long and plaited Vails, chosen to preside and govern in the Houses of the principal Ladies, how do ye pervert the End of your powerful, and, in a Manner, irresistible Office! In a Word, the *Duenna* said so much, the *Duenna* persuaded so well, that *Leonora* yielded, *Leonora* was seduc'd, *Leonora* was ruin'd, and overthrew all the Precautions of the discreet *Carrizales*, who Slept the Sleep of his Honour's Death.

THE *Beldam* taking her Mistress by the Hand, led her almost by Force, with her Eyes swimming with Tears, to the Place where *Loaysa* was; and giving them her Benediction with a Smile as false as Hell, she shut the Door after her, and leaving them lock'd in together, lay down upon the *Estrado* to sleep, or, to speak more justly, to wait for Entertainment in her Turn. But as she had watch'd some Nights before, she was over-power'd with Drowsiness, and fell fast asleep.

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IF he had not been in a profound Slumber, well might *Carrizales* at this Time have been ask'd, what was become of his prudent Circumspection, his eternal Jealousies, his Preventions, and strict Injunctions and Warnings; the high Battlements of his House, into which never enter'd, not even in Picture, any thing which bore the Name of Man? What of his narrow Wheel? his thick Walls? his Windows without Light? his strange Confinement and Cloystering? the large Dowry he had settled on *Leonora*? the continual Treats he gave her? his Indulgence to his Servants and Slaves? and his supplying them with every thing which he imagin'd they cou'd either want or wish? But, as I said, there was no asking him these Questions, because he was sleeping, and more soundly than there was Occasion. And had he indeed been awake, and in a Condition to answer, he cou'd have made no better a Reply, than shrinking up his Shoulders, and knitting his Brows, to have said, All this excellent Provision is thrown to the Ground by one vicious young Fellow, and the Wickedness of a false *Duenna*, and the Heedlessness of an importun'd and over-persuaded Girl. Heaven deliver us all from such Enemies, against whom no Buckler of Prudence can defend, nor Sword of Caution can strike.

HOWEVER *Leonora's* Courage was such, that in a Time of the greatest Need she exerted it against the villainous Attempts of her subtle Deceiver, who was not able to master her, but weary'd himself in vain; she remain'd Conqueror, and at last they fell both asleep.

AT

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AT this Instant, Heaven so order'd it, that in spite of the Ointment *Carrizales* wak'd, and, as his Custom was, felt about the Bed; and not finding his beloved Wife, he leapt out in a mortal Fright, and with more Agility and Spirit than his many Years seem'd to promise; and when he perceiv'd she was not in the Chamber, and found the Door open, and the Key gone from between the Quilts, he had like to have lost his Senses. But recovering himself a little, he went out into the Gallery, and from thence stole as quietly as possible to the Hall, where the *Duenna* lay asleep; and seeing her alone, without *Leonora*, he proceeded to the *Duenna's* Apartment, and opening the Door very softly, he saw what he cou'd have wish'd never to have seen, he saw what he wou'd have been glad not to have had Eyes to see, he saw *Leonora* in the Arms of *Loaysa*, and both of them sleeping as profoundly as if the Vertue of the Ointment wrought upon them, and not upon the old jealous Husband.

CARRIZALES stood motionless at this astonishing Sight, his Tongue cleav'd to the Roof of his Mouth, his Arms fell down unbrac'd, and he became a mere Statue of cold Marble; and tho' Rage at last did its natural Office, and rous'd his almost departed Spirits, Grief so prevail'd, that he cou'd scarcely draw his Breath. Notwithstanding which, he wou'd have taken the Vengeance so foul a Wickedness deserv'd, if he had had any Weapons to have done it; and therefore he resolv'd to return to his Chamber, and fetch a Dagger, and wipe out the Stains of his Honour with the Blood of both his
Ene-

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Enemies, and even of his whole Household. With this honourable and necessary Resolution he went back as silently as he came, to his Room, where Sorrow and Anguish struck him so to the Heart, that having no farther Strength left, he sunk down on the Bed in a Swoon.

At length the Day appear'd, and caught these suppos'd Adulterers entangled in the Snare of each others Arms. *Marialonsa* awoke, and wou'd have gone to claim the Gratuity which she thought she had now a Right to demand; but seeing how late it was, she chose to defer it to the following Night. *Leonora* was confounded, when she perceiv'd the Morning so advanc'd, and curs'd her own Negligence, and that of her wicked *Duenna*; and both of them with trembling Steps hasten'd towards her Husband's Chamber, muttering Prayers all the Way, that they might find him still snoring; and when they saw him lying silent upon the Bed, they concluded the Ointment was still working, and embrac'd one another with the utmost Joy. *Leonora* went up to her Husband, and taking him by the Arm, turn'd him from Side to Side, to try if he wou'd wake, without obliging her to wash him with Vinegar, as they had order'd her to do, when he began to stir. But *Carrizales* coming out of his Swoon, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and with a lamentable and feeble Voice, cry'd, Wretch that I am, to what a miserable Condition has my Fortune brought me!

LEONORA did not well understand what he said; but as she found he was awake, and spoke, she was surpris'd that the Virtue of the Ointment was so soon over; and laying her
Face

Face to his, and embracing him closely, How is it, my Lord? said she, I thought you seem'd to complain. The unhappy old Man heard the Voice of his sweet Enemy, and opening his Eyes wildly, like one amaz'd, fix'd them earnestly on her, and look'd at her a great while without moving the Lids; after which, Pray, my Dear, says he, send immediately for your Parents to me, for I feel I know not what at my Heart which pains me exceedingly, and will soon, I fear, put an End to my Life, and I wou'd fain see them before I die. *Leonora* believ'd what her Husband said was certainly true, imagining that the Force of the Ointment, and not what he had seen, had thrown him into this Agony. She answer'd, she wou'd do what he desir'd; and bid the Negro run away to her Parents that Moment: She then embrac'd her Husband, and caress'd him more than ever, and ask'd him what the Illness was he complain'd of, with such tender and loving Expressions, as if she valu'd nothing in the World beside him. He look'd at her with the same Astonishment as before; and every Word she spoke, and every Embrace she gave him, was a Lance which pierc'd him thro' the Heart.

THE *Duenna* had inform'd the Family and *Loaysa* of her Master's Indisposition, assuring them it must be very great, since he forgot to order the Street-Gate to be shut, when the Negro went out to call her Mistress's Parents. They wonder'd at that Message, because neither of them had ever enter'd the House since he marry'd their Daughter: In a Word, they were all puzzled and struck dumb, and cou'd not guess the true Cause

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Cause of their Master's Illness, who every now and then fetch'd such a deep and piteous Sigh, as if he wou'd have sobb'd out his Soul. *Leonora* wept to see him in that Condition, and he smil'd like a Man beside himself, to think of the Falseness of her Tears. In the mean time, her Parents came, and seeing the Street-Gate and that of the Court-yard open, and the House in a deep Silence, and no Body appear, they stood amaz'd, and were in no small Allarm. They went into their Son-in-Law's Chamber, and found him, as I said, with his Eyes fix'd unmoveably on his Wife, whom he held by the Hand, both of them shedding Floods of Tears; she weeping to see him weep, and he to consider how she disssembled in her Sorrow.

At their entering the Room, *Carrizales* spoke, and desir'd them to sit down, and order'd every one else, except *Marialonsa*; to leave the Room; which was done, and these five being alone, without waiting for any other to begin, *Carrizales* with a low Voice, wiping his Eyes, spoke to this Effect: I am persuaded, my worthy Relations, there will be no need to produce Witnesses, to convince you of the Truth of what I am going to say. You must well remember (for it is impossible you shou'd have forgot it) with what Affection and Kindness, one Year, one Month, five Days and nine Hours ago, you gave me your beloved Daughter, for my lawful Wife. You know also how liberally I endow'd her; for the Settlement I made her was sufficient to enable more than three of her Quality to have marry'd, and pass'd for very considerable Fortunes. You must likewise remember the Care I
took

took to clothe her, and adorn her with every Thing she seem'd to desire, or I thought wou'd become her. You have seen too, how my natural Temper, and my Dread of that Evil which is likely to prove my Death, and the Experience my Age had given me in the strange and various Accidents of the World, prompted me to keep this Jewel which I had chosen, and which you had graciously put into my Hands, with the strictest Care; I rais'd the Walls of my House very high, I blinded up the Windows next the Street, I put double Locks upon the Doors, and made a Wheel at the Gate, as there is at the Monasteries, and excluded inflexibly whatever had so much as the Name or Shadow of a Man. I provided her Maid-Servants and Female Slaves to attend her, and deny'd neither to them nor to her any Thing they ask'd of me. I made her my Equal, I imparted to her my most secret Thoughts, and intrusted her with all my Estate. These Actions, if well consider'd, ought to have secured to me the quiet Injoyment of what I had so dearly purchas'd, and induc'd her to consult my Repose, and avoid giving me Occasion for Jealousy of any Kind. But as it is impossible by human Diligence to prevent the Chastisement which the Will of Heaven is pleas'd to inflict on those, whose Desires and Hopes are not wholly plac'd on that alone, it is no Wonder that I am defeated in mine, and have my self been the Author of that Poyson, which is going to extinguish my Life. But because I see you all stand in Suspence at what I am saying, I will conclude this long Preamble of my Discourse, by telling you in one Word, that
which

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which cannot be fully related in a thousand. The Conclusion therefore of the whole Affair is this: Early this Morning I found this Woman, who was born into the World for the Ruin of my Peace, and the Loss of my Life, this Woman (pointing to his Wife) I found in the Arms of a handsom young Man, who is now conceal'd in the Apartment of this accursed *Duenna*.

CARRIZALES had scarcely ended these last Words, when *Leonora's* Heart sunk within her, and she fainted away between her Husband's Knees; *Marialonsa* lost her Colour, and *Leonora's* Parents had such a Stoppage in their Throats that they cou'd not speak; The Vengeance, continu'd *Carrizales*, I design to take for this Dishonour, shall not be such as is usually practis'd; for as I have been singular in my Conduct, I will be so in my Revenge, by placing it on my self, who am most culpable in this Offence, since I ought to have consider'd how ill the fourteen Years of this giddy Girl cou'd agree with the almost fourscore I carry'd. Thus like the Silk-Worm I have industriously built the House in which I dye. But as for thee, I blame thee not, ill advis'd young Creature; and so saying he lean'd down, and kiss'd the Face of the over-whelm'd *Leonora*; I do not blame thee; for the smooth Persuasions of a crafty old Woman, and the Flatteries of an amorous young Man, must easily triumph over the little Discretion thy few Years afford. Yet that all the World may see the exceeding Value of the Affection I sincerely bear thee in this last Article of my Life, I will shew it in such a Manner as shall stand for a Publick Example, if not of Kindness, at least of

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a Simplicity, never heard before, nor seen. I desire therefore a Scrivener may be sent for immediately, to make my Testament a-new, in which I will double *Leonora's* Dowry; and in-treat her after my Days, which will be few, are ended, she will dispose her Inclination (since she may do it then without a Crime) to marry that young Man whom the grey Hairs of this abused old one never offended. By this she will see that if living I never fail'd in any Thing which I thought wou'd please her, in Death I do the same, by desiring her to take him who is the fond Object of her Affections to her Arms. The rest of my Estate I shall bequeath to pious Uses; and to you, my honour'd Relations, I shall leave enough to enable you to live handsomely the Remainder of your Days. But let the Scrivener be brought without Delay, for the Passion I labour under oppresses me so, that it will soon conclude my Life.

HAVING said this, he fell into a Swoon, and sunk down so close to *Leonora* that their Faces joyn'd; a sad and lamentable Sight for both the Parents, who look'd on their darling Daughter, and their beloved Son-in-Law, with Anguish. The detestable *Duenna* did not stay to hear the Rebukes she expected from her Mistress's Father and Mother, but quitted the Room, and went to acquaint *Loaysa* with what had pass'd, advising him to leave the House that Moment, and promising to inform him of the Event by the Negro, since now there were neither Doors nor Keys to hinder them. *Loaysa* was surpris'd at the News, and taking her Counsel, return'd to put on his Beggar's Habit, and scamper'd away to
give

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give his Friends an Account of the strange and unparallel'd Success of his Amour.

WHILE the Unhappy Pair lay in their Trance, *Leonora's* Father sent for a Scrivener of his Acquaintance, who enter'd just as the Husband and Wife were both come to themselves. *Carrizales* made his Testament in the Manner as he had said, without declaring *Leonora's* Fault, only reciting, that for certain just Considerations he entreated her, in case he shou'd dye, to marry the young Man he had mention'd to her in private.

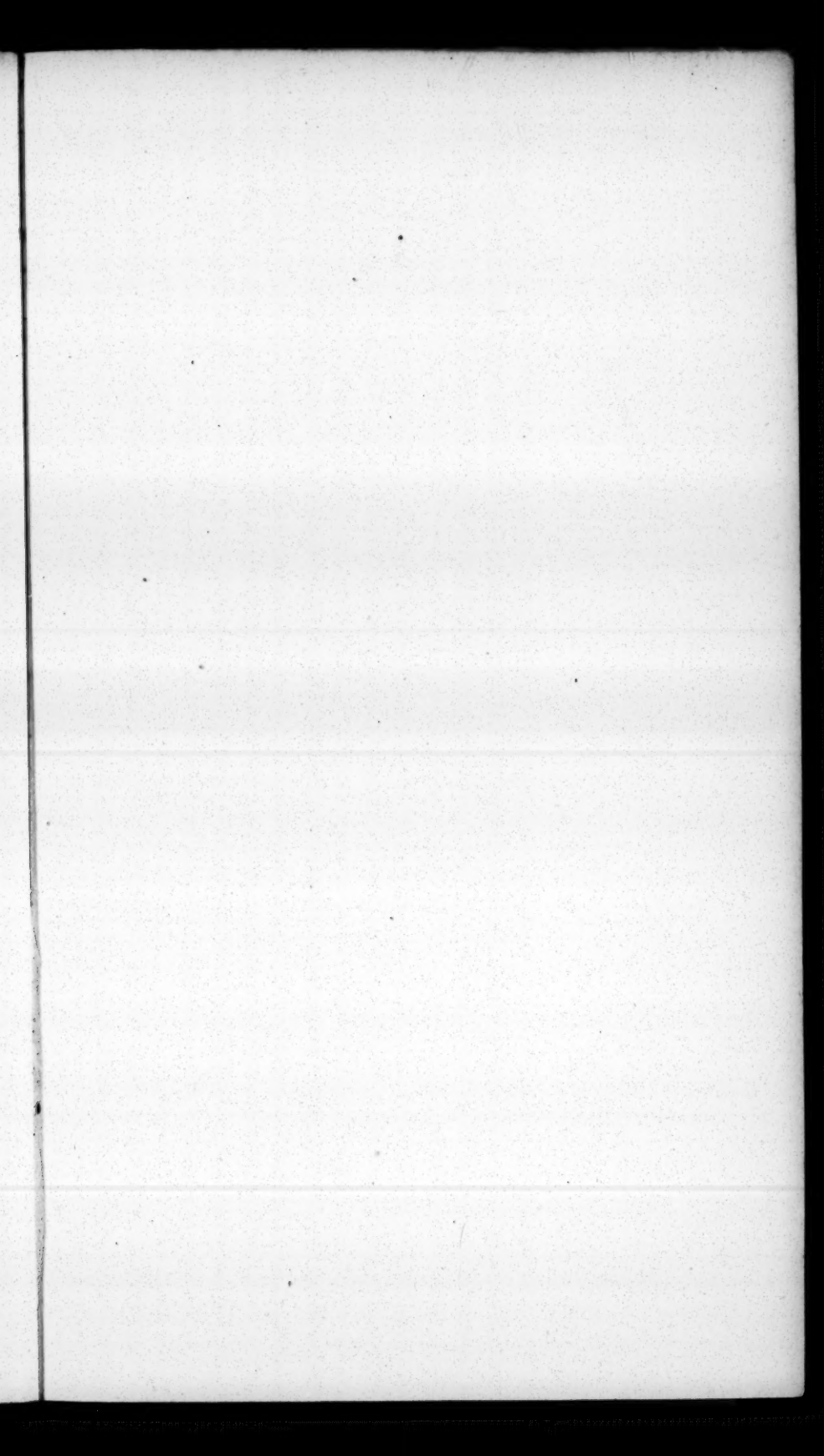
WHEN *Leonora* heard this, she threw her self at her Husband's Feet, and with her Heart throbbing in her Breast, My Lord, my only Happiness, said she, live many Years: Tho' perhaps you have no Reason to believe me in any Thing I shall say, know I have not offended you, unless in Thought; and beginning to excuse her self, and relate the Truth of the Case at large, she cou'd not move her Tongue, but fainted away again. The wretched old Man embrac'd her, and so did her Parents; and they all wept so bitterly, that they even forc'd the poor Scrivener to bear them Company. *Carrizales* finish'd his Will, in which he left a Maintenance to all his Servants, and gave the Female-Slaves and the Negro their Liberty, but to the false *Marialonsa* he allow'd barely her Wages; and his Grief increas'd so upon him, that they carry'd him that Day Sen'night to his Grave.

LEONORA remain'd a mournful, tho' rich Widow; and when *Loaysa* expected she wou'd fulfil what, he understood, her Husband had enjoyn'd her in his Will, he saw her within

a Week enter her self a Nun in one of the most recluse Monasteries in the City; and being thus disappointed, and out of Countenance, he went to the *Indies*. *Leonora's* Parents, who were exceedingly afflicted, comforted themselves with the generous Settlement their Son-in-Law had made them; the Maid-Servants cheer'd their Spirits with the same Consolation, and the Slaves with their Freedom; and the wicked *Duenna* was left poor and wretched, and defeated of all her vile Designs and Expectations; and I my self rejoyce that I am come to the Conclusion of this unfortunate History, which is an Example and Mirror of the little Trust there is to be repos'd in Keys, Retirement, and Walls, while the Will continues free; and much less in green unexperienc'd Years, if they are expos'd to the Insinuations of a treacherous *Duenna*. Only I am ignorant of the Reason why *Leonora* was not more careful to clear her self, and convince her jealous Husband, how spotless and innocent she was in that Adventure; but her Confusion, it is likely, ty'd her Tongue, and the speedy Death of her Husband did not give her Time to vindicate her Conduct.

The End of the First Volume.

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